

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
The Son of ULYSSES.

WRITTEN BY

*The Archbishop of CAMBRAY:*

A  
NEW TRANSLATION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Gallegnac de La Motte Fenelon*  
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M D C C L X X V I.





A  
DISCOURSE\*  
OF  
EPIC POETRY,  
AND OF THE  
EXCELLENCE  
Of the POEM of  
TELEMACHUS.

IF we could relish naked truth, The origin  
I would not want the ornaments and end of  
which imagination lends her, to gain poetry.  
our love; but her pure and delicate  
light does not sufficiently soothe the senses of  
man: she requires an attention which is too  
great a restraint upon his natural levity. To  
instruct him, it is necessary to give him not on-  
ly pure ideas which may enlighten his mind,  
but also images which may strike his senses,  
and keep his eyes stedfastly fixed on the truth.  
This is the source of eloquence, poetry and all  
the sciences, which belong to the imagination;

\* This discourse has been revised, altered and improved  
in many places, according to corrections communicated by  
the Chevalier Ramsay, who is the author of it.

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it is the weakness of man which makes the sciences necessary. The plain and unchangeable beauty of virtue does not always affect him; it is not sufficient to shew him truth; she must be painted in amiable colours (*a*).

We shall examine the poem of Telemachus in these two views, of instructing and pleasing; and shall endeavour to shew that the author has instructed more than the ancients by the sublimity of his moral, and that he has pleased as much as they, by imitating all their beauties.

There are two ways of instructing men in order to render them good. The first, by shewing them the deformity of vice, and its fatal consequences, which is the chief design of tragedy: The second by discovering the beauty of virtue and its happy end, which is the proper character of the Epopœa or epic poem. The passions, which belong to the former, are terror and pity; those which agree to latter, are admiration and love. In one, the actors speak; in the other the poet makes the narration.

The epic poem may be defined thus: *A fable related by a poet to raise admiration, and inspire the love of virtue, by the representation of the action of a hero favoured of heaven, who executes a great design by trummping over all obstacles that oppose him.* There are there-

Two sorts of heroic poetry.  
The definition and division of epic poetry.

(a) Omne tulit punctum, qui misuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

fore three things in the Epopœa, the *action*, *moral*, and the *poetry*.

# I. Of the EPIC ACTION.

The action must be *great, one, intire, marvellous*, but yet *probable*, and of *a certain length*. Telemachus has all these qualifications. Let us compare it with the models of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil, and we shall be convinced of it.

The qualifications of the epic action.

We shall only speak of the *Odyssey*, whose plan has a greater resemblance of this of *Telemachus*.

The design of the *Odyssey*.

In that poem Homer introduces a wise king returning from a foreign war, wherein he had given signal proofs of his wisdom and valour. Tempests stop him by the way, and cast him on divers countries, whose manners, laws and politics he learns. Hence naturally arise an infinite number of incidents and dangers. But knowing how many disorders his absence occasions in his kingdom, he surmounts all obstacles, despises all the pleasures of life, and is unmoved by immortality itself: he renounces every thing in order to relieve his people; and to see his family again (a).

(b) In the *Æneid*, a pious and valient hero, having escaped from the ruins of a powerful state, is destined by the gods to preserve its religion, and to found an empire more great and

The subject of the *Æneid*,

(a) See father Boffu, B. I. c. 10. (b) Ibid. c. 12.

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more glorious than the first. This prince being chosen king by the unfortunate remains of his fellow-citizens, wanders a long while with them in several countries, where he learns every thing that is necessary to a king, a legislator, and a pontiff. He at last finds an asylum in a remote country, from whence his ancestors came. He defeats several powerful enemies who oppose his settlement, and lays the foundation of an empire, which was afterwards to be the master of the universe.

The plan of Telemachus      The action of Telemachus comprehends all that is great in both these poems. We there see a young prince animated by the love of his country, going in quest of his father, whose absence caused the misfortunes of his family and kingdom. He exposes himself to all kinds of dangers; he signalizes himself by his heroic virtues; he rejects the offer of kingdoms and crowns more considerable than his own; and passing through several unknown countries, learns every thing that is necessary to govern afterwards, according to the wisdom of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, and the valour of both; like a wise politician, a religious prince, and an accomplished hero.

The action ought to be one.      The action of the Epopœa ought to be one. The epic poem is not a history, like the Pharsalia of Lucan and the Punic war of Silius Italicus; nor the entire life of an hero, like the Achilleid of Statius: the unity of the hero does not make the unity of action. The life of man is



full of inequalities ; he is continually changing his designs, either through the inconstancy of his passions, or the unforeseen accidents of life. Whoever should describe the whole man, would draw but a fantastical picture, a contrast of opposite passions, without coherence or order. It is for this reason that the Epopœa is not the panegyric of an hero who is proposed for a pattern, but the recital of a great and illustrious action which is exhibited for imitation.

It is in poetry as in painting ; Of Episodes. the unity of the principal action does not hinder the inserting of many particular incidents. The design is formed in the beginning of the poem, and the hero accomplishes it by surmounting all difficulties. It is the recital of these obstacles which makes the episodes ; but all these episodes depend on the principal action, and are so interwoven in it, and so connected together, that the whole presents but one single picture, composed of several figures in a beautiful disposition and a just proportion.

I shall not here enquire, if it is true that Homer sometimes drowns his main action in the length and number of his episodes ; if his action is double, and if he often loses sight of his principal personages. It is sufficient to remark, that the author of Telemachus has every where imitated the regularity of Virgil, by avoiding the faults which are imputed to the Greek poet. All

The unity of the action of Telemachus and the continuity of the episodes.



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our author's episodes are connected, and so artfully interwoven into each other, that the former brings on that which follows; His chief personages never disappear, and his transitions from the episode to the principal action, always make the reader sensible of the unity of the design. In the first six books, Telemachus speaks, and makes a recital of his adventures to Calypso, and yet this long episode, in imitation of that of Dido, is related with so much art, that the unity of the present action remains imperfect. The reader is there in suspense, and perceives from the beginning, that the abode of the hero in that island, and what passes there, is only an obstacle that is to be surmounted. In the thirteenth and fourteenth books, where Mentor gives instructions to Idomeneus, Telemachus is not present, being at that time in the army: but then it is Mentor, one of the principal personages of the poem, who does every thing with a view to Telemachus, and for his instruction after his return from the camp. It is also great art in our author to introduce episodes into his poem which do not arise from the principal fable, without either breaking the unity or continuity of the action. These episodes are placed there not only as important instructions for a young prince, (which is the great design of the poet) but because they are recounted to his hero during a time of inaction, to fill up a vacuity. Thus Adoam informs Telemachus of the manners and laws of Betica, during the calm of a voyage; and Philoctetes relates his misfortunes to

him, while that young prince is waiting in the confederate camp, for the day of battle.

The action ought to be *intire*. The action ought to be intire.  
 This integrity supposes three things, the cause, the intrigue, and the unravelling.

The cause of the action ought to be worthy of the hero and conformable to his character. Such is the design of Telemachus, as we have seen already.

The intrigue must be natural, and arise from the action itself. The intrigue. In the *Odyſſey* Neptune forms it; in the *Æneid*, it is the anger of Juno; and in *Telemachus*, the hatred of Venus. The intrigue in the *Odyſſey* is natural, because there is naturally no obstacle more to be dreaded by those who go to sea, than the sea itself (a). The opposition of Juno in the *Æneid*, as an enemy of the Trojans, is a beautiful fiction. But the hatred of Venus against a young prince who despises pleasure through a love of virtue, and subdues his passions by the assistance of wisdom, is a fable which is drawn from nature, and at the same time includes a sublime moral.

The unravelling must be as natural as the intrigue. The unravelling. In the *Odyſſey*, Ulyſſes arrives among the Phæacians, relates to them his adventures; and those islanders, who were fond of the marvellous and charmed with his stories, furnish him with a ship to return home: the unravelling is plain

(a) See father Boſſu, B. II. chap 13.

and natural. In the *Æneid*, Turnus is the only obstacle to the settlement of *Æneas*. This hero, to save the blood of his Trojans, and that of the Latins, whose king he was soon to be, puts an end to the quarrel by a single combat (a). This unravelling is noble. That of *Telemachus* is both natural and great. This young hero, in obedience to the commands of heaven, conquers his love for *Antiope*, and his friendship for *Idomeneus*, who offered him his crown and his daughter. He sacrifices the most violent passions, and even the most innocent pleasures, to the pure love of virtue. He embarks for *Ithaca* on ships with which he is furnished by *Idomeneus*, for whom he had performed many signal services. When he is near his own country, *Minerva* causes him to put in at a little desert island, where she discovers herself to him. Having accompanied him, without his knowing who she was, through stormy seas, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils that can try the heart of man, Wisdom at length conducts him to a solitary place, where she speaks to him, informs him of the end of his labours, and of his future good fortune, and then leaves him. As soon as he is going to enjoy happiness and repose, the Divinity withdraws, the marvellous ceases, and the epic action is at an end. It is in adversity that man shews himself a hero, and needs a divine support. He must suffer, in order to walk alone, to conduct himself, and to govern others. In

(a) See father Boffu, B. II. chap. 13.

the poem of Telemachus the observation of the minutest rules of art is accompanied with a profound moral.

Besides the plot and general solution of the main action, each episode has its own plot and solution, which ought to have all the same qualities. In the Epopœa, we do not look for the surprising intrigues of modern romances :

The general qualifications of the intrigue and unravelling of the epic poem.

surprise alone raises but a very imperfect and transitory passion. The sublime is to imitate simple nature, to prepare the incidents in so delicate a manner that they may not be foreseen, and to conduct them with such art that the whole may appear natural. We are not uneasy, in suspense, and diverted from the chief end of heroic poesy, which is instruction, by an attention to a fabulous unravelling, and an imaginary intrigue. This is allowable, when the sole design is to amuse ; but in an epic poem, which is a kind of moral philosophy, these intrigues are only witty conceits beneath its gravity and dignity.

As the author of Telemachus has avoided the intrigues of modern romances, so has he not fallen into the marvellous with which some reproach the ancients ; he neither makes horses speak, nor tripods walk, nor statues work : not that this kind of the marvellous shocks reason, when it is supposed to be the effect of a divine power that can do every thing. The ancients introduced the gods in their poems, not only to bring about great events by

The action must be marvellous,

their interposition, and to unite the probable and the marvellous; but to teach men that the most valiant and most wise can do nothing without the assistance of the gods. In our poem, Minerva continually conducts Telemachus. Thereby the poet makes every thing possible to his hero, and intimates that man can do nothing without the assistance of divine wisdom. The sublime consists in the concealing the goddess under a human form. Not only the probable, but the natural also, is united to the marvellous. All this divine, and yet all appears to be human. And this is not all: Had Telemachus known that he was conducted by a Divinity, his merit would have been less, as he would had too great a support. Homer's heroes almost always know what the gods do for them. Our poet, by concealing the marvellous part of his fiction from his hero, exercises his virtue and courage.

Though the action must be probable, it is not necessary that it be true; because the end of the epic poem is not to make a panegyric or satire upon any particular man, but to instruct and please by the recital of an action which leaves the poet at liberty to feign whatever characters, personages, and episodes he pleases, which are proper to the moral he designs to insinuate.

The truth of the action is not contrary to the nature of the epic poem, provided it does not hinder the variety of the characters, the beauty of the description, the enthusiasm, fire, invention, and other parts of the poetry; and



provided that the hero be made for the action, and not the action for the hero. An epic poem may be built upon a true as well as upon a fabulous action.

The nearness of times should be no check upon the poet in the choice of his subject, provided he supplies this defect by the distance of places, or by probable and natural events, the detail of which has escaped the historians, and which it is supposed could not be known but by the personages who are actors in them. Thus an epic poem and an excellent fable may be built on an action of Henry IV. or of Montezuma, because it is not essential to the epic action, as F. Bossu observes, that it be true or false, but that it be moral, and teach important truths.

The duration of the epic poem is longer than that of tragedy. In the former, the poet relates the continued triumph of virtue: in the latter, he shews the unexpected mischiefs which arise from the passions. The action of the one ought consequently to have a greater length than that of the other. The *Epopœa* may take in the the actions of several years; but, according to the critics, the time of the principle action from the place where the poet begins his narration, cannot exceed a year; as the time of the tragic action ought at most to be but one day. However, Aristotle and Horace say nothing about it, and Homer and Virgil have observed no certain rule as to this particular. The action of the *Iliad* in all its parts takes up about fifty days; that of the *Odessey*, from

Of the duration of the epic poem.



the place where the poet begins his narration, but about two months ; that of the *Æneid*, one year ; and a single campaign suffices *Telemachus*, from his departure from the Island of *Calypso* to his return to *Ithaca*. Our poet has chosen the mid-way between the impetuosity and vehemence with which the Greek poet runs towards his end, and the majestic and even pace of the Latin poet, who sometimes seems to flag, and to lengthen out his narration too much.

(a) When the epic action is long and not continued the poet divides his fable  
 Of the epic narration. in two parts ; in the former, the hero speaks, and relates his past adventures ; in the latter, the poet only makes a relation of what afterwards happens to his hero. Thus *Homer* does not begin his narration, till after *Ulysses* is departed from *Ogygia* ; nor *Virgil* his, till *Æneas* is arrived at *Carthage*. The author of *Telemachus* has perfectly imitated these two great models. He divides his action like them into two parts. The principal contains what he himself relates, and begins where *Telemachus* concludes the recital of his adventures to *Calypso*. He takes only a little matter, but he treats it at large : eighteen books are employed upon it. The other part is more extended as to the number of the incidents and the time ; but it is much more contracted as to the circumstances : it contains only the six first books. By this division of what our poet relates himself, and of what he

(a) See *F. Bossu*, B. II. chap. 18.

makes Telemachus relate, he recalls the whole life of the hero, and collects all the events of it together, without prejudicing the unity of the principal action. and without giving too great a duration to his poem. He joins variety and continuity of adventures together: all is motion, all is action in his poem. One never sees his personages idle, nor does his hero ever disappear.

## II. Of the M O R A L.

Virtue may be recommended by examples and by instructions, by manners and by precepts. In this our author greatly excels all other poets.

We are indebted to Homer for the noble invention of personalizing the divine attributes, human passions, and physical causes; a fruitful source of beautiful fictions which animate and enliven every thing in poetry. But his religion is reduced to a texture of fables which represent the divine nature under images that are by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.

Every body knows the taste which all antiquity, sacred and profane, Greek and Barbarian, had for similitudes and allegories. The Greeks derived their mythology from Egypt. Now Hieroglyphic characters were the chief, not to say the most antient way of writing among the Egyptians. These Hieroglyphics were figures of men, birds, animals, reptiles and the various productions of nature; which denoted, as emblems, the divine attributes and

the qualities or the spirit. This symbolical stile was founded upon a very ancient opinion, that the universe is only a picture that represents the divine perfections; that the visible world is an imperfect copy of the invisible; that there is consequently a hidden analogy between the original and the pictures, between spiritual and corporeal beings, between the properties of one and those of the other.

This manner of *painting words, and of giving body to thoughts*, was the true source of mythology and of all poetic fictions; but in process of time, especially when the hieroglyphical stile was turned into the alphabetical and vulgar, men having forgotten the primitive meaning of these symbols, fell into the grossest idolatry. The poets debased every thing by giving a loose to their imagination. By their appetite for the marvellous, they turned theology and the antient traditions into a real chaos, and a monstrous jumble of fictions and all the human passions. The historians and poets of after ages, as Herodotus, Diodorus the Sicilian, Lucian, Pliny, Cicero, who did not go back to the original design of this allegorical theology, understood every thing according to the letter, and equally derided the mysteries of their religion and the fable. But when we consult among the Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans, those who have left us some imperfect fragments of the antient theology, as Sanconiaton and Zoroaster, Eusebius, Philo and Manetho, Apuleius, Damascius, Horus Apollo, Origen, St. Clement of Alexandria, they

all tell us that these hieroglyphic and symbolical characters denote the mysteries of the invisible world, the doctrines of the most profound theology, *the heavens and the faces of the gods*.

The Phrygian fable invented by Æsop, or according to some by Socrates himself, gives us at first sight to understand that we must not adhere to the letter, since the actors who are made to speak and reason, are animals void of speech and reason : why then should we adhere to the letter only in the Ægyptian fable and the mythology of Homer ? The Phrygian fable exalts the nature of the brute, by giving him understanding and virtues. The Ægyptian fable seems indeed to degrade the divine nature, by giving it body and passions. But one cannot read Homer with attention, without being convinced that he understood many great truths which are diametrically opposite to the senseless religion with which the letter of his fiction presents us. This poet lays it down as a principle in several places of his poems, (*a*) that it is a weakness to believe that the gods resemble men, that they are inconstant, and pass from one passion to another ; (*b*) that all the gods enjoy is eternal, and that all we possess passes away and perishes ; (*c*) that the state of souls after death is a state of punishment; suffering, and expiation : but that the soul of heroes does not remain in hell ; that it takes its flight to the stars, and sits down at the table of the gods, where it enjoys a happy immortality ; that there

(*a*) Odyss. B. 3.    (*b*) Ibid, B. 4    (*c*) Ibid.  
B. 3

is a continual intercourse between men and the inhabitants of the invisible world; that without the Diety, mortals can do nothing; (d) that true virtue is a divine power that comes from heaven, that transforms the most cruel and passionate men. and makes them human, tender and pitiful. When I see these sublime truths in Homer, and that he inculcates and is particular in his accounts of them, and insinuates them by a thousand various images, I cannot believe that this poet is to be understood according to the letter in other places, where he seems to attribute to the supreme Diety, prejudices, passions and vices.

I know that several moderns, in imitation of Pythagoras and Plato, have censured Homer for having thus debased the divine nature, and have declaimed with much wit and force against the absurdity of representing the mysteries of theology by attributing impious actions to the celestial powers, and of teaching morality by allegories whose letter presents nothing but vice. But without any breach of the regard due to the judgment and taste of these critics, may we not respectfully represent to them, that their anger against the allegorical taste of antiquity may be carried too far?

However, I do not pretend to justify Homer in the extravagant sense of his blind admirers; he lived in a time when the ancient traditions concerning the oriental theology began to be forgotten. Our moderns therefore have some



reason to shew no great regard for Homer's theology ; and they who endeavour to vindicate him under pretence of a perpetual allegory, discover that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the spirit of these true antients, in respect of whom, the bard who sings of Troy is but himself a modern.

But without continuing this discussion any longer, I shall content myself with remarking that the author of Telemachus, in imitating what is beautiful in the fables of the Greek poet, has avoided two great faults which are imputed to him. Like Homer he personalizes the divine attributes, and makes subordinate Deities of them ; but he never employs them but on occasions that deserve their presence. He never makes them speak or act but in a manner that is worthy of them. He artfully joins together *the poetry of Homer and the philosophy of Pythagoras*. He says nothing but what the pagans might have said, and yet he puts into their mouth what there is of most sublime in the Christian morality, and has thereby shewn that this morality is written in indelible characters in the heart of man, and that he would infallibly discover them there, if he followed the voice of pure and simple reason, in order to give himself wholly up to that sovereign and universal truth, which enlightens all spirits, as the sun enlightens all bodies, and without which the reason of every particular man is nothing but darkness and error.

The ideas our poet gives us of the Deity are not only worthy of him, but infinitely amiable



with regard to man. All inspires confidence and love ; a gentle piety, a noble and free adoration, due to the absolute perfection of the infinite being ; and not a superstitious, gloomy, slavish worship, which oppresses and dejects the heart, when God is considered only as a powerful legislator, who punishes with rigour the violation of his laws.

He represents God as a lover of men : but then his love and goodness towards us are not directed by the blind decrees of a fatal necessity, nor merited by the pompous show of an exterior worship, nor subject to the whimsical caprice of the pagan deities ; but always regulated by the immutable law of wisdom, which cannot but love virtue, and treat men, not according to the number of the animals which they immolate, but of the passions which they sacrifice.

We may more easily vindicate the characters which Homer gives to his heroes than those which he gives to his gods. It is certain that he paints men with simplicity, strength, variety and passion. Our ignorance of the customs of his country, of the ceremonies of his religion, of the genius of his language ; the fault whereof most men are guilty, of judging of every thing by the taste of their age and nation ; the love of pomp and false magnificence, which has corrupted pure and primitive nature ; all these things, I say, may mislead us, and give us an unreasonable disgust of things that were most esteemed in antient Greece.

There are, according to Aristotle, two sorts of Epopœas, one *pathetic*, the other *moral*; one, where the great passions reign; the other, where the great virtues triumph. The Iliad and Odyssey afford examples of both these kinds. In the former, Achilles is naturally represented with all his faults; sometimes so transported, as to preserve no dignity in his anger; sometimes so furious as to sacrifice his country to his resentment. Though the hero of the Odyssey be more regular than the young, hot, and impetuous Achilles, yet the wise Ulysses is often false and deceitful: And the reason is, because the poet paints men with simplicity, and such as they generally are. Valour is often allayed with a furious and brutal violence. Policy is almost always joined with lying and dissimulation. To paint after nature, is to paint like Homer.

Without pretending to make a criticism on the different views of the Iliad and Odyssey, these remarks, by the bye, on their different beauties are sufficient to make us admire the art with which our author unites, in his poem, these two sorts of Epopœas, the *pathetic* and the *moral*. There is an admirable mixture and contrast of virtues and passions in this wonderful picture. It shows nothing too great; but equally represents to us the excellence and meanness of man. It is dangerous to shew us one without the other, and nothing is more useful than to let us see them both together; for perfect justice and virtue require that we should esteem and despise, that we should love

and hate ourselves. Our poet does not raise Telemachus above humanity : he makes him fall into the weaknesses which are compatible with a sincere love of virtue ; and his weaknesses serve to reclaim him by inspiring him with a diffidence of himself and his own strength. He does not make the imitation of him impossible, by giving him a spotless perfection ; but he excites our emulation, by setting before our eyes the example of a young man, who, with the same imperfections which every one finds in himself, performs the most noble and the most virtuous actions. He has joined together, in the character of his hero, the courage of Achilles, the wisdom of Ulysses, and the tender disposition of Æneas. Telemachus is wrathful like the first, without being brutal ; politic like the second, without being deceitful ; and tender like the third, without being voluptuous.

I own that there is a great variety in Homer's characters. The courage of Achilles and that of Hector, the valour of Diomed and that of Ajax, the wisdom of Nestor and that of Ulysses, the love of Helen and that of Briseis, the fidelity of Andromache and that of Penelope, are by no means alike. There is wonderful judgment and nicety in the characters of the Greek poet. But what is there of this kind which we do not find in the poem of Telemachus, in the so various and the always so well supported characters of Sesostris and Pygmalion, of Idomeneus and Adrastus, of Protefilaus and Philocles, of Calypso and Antiope, of Telemachus and Bocchoris ? I even dare to affirm

that there is in this instructive poem not only a variety in the colouring of the same virtues and passions, but so great a diversity also of opposite characters, that we find in this work the entire anatomy of the human mind and heart: for the author knew *man and men*. He had studied one within himself, and the other amidst a flourishing court. He divided his life between solitude and society; he lived continually attentive to the truth which instructs us within, and never went out of himself but to study characters, in order to cure the passions of some, and to perfect the virtues of others. He knew how to suit himself to all men in order to sound them, and to assume all sorts of forms without ever departing from his real character.

Another way of instructing is by precept. The author of *Telemachus* joins the most important instructions with heroic examples, the morality of Homer with the manners of Virgil. His morality however has three qualifications, which are not found in the same degree in any of the antients, whether poets or philosophers. It is *sublime* in its principles, *noble* in its motives, and *universal* in its uses.

1. Sublime in its principles. It is derived from a profound knowledge of man. The poet lets him into his own heart; he shews him the secret springs of his passions, the latent windings of self-love, the difference between false and solid virtues. From the knowledge of man he ascends to that of God himself.

Of moral  
precepts and  
instructions.

The qualities  
of the mo-  
rality of Te-  
lemachus.

He every where makes us sensible, that the infinite Being is incessantly working in us, in order to make us good and happy ; that he is the immediate source of all our knowledge and of all our virtues ; that we are not less indebted to him for reason than for life ; that his sovereign truth ought to be our only light, and his supreme will the rule of all our affections ; that for want of consulting this universal and unchangeable wisdom, man sees nothing but seducing phantoms, and for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confused noise of his passions ; that solid virtues are something foreign, as it were, that is infused into us ; that they are not the effects of our own endeavours, but of a power superior to man, which works in us when we do not obstruct it, and of whose working we are not always sensible, by reason of its delicacy. He at length shews us, that without this first and sovereign power, which raises man above himself, the most shining virtues are only the refinements of self-love, which makes itself the spring of its happiness, becomes its own Deity, and is at the same time the idolater and the idol. Nothing is more admirable than the picture of this philosopher, whom Telemachus sees in hell, and whose only crime was his having been enamored with his own virtue.

It is thus that the morality of our author tends to make us forget ourselves, to refer every thing to the supreme Being, and to make us adore him : as the end of his politics is to make us prefer the good of the public to private



advantage, and to induce us to love the human race. The systems of Machiavel, Hobbes, and the two more moderate authors, Puffendorf and Grotius, are well known. The two first lay down, as the only maxims in the art of government, subtilty, artifice, stratagem, despotic power, injustice and irreligion. The two last built their politics upon maxims of government which are not even equal to those of Plato's Republic, or Tully's Offices. These two modern authors laboured indeed with a view of being useful to society, and have referred almost every thing to the happiness of man considered in a civil capacity. But the author of *Telema- chus* is an original, in that he has joined the most perfect politics to the ideas of the most consummate virtue. The grand principle on which the whole turns, is that all the world is but one and the same republic, of which God is the common Father, and every nation as it were one great family. From this beauteous and lightful idea arise what politicians call *the law of nature and nations*, equitable, generous, full of humanity. Each country is no longer considered as independent on others; but the human race as an indivisible whole. We are no longer limited to the love of our country; the heart is enlarged, grows immense, and by an universal friendship embraces all mankind. Hence arise a love for strangers, a mutual confidence between neighbouring nations, integrity, justice and peace between the princes of the universe, as well as between the private men of every state. Our author also shews us, that the



glory of royalty is to govern men, in order to render them good and happy; that the authority of the prince is never better established, than when it is founded on the love of the people; and that the true riches of a state consist in retrenching all the imaginary wants of life, and in being satisfied with necessaries and such pleasures as are simple and innocent. He thereby shews that virtue not only prepares men for a future state of felicity, but that it actually renders society as happy as it can be in this life.

The morality of Telemachus is noble in its motives. 2. The morality of Telemachus is noble in its motives. Its grand principle is, that the love of *beauty* ought to be preferred to the love of *pleasure*, as Socrates and Plato

express themselves: *the honest to the agreeable*, according to the expression of Cicero.

Lo! the source of noble sentiments, greatness of soul, and all heroic virtues. It is by these pure and elevated ideas, that he destroys, in a manner infinitely more affecting than by dispute, the false philosophy of those *who make pleasure the only spring of the human heart*. Our poet shews by the excellent morality which he puts in the mouth of his heroes, and the generous actions which he makes them perform, what an effect the pure love of virtue may have on a noble heart. I know that this heroic virtue passes among vulgar souls for a phantom, and that men of a lively imagination have inveighed against this sublime and solid truth by many frivolous and despicable witticisms: for finding nothing in themselves that may be com-

pared to these noble sentiments, they conclude that humanity is not capable of them: They are dwarfs, that judge of the strength of giants by their own. Minds that continually grovel within the bounds of self-love, will never comprehend the power and extent of a virtue which raises a man above himself. Some philosophers, who in other respects have made fine discoveries in philosophy, have been so far carried away by their prejudices, as not sufficiently to distinguish between the love of order and the love of pleasure, and to deny that the will may be as strongly moved *by the clear view of truth, as by the natural taste of pleasure.*

A man cannot read Telemachus with attention without getting over these prejudices. He there sees the generous sentiments of a noble soul whose conceptions are all great; of a disinterested heart that continually forgets itself; of a philosopher who does not confine his views to himself, nor to his own country, nor to any thing in particular, but refers every thing to the common good of mankind, and all mankind, to the supreme Being.

3. The morality of Telemachus is universal in its uses, extensive, fruitful, suited to all times, to all nations, and all conditions. We there learn the duty of a prince, who is at the same time a king, a warrior, a philosopher and a legislator. We there see the art of governing different nations, the way to maintain peace abroad with our neighbours, and yet always to have in our own

3 The morality of Telemachus is universal in its uses.

kingdom a warlike youth that is ready to defend it; to enrich our dominions without falling into luxury; to find the medium between the excess of despotic power and the disorders of anarchy. Here are given precepts for agriculture, trade, art, government, and the education of children. Our author brings into his poem not only heroic and royal virtues, but those also which are suitable to all sorts of conditions. While he is forming the heart of his prince, he no less teaches every private man his duty.

The design of the Iliad is to represent the fatal consequences of discord among the commanders of an army. The Odyssey shews us what prudence and valour in a king may do. In the Æneid the actions of a pious and valiant hero are described. But all these particular virtues do not constitute the happiness of mankind. Telemachus goes far beyond all these plans, by the greatness, number and extent of his moral views; so that one may say with the philosophical critic upon Homer, \* *The most useful present which the Muses ever made to men, is Telemachus; for if the happiness of mankind could arise from a poem, it would arise from that.*

#### OF THE P O E T R Y.

It is a fine remark of Sir William Temple, *That in poetry are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of picture.* But as poetry only differs from eloquence, in that it paints with enthusiasm; we rather chuse to say that

\* L'Abbe Terrasson D ff on the Iliad.

poetry borrows its harmony from music, its passion from painting, its force and justness from philosophy.

The stile of Telemachus is polite, clear, flowing, magnificent; it has all the richness of Homer, without his redundancy of words. Our author is never guilty of repetition; when he speaks of the same things, he does not recall the same images. All his periods fill the ear by their numerousness and cadence; there is nothing shocking, no hard words, no abstruse terms, nor affecting turns. He never speaks for the sake of speaking, nor even barely to please; all his words make us think, and all his thoughts tend to make us virtuous.

The harmony of the stile of Telemachus.

The images of our poet are as perfect as his stile is harmonious. To paint is not only to describe things, but to represent the circumstances of them in so lively and affecting a manner, that we may imagine we see them. The author of Telemachus paints the passions with art: he had studied the heart of man, and knew all its springs. When we read his poem, we see nothing but what he shows us, nor do we hear any body but those whom he makes to speak: he warms, he moves, he transports; we feel all the passions he describes.

The excellence of the painting of Telemachus.

The poets usually make use of two sort of painting, similes and descriptions. The similes of Telemachus are just and noble. The author does not raise the mind too

Of the comparisons and descriptions of Telemachus.

much above his subject by extravagant metaphors, nor does he perplex it by too great a crowd of images. He has imitated all that is great and beautiful in the antients in their descriptions of battles, games, shipwrecks, sacrifices, *etc.* without expatiating on trifling particulars that make the narration languish, and without debasing the majesty of the epic poem by the description of things that are low and beneath the dignity of the work. He sometimes descends to particulars; but he says nothing that does not merit attention, and that does not contribute towards the idea which he designs to give. He follows nature in all her varieties. He knew that all discourses ought to have their inequalities, and be sometimes sublime without swelling into bombast, and sometimes plain without being low. It is a false taste always to aim at embellishment. His descriptions are magnificent, but natural; simple, and yet agreeable. He joins the truth of design to the beauty of colouring; the fire of Homer to the dignity of Virgil. But this is not all: the descriptions of this poem are not designed only to please; for they are all instructive. If the author speaks of the pastoral life, it is to recommend an amiable simplicity of manners. If he describes games and combats, it is not only to celebrate the funeral rites of a friend or a father; it is to chuse a king who excells all others in strength of mind and body, and who is equally capable of bearing the fatigues of both. If he represents to us the horrors of a shipwreck, it is to inspire his hero



with a firmness of soul, and resignation to the gods, in the greatest dangers. I could run through all his descriptions, and find like beauties in them: But I shall content myself with observing, that in this new edition the sculpture of the formidable Ægis, which Minerva sent to Telemachus, is full of art, and includes this sublime moral: That good manners, sciences, and agriculture are the shield of the prince, and the support of the state: That a king armed by wisdom, always seeks for peace, and finds fruitful resources against all the evils of war, in a well-disciplined and laborious people, whose minds and bodies are equally inured to labour.

Poetry derives its strength and justness from philosophy. In Tele- The Philo-  
 machus, we every where see a rich, sophy of Te-  
 a lively, an agreeable imagination, lemachus,  
 and yet a just and a profound judgment: two qualifications which are rarely found in the same author. The soul must be in an almost continual motion, to invent, to raise the passions, to imitate; and at the same time in a perfect tranquility, to judge as it produces, and to select out of a thousand thoughts which offer themselves, the most proper. The imagination must undergo a kind of rapture and enthusiasm; while the mind at peace in its empire, checks it and turns it where it pleases, Without this passion which animates the whole, the discourse is cold, languid, abstracted, historical; without this judgment which regulates the whole, it has no justness nor true beauty.

The poetry of Telemachus compared with that of Homer and Virgil

The fire of Homer, especially in the Iliad, is impetuous and violent like a flaming whirlwind that sets every thing in a blaze. The fire of Virgil has more light than heat, and always shines in an uniform and equal manner. That of Telemachus warms and enlightens all at once, according as it is necessary to persuade, or to move the passions. When this flame enlightens, it makes us feel a gentle heat, that gives no uneasiness. Such are the discourses of Mentor upon politics, and of Telemachus on the sense of the laws of Minos, *etc.* These pure ideas fill the mind with their gentle light. There the enthusiasm and poetical would be hurtful, like the too fierce rays of the sun which dazzle the eye. When the business is not to reason but to act; when a man has clearly seen the truth, and his arguments only arise from irresolution, then the poet raises a fire and passion which determine and carry away the enfeebled soul, which has not the courage to yield to the truth. The episode of Telemachus's amour in the island of Calypso, is full of this fire.

This mixture of light and heat distinguishes our poet from Homer and Virgil. The enthusiasm of the former sometimes makes him forget art, neglect order, and pass the bounds of nature. The strength and flight of his great genius bore him away in spite of himself. The pompous magnificence, the judgment and conduct of Virgil sometimes degenerate into too formal a regularity, and he then seems rather

an historian than a poet. The latter pleases philotophical and modern poets much more than the former. Is it not because they are sensible that they can more easily imitate by *art* the great judgment of the Latin poet, than the noble fire of the Greek, which *nature* alone can bestow ?

Our author must needs please all sorts of poets, as well those who are philosophers, as those who admire nothing but enthusiasm. He has united the knowleges of the mind with the charms of the imagination. He proves the truth like a philosopher, and he forces us to love the truth he has proved, by the sentiments he excites. All is solid, true, proper to persuade ; no points of wit, no glittering thoughts, whose only design is to make the author admired. He has followed this great precept of Plato, which says, That a writer ought always to be concealed, to keep out of sight, and make himself forgotten, in order to produce nothing but the truths he designs to inculcate, and the passions he designs to purify.

In Telemachus all is reason, all is passion. It is this which makes it a poem for all nations and all ages. All foreigners are equally affected with it. The translations which have been made of it into languages less delicate than the French, have not disfigured these original beauties. The \* learned lady, who apologizes for Homer, assures us that the Greek poet is an infinite loser by a translation ; that it is not possible to transfuse into it the strength, dignity and

soul of his poetry. But one may venture to affirm that Telemachus will always preserve, in all languages its strength dignity, soul and essential beauties. And the reason is, because the excellence of this poem does not consist in the happy and harmonious arrangement of words, nor even in the charms which it borrows from the imagination; but in a sublime taste of the truth, in noble and elevated sentiments, and in the natural, delicate and judicious manner of treating them. Such beauties are of all languages, of all times, of all countries, and equally strike those who have a sound judgment and a great soul throughout the world.

Several objections have been  
 First objection against Telemachus. made against Telemachus. 1. That it is not in verse.

Verseification according to Aristotle, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Strabo, is not essential to the Epopœa. It may be written in prose, as some tragedies are written without rhyme. A man may make verses without poetry, and be very poetical without making verses according to the rules of arts: but he must be born a poet. What constitutes poetry, is not the fixed number and regular cadence of the syllables; but the sentiments which animate the whole, the lively fiction, the bold figures, the beauty and variety of the images. It is the enthusiasm, the fire, the impetuosity, the energy; and I know not what in the words and thoughts, which nature alone can give. All these qualifications are found in Telemachus. The author has therefore performed

what Strabo says of Cadmus, Pherecides and Hecateus: *He has perfectly imitated poetry; he has indeed broken the measures of it, but he has preserved all the other poetical beauties.*

Lo! Homer lives and sings again  
 In Cambray's more instructive strain,  
 Which glowing virtue warms.  
 Nor clog'd with jingling chains the nine  
 The soaring bard, that truth might shine  
 In all her native charms (a).

And indeed I know not whether the constraint of rime, and the scrupulous regularity of our European construction, together with the fixed and studied number of feet, would not very much lower the flight and passion of heroic poesy. To move the passions strongly, we must often neglect order and connexion. It was for this reason that the Greeks and Romans, who painted every thing with life and taste, used to invert their phrases; their words had no certain place; they ranged them as they pleased. The languages of Europe are a composition of Latin and of the jargon of all the barbarous nations which subverted the Roman empire.

These northern people, like their climate, froze every thing by a cold regularity of syntax. They knew nothing of that beautiful variety of long and short syllables, which so well imitates that delicate motions of the soul; they pronounced every thing with the same coldness, and knew at first no other harmony

(a) Ode to the gentlemen of the academy, by Mr. de la Motte. First Ode.



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in their words, than a vain jingling of final syllables of the same sound. Some Italians and Spaniards have endeavoured to free their verse from the constraint of rime. An English poet \* has done it with wonderful success, and has happily introduced inversions of phrases into his language. Perhaps the French in time may resume the noble freedom of the Greeks and Romans.

Second objection against Telemachus.

Some, through a gross ignorance of the noble liberty of the epic poem, have reproached Telemachus with being full of anachronisms.

The author of this poem has only imitated the prince of the Latin poets, who could not but know that Dido was not contemporary with Æneas (a). The Pygmalion of Telemachus, the brother of this Dido; Sesostris, who is said to have lived about the same time, *etc.* are no more faults than the anachronisms of Virgil. Why should we censure a poet for sometimes breaking through the order of time, since it is sometimes a beauty to break through the order of nature; it would not indeed be allowable to contradict an historical fact that happened not long since; but in remote antiquity, whose annals are uncertain and involved in so much obscurity, a poet may adapt antient traditions to his subject. This is Aristotle's opinion, and Horace confirms

\* Milton, and many others since.

(a) According to the chronology of the famous Sir Isaac Newton, they were contemporary.

it. Some historians have written, that Dido was chaste, and that Penelope was not so; that Helen never saw Troy, nor Æneas Italy: And yet Homer and Virgil made no scruple to depart from history, to make their fable more instructive. Why shall not the author of Telemachus be allowed for the instruction of a young prince, to bring the heroes of antiquity together. Telemachus, Sesostris, Nestor, Idomeneus, Pygmalion, Adrastus, in order to unite in the same picture the different characters of good and bad princes, whose virtues were to be imitated and vices avoided?

Some censure the author of Telemachus for having inserted the loves of Calypso and Eucharis in his poem, and several other descriptions of the same kind, which seems, they say, too full of passion.

Third objection against Telemachus.

The best answer to this objection is the effect which Telemachus produced in the heart of the young prince for whom it was written. Persons of a lower rank have not the same need to be cautioned against the dangers to which elevation and authority expose those who are destined to reign. Had our poet written for a man who was to have passed his life in obscurity, these descriptions would have been less necessary. But for a young prince, in the midst of a court, where gallantry passes for politeness, where every object infallibly awakens a taste of pleasure and where all that surrounds him is employed to seduce him; for such a prince, I say, nothing was

ANSWER.

more necessary than to represent to him with that amiable modesty, innocence and wisdom which is found in the poem of Telemachus, all the seducing wiles of love; than to paint this vice in its imaginary beauty, in order afterwards to make him sensible of its real deformity; and to shew him the whole depth of the abyss, to prevent his falling into it, and even to remove him far from the brink of so dreadful a precipice. It was therefore wise and worthy of our author, to caution his pupil against the extravagant passions of youth by the fable of Calypso; and to give him, in the history of Antiope an example of chaste and lawful love. By thus representing this passion to us, sometimes as a weakness unworthy of a great soul, sometimes as a virtue worthy of a hero, he shews us that love is not beneath the majesty of the Epopœa, and thereby unites in his poem the tender passions of modern romances, and the heroic virtues of the antient poetry.

Some think that the author of Telemachus too much exhausts his subject, by the fertility and richness of his genius. He says every thing, and leaves nothing to the thoughts of others. Like Homer, he sets all nature before our eyes. They are better pleased with an author who like Horace includes a great deal in a few words, and gives them the pleasures of unfolding the thoughts.

It is true that the imagination can add nothing to the pictures of our poet;  
 ANSWER. but the mind by pursuing his ideas

opens and extends itself. when his business is to paint, his pictures are perfect, and want nothing; when it is to instruct, his instructions are fruitful, and we discover in them a vast extent of thoughts. He leaves nothing to the imagination, but he furnishes infinite matter for thinking. This was suitable to the character of the prince for whom alone the work was written. He discovered in his infancy a happy and fruitful imagination, an elevated and extensive genius, which made him relish the beautiful parts of Homer and Virgil. It was this which suggested to our author the design of a poem which might equally contain the beauties of both those poets. This plenty of beautiful images was necessary, to employ the imagination and form the taste of the prince. It is evident that these graces might as easily have been suppressed as produced, and that they arise as much from design as fecundity, in order to answer the wants of the prince and the views of the author.

It has been objected, that the hero and fable of this poem have no relation to the French nation; whereas Homer and Virgil have interested the Greeks and Romans by making choice of actions and actors in the histories of their countries.

Fifth objection against Telemachus.

If the author has not interested the French in particular, he has done more; he has interested all mankind.

ANSWER.

His plan is more extensive than that of either of

the two old poets. It is greater to instruct all mankind at once, than to confine one's precepts to a particular country. Self-love bids us refer every thing to ourselves, and enters even into the love of our country; but a generous soul ought to have more extensive views.

Besides, was not France greatly interested in a work, which had formed a prince so capable to govern her according to her wants and desires, like a father of the people and a Christian hero? What was seen of this young prince gave hopes and was the first fruits of this future happiness; the neighbours of France began to partake of them as of an universal blessing, and the fable of the Greek became the history of the French prince.

The author had a greater design than that of pleasing his own country; he designed to serve it without its knowledge, by helping to form a prince, who even in the sports of his infancy seemed to be born to crown it with happiness and glory. This august child loved fables and mythology; it was necessary to make an advantage of his taste, and to shew him in what he was fond of, the solid and the beautiful, the simple and the great, and to imprint upon his mind by affecting actions generous principles, which might caution him against the dangers of the highest birth and supreme power. With this view, a Greek hero, and a poem in imitation of Homer and Virgil, the histories of foreign countries, times and actions were extremely proper, and perhaps the only means of setting the author fully at liberty to paint



with truth and force all the rocks which threaten princes in all ages.

It happens by a natural and necessary consequence, that these universal truths must sometimes seem to relate to the histories of the present time, and the actual state of things; but these are only general relations, and have no particular applications; it was necessary that the fictions which were designed to form the infancy of the young prince should comprehend precepts for all the moments of his life.

This conformity of general maxims of morality to all circumstances, raises our admiration of the fertility, depth and wisdom of the author; but it does not excuse the injustice of his enemies, who have endeavoured to find in his Telemachus certain odious allegories, and to pervert the wisest and best designs into the most abusive satires against all those whom he most respected. They have inverted the characters, to find imaginary relations, and to poison the purest intentions. Should the author have suppressed these fundamental maxims of so instructive and so good a scheme of morality and government, because the most discreet manner of saying them could not shelter them from the misconstructions of those who delight in the basest malice?

Our illustrious author has therefore united in his poem the greatest beauties of the antients. He has all the enthusiasm and profusion of Homer, and all the magnificence and regularity of Virgil. Like the Greek poet, he paints every thing with strength, simplicity and life, and has va-

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riety in his fable and diversity in his characters; his reflections are moral, his descriptions lively, his imagination fruitful, and that beautiful fire which nature alone can bestow, shines every where. Like the Latin poet, he perfectly observes the unity of action, the uniformity of character, the order and rules of art. His judgment is profound and his thoughts elevated; while the natural is united to the noble, and the simple to the sublime. Art every where becomes nature. But the hero of our poet is more perfect than those of Homer and Virgil, his morality more pure, and his sentiments more noble. From all this we may conclude, that the author of *Telemachus* has shewn by this poem, that the French nation is capable of all the delicacy of the Greeks and of all the great sentiments of the Romans. The elogium of the author is that of his nation.

*End of Mr Ramsay's Discourse.*

T H E

A D V E N T U R E S

O F

T E L E M A C H U S,

The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the F I R S T.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Telemachus guided by Minerva, in the shape of Mentor, gets a-shore after a shipwreck in the island of the goddess Calypso, who was still bewailing the departure of Ulysses. The goddess gives him a kind reception, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and desires a recital of his adventures. He relates his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; the danger he was in of being sacrificed to the manes of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor and he gave Acestes in an incursion of Barbarians, and how that king requited their service, by furnishing them with a Tyrian ship to return to their own country.*

**C**ALYPSO was inconsolable for the departure of Ulysses. In her grief she found herself unhappy by being immortal. Her grot-

to no longer echoed with the sweet warblings of her voice, nor dared her attendant nymphs to speak to her. She often walked alone on the flowery turf, with which an eternal spring surrounded her island. But these beautiful scenes instead of alleviating her sorrow, only recalled a sad remembrance of Ulysses, whose company she had there so many times enjoyed. She often stood motionless on the sea-shore which she watered with her tears, and was continually looking where the ship of Ulysses, ploughing the waves, had disappeared from her eyes. Here she suddenly perceived the ruins of a vessel lately wrecked, the rowers benches broken in pieces, oars scattered up and down on the sand, a rudder, mast and cordage floating on the shore. She afterwards descried two men at a distance; one of them seemed in years, the other, though young, resembled Ulysses: he had his sweet and noble aspect, his stature and majestic gait. Calypso knew him to be Telemachus the son of that hero. But though the gods far surpass all mortals in knowledge, she could not discover who the venerable person was by whom Telemachus was attended; because the superiour gods conceal from the inferior whatever they please, and Minerva who accompanied Telemachus in the shape of Mentor, would not be known by Calypso. The goddess in the mean time rejoiced at a wreck which brought the son of Ulysses, so like his father, into her island. She advances towards him, and without seeming to know who he is, What inspires you,

says she, with the presumption to land in my island? Know, young stranger, that none enter my dominions unpunished. She endeavoured to hide under these threatening words ~~the~~ **words** the joy of her heart, which in spite of herself appeared in her face.

Telemachus answered, Oh! whoever you are, whether a mortal or a goddess, (though none can behold and not take you for a Deity) pity an unhappy youth, who seeking his father through perils of winds and waves, has seen his vessel split against your rocks. Who then is the father you are in quest of, replied the goddess? He is called Ulysses, said Telemachus, and is one of the kings, who after a ten-years siege subverted the famous Troy. His name was renowned through all Greece and Asia for his valour in combat, and yet more so for his wisdom in council. Now wandering over the whole extent of seas, he is exposed to all the most terrible dangers. His country seems to fly before him. Penelope his wife, and I his son, have lost all hopes of ever seeing him again. I am running the same hazards as he, to learn where he is. But, what do I say! even now perhaps he is buried in the profound abysses of the sea. Pity our distress; and, O goddess! if you know what the destinies have done either to save or destroy Ulysses, deign to inform his son Telemachus of it.

Calypso, surpris'd and moved at finding so much wisdom and eloquence in so sprightly and blooming a youth, could not satisfy her eyes with looking upon him, and remained



silent. At length she said, We will inform you, Telemachus, what has befallen your father; but the history of it is long, and it is time for you to refresh yourself after your toils. Come into my grotto, where I will receive you as my son: come, you shall be my comfort in this solitude, and I will crown you with happiness, provided you are wise enough to enjoy it.

Telemachus followed the goddess incircled by a croud of young nymphs, above whom she was eminent by the whole head: So a stately oak in a forest lifts its thick branches above all the surrounding trees. He admired the dazzling lustre of her beauty, the rich purple of her long flowing robe, her hair tied with graceful negligence behind, the fire which flashed from her eyes, and the mildness which tempered its vivacity. Mentor with downcast eyes and a modest silence followed Telemachus.

They came to the entrance of Calypso's grotto, where Telemachus was surprised to see, with an appearance of a rural simplicity, all that can charm the eye. There was indeed neither gold nor silver, nor marble, nor columns, nor pictures, nor statues; for the grotto was cut into a rock, arched with shells and pebbles, and its tapestry was a young vine which extended its pliant branches equally on all sides. Gentle zephyrs here maintained, in spite of the beams of the sun, a delightful coolness. Fountains sweetly purling through meadows sown with amaranths and violets, formed, in various places, baths as pure and clear as crystal. A

thousand springing flowers enamelled the verdant carpet which surrounded the grotto. There was a whole wood of those tufted trees which bear apples of gold, blossom all the year round, and shed the sweetest of perfumes. This wood seemed to crown the beautiful meads, and formed a shade which the rays of the sun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard but the warbling of birds, or the murmurs of a brook, which rushing from the top of a rock, fell in frothy streams, and fled across the meadow.

The goddess's grotto was situated on the declivity of a hill, from whence one beheld the sea, sometimes clear and smooth as glass, sometimes idly irritated against the rocks on which it bellowing broke, and swelled its waves like mountains. From another side was seen a river, in which there were several islands bordered with blooming limes, and lofty poplars that raised their haughty heads even to the clouds. The several channels which formed these islands, seemed sporting in the plain. Some rolled their limpid waters with rapidity; some had a peaceful and sleepy stream; others by long windings ran back again, to re-ascend as it were to their source, and seemed loth to leave these enchanting borders. At a distance appeared several hills and mountains which lost themselves in the clouds, and formed by their fantastic figures as delightful an horizon as the eye could wish to behold. The neighbouring mountains were covered with verdant vine branches, hanging in festoons; the grapes,

which were brighter than purple, could not conceal themselves under the leaves, and the vine was deprest with its fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and all other trees overspread the plain, and made it a large garden.

Calypso having shewn Telemachus all these natural beauties, said, Repose yourself, your garments are wet, it is time for you to change them; I will afterwards see you again, and relate things that will touch your very soul. The goddess then caused him and Mentor to enter into the most secret and retired part of a grotto next to that in which she herself resided. In this apartment the nymphs had taken care to light a great fire of cedar-wood, whose fragrant odor diffused itself on all sides, and had left vestments in it for their new guests. Telemachus seeing they had allotted him a tunic of fine wool, whose whiteness eclipsed that of snow, and a purple robe imbroidered with gold, took the pleasure which is natural to youth, in viewing their magnificence.

Mentor said to him with a grave tone, Are these, Telemachus, the thoughts which ought to possess the heart of the son Ulysses? Think rather of supporting your father's reputation, and of conquering the persecutions of fortune. A young man who loves vainly to deck himself like a woman, is unworthy of wisdom and glory: glory is due only to a soul which knows to bear pain, and trample pleasures under foot.

Telemachus answered with a sigh, May the gods destroy me rather than suffer luxury and

and voluptuousness to take possession of my heart ; no, no. the son of Ulysses shall never be vanquished by the charms of an idle, effeminate life. But how gracious is heaven in directing us after our shipwreck to this goddess, or mortal, who loads us with benefits.

Apprehend, replied Mentor, her loading you with evils : apprehend her flattering and guileful words more than the rock which dashed your vessel to pieces. Shipwreck and death are less fatal than pleasures which attack virtue. Take heed not to credit what she will relate to you. Youth is presumptuous ; it hopes every thing from itself ; though frail, it thinks itself all-sufficient, and that it has never any thing to fear ; it is credulous and unwary. Be sure not to listen to Calypso's sweet and flattering words, which will insinuate themselves like a serpent under flowers. Suspect their hidden poison, mistrust yourself, and always wait for my advice.

After this they returned to Calypso who was waiting for them. The nymphs with braided hair and white vestments immediately spread the table with a plain repast, but exquisite with regard to its taste and elegance. There was no flesh but that of birds, which they had taken in their nets, or of beasts which they had killed with their arrows in the chase. Wine, more delicious than nectar, flowed from large silver vases into golden cups crowned with flowers. There were brought in baskets all the fruits which the spring promises, and autumn lavishes on the earth. At the same time four

young nymphs began to sing. They first sung the war of the gods against the giants; then the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who conquered by means of the golden apples gathered in the gardens of the Hesperides: At last the Trojan war was likewise sung, and the combats and wisdom of Ulysses extolled to the skies. The chief of the nymphs, whose name was Leucothoe, joined the harmony of her lyre to the sweet voices of all the others. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears ran down his cheeks, and gave a new lustre to his beauty. But Calypso perceiving that he could not eat, and that he was seized with grief, made a sign to the nymphs; upon which they sung the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the descent of Orpheus to hell to fetch his dear Euridice from thence.

When the repast was ended, the goddess took Telemachus aside, and bespoke him: You see, son of the great Ulysses, how kindly I receive you; I am immortal; no man can enter this island without being punished for his temerity and even your shipwreck would not have saved you from my indignation, did I not feel a passion for you. Your father had the same good fortune as you; but alas; he was not wise enough to turn it to his advantage. I detained him a long while in this island, where he might have lived with me in a state of immortality; but the blind passion of returning to his wretched country, made him reject all these advantages.



You see what he hath lost for Ithaca, which he will never see again. He was resolved to leave me ; he departed and I was revenged by a tempest : his vessel having long been the sport of the winds, was buried in the waves. Make a right use of so sad an example. After his shipwreck you can have no hopes of seeing him again, or of ever reigning in the island of Ithaca after him ; be not afflicted at his loss, since you find a godness who is ready to make you happy, and and offers you a kingdom. To these words Calypso added a long discourse to shew how happy Ulysses had been with her. She recited his adventures in the cave of Polyphemus the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphates, king of the Lestrigons. She forgot not what happened to him in the island of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, and the dangers he was in between Scylla and Charybdis. She described the last storm which Neptune raised against him, when he departed from her ; and designing to make Telemachus think that his father perished in this tempest, she suppressed his arrival in the island of the Phæacians.

Telemachus, who had at first too hastily abandoned himself to joy at being so well treated by Calypso, at length perceived her artifice, and the wisdom of the counsels which Mentor had given him. He replied in a few words : O goddess, excuse my sorrow. I cannot at present but grieve. Perhaps hereafter I may be more able to relish the happiness you offer me. Permit me now to weep for my father.

You know better than I how much he deserves to be lamented.

Calypso not daring to urge him further at first, pretended to sympathize with him in his grief, and to pity Ulysses. But the better to know the means of winning his heart, she asked him how he happened to be wrecked, and what accidents had thrown him on her coast. The relation of my misfortunes, said he, would be too tedious. No, no, replied she, I long to know them, make haste to relate them to me. She pressed him a long while; at length not being able to deny her, he began thus.

I left Ithaca in order to go and enquire of the other kings who were returned from the siege of Troy, of my father's fortunes. My mother Penelope's suitors were surpris'd at my departure; for knowing their treachery, I had taken care to conceal it from them. Neither Nestor whom I saw at Pylos, nor Menelaus who received me in a friendly manner at Lacedæmon, could inform me whether my father was alive. Being weary of living continually in suspense and incertainty, I resolv'd to go into Sicily, where I heard he had been driven by the winds. But the sage Mentor, whom you see here present, oppos'd this rash design; representing to me the Cyclops, monstrous giants who devour men, on the one side; on the other, the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans, who were on these coasts. The Trojans, said he, are exasperated against all the Greeks, and would take a singular pleasure in shedding the blood of the son of Ulysses. Return, continu-

ed he, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, who is dear to the gods, will be there as soon as you; but if the gods have decreed his destruction, if he must never see his country again, you should at least go to revenge him, to set your mother at liberty, to manifest your wisdom to the world, and to shew all Greece a king as worthy of reigning as ever Ulysses himself was. This was wholesome advice, but I was not wise enough to listen to it; I listened only to my passions. The sage Mentor loved me so well as to attend me in this rash voyage, which I undertook contrary to his counsel; the gods permitting me to commit a fault, to cure me of my presumption.

Whilst Telemachus was speaking, Calypso gazed at Mentor. She was astonished, and fancied she perceived in him something divine, but could not clear up the confusion of her thoughts. She remained therefore full of fear and suspicion at the sight of this stranger. And being apprehensive that she should discover her disorder, Go on, said she to Telemachus, and satisfy my curiosity. Telemachus thus resumed his story.

We had for some time a favourable wind for sailing to Sicily; but at last a black tempest ravished the heavens from our eyes, and we were involved in a profound night. By the flashes of lightening we discovered other ships exposed to the same danger, and presently knew that they were Æneas's fleet, no less formidable to us than the rocks themselves. Then was I convinced, but too late, of the rashness of this

voyage, which the heat of my imprudent youth had hindered me from duly considering before. Mentor appeared in this danger, not on'y firm and intrepid, but more gay than usual. It was he who encouraged me, and I was sensible that he inspired me with an invincible fortitude. He gave out all orders with tranquillity, while the pilot was at a loss what to do. Dear Mentor, said I, why did I refuse to yield to your counsels? How wretched I am in following my own, at an age when one has no foresight of the future, no experience of the past, nor wisdom to govern the present! Oh! should we ever escape this tempest, I will distrust myself as my most dangerous enemy, and always be guided by you.

Mentor replied with a smile, I am far from reproaching you with the fault you have committed; it suffices that you are sensible of it, and that it will teach you another time to curb your desires. But when the danger is over, your presumption perhaps will return. We must however at present support ourselves by our courage. Before we run into danger, we should foresee and apprehend it; but when one is in it, we have nothing to do but to despise it. Be therefore the worthy son of Ulysses, and manifest a courage superior to all the dangers which threaten you.

I was agreeably surpris'd at the sage Mentor's lenity and resolution; but was still much more so, when I saw with what dexterity he deliver'd us from the Trojans. The moment the heavens began to clear up, and the Trojans seeing us near could not but have known us,

he observed one of their ships, whose stern was crowned with flowers, which was almost like ours, and had been separated from the rest by the tempest. He immediately placed garlands of the like flowers upon our stern; he tied them himself with ribbands of the same colour as those of the Trojans, and ordered all our rowers to stoop as close as possible to their benches, that they might not be known by the enemy. In this condition we passed through the midst of their fleet, while they shouted for joy at seeing us, as though they had beheld their companions whom they thought they had lost: nay, we were constrained, by the violence of the billows, to sail a good while along with them. At last we staid a little behind; and whilst the impetuous winds drove them towards Africa, we made our utmost efforts to land by dint of rowing on the neighbouring coast of Sicily.

We indeed arrived there, but what we sought was no less fatal than the fleet which occasioned our flight. For on this coast of Sicily we found other Trojans, and consequently enemies of the Greeks. Here reigned old Acestes who sprung from Troy. And we had hardly reached the shore, but the inhabitants supposing us either other people of the island who had taken arms to surprise them, or foreigners who came to seize their lands, burnt our ship in the first transport of their rage, and murdered all our companions; reserving only Mentor and myself to present us to Acestes, that he might learn from us what our designs were, and from whence we came. We entered the city with



our hands tied behind our backs, and our death was deferred only that we might serve for a fight to a cruel people, when they should know that we were Greeks.

We were immediately presented to Acestes, who holding a golden sceptre in his hand, was administering justice among the people, and preparing for a grand sacrifice. He asked us, with a stern voice, Of what country we were, and the occasion of our voyage. Mentor immediately replied, We come from the coast of Great Hesperia, and our country is not far from thence. Thus he avoiding saying that we were Greeks. But Acestes without hearing any thing more, and taking us for foreigners who concealed our design, ordered us to be sent to a neighbouring forest, to serve as slaves under those who tended his flocks. This condition appearing to me more intolerable than death, O king, cried I, take our lives rather than treat us thus unworthily. Know that I am Telemachus, the son of the sage Ulysses, king of the Ithacans; I am seeking my father in every sea; and if I can neither find him, nor return to my country, nor avoid slavery, take a life which I cannot support.

I had hardly uttered these words, when the enraged populace cried out, The son of cruel Ulysses, whose artifices overthrew the city of Troy, ought to be put to death. O son of Ulysses, said Acestes, I cannot refuse your blood to the manes of the many Trojans whom your father sent to the banks of black Cocytus; you and your guide shall die. At the same time

a venerable old man that was present, advised the king to sacrifice us on the tomb of Anchises. Their blood, said he, will be grateful to the hero's shade, and Æneas himself, when he hears of such a sacrifice, will rejoice to see how much you love what of all things in the world was the dearest to him. Every body applauded this proposition, and thought of nothing but of sacrificing us. They were leading us to the tomb of Anchises, where two altars were erected on which the holy fire was kindled; the knife by which we were to be slain was before our eyes; we were crowned with flowers; mercy could not save our lives, and our fate was determined, when Mentor calmly desiring leave to speak with the king, said:

O Acestes, if the misfortunes of the youthful Telemachus. who never bore arms against the Trojans, cannot move you, let your own interest at least do it. The knowledge I have obtained of presages and the will of the gods informs me that before three days are elapsed, you will be attacked by a barbarous people, who are coming like a torrent from the tops of the mountains to overflow your city, and to revage all your country. Make haste to prevent them, put your subjects under arms, and delay not a moment to drive within your walls the rich flocks and herds which you have in the fields. If my prediction be false, you will be at liberty to sacrifice us in three days; but if on the contrary it be true, you will remember that you ought not to take away their lives to whom you owe your own.

Acestes was astonished at these words, which Mentor pronounced with a confidence which the king had never found in any man before. I plainly perceive, O stranger, replied he, that the gods who have allotted you so small a portion of the gifts of fortune, have given you a wisdom which is more valuable than the highest prosperity. At the same time he put off the sacrifice, and immediately gave the orders which were necessary to prevent the attack, which Mentor had foretold. Nothing was seen on every side but trembling women, men bowed down with age, and little children with tears in their eyes retiring into the city. Herds of lowing oxen and flocks of bleating sheep, quitting their fat pastures, came in crouds, and could not find stabling enough to receive them. There was in all parts a confused noise of men who pressed upon and could not understand each other, who took a stranger for their friend, and run without knowing whither they were going. But the chiefs of the city, conceiving themselves wiser than the rest, imagined that Mentor was an impostor, and had uttered a false prediction to save his life.

Before the expiration of the third day, while they were full of these thoughts, there was seen on the side of the neighbouring mountains a whirlwind of dust, and afterwards appeared an innumerable host of armed barbarians, they were the Hymerians, a savage people, with the nations which inhabit the Nebrodian mountains and the top of Agragas, where a winter reigns which was never lenified by the Zephirs. They

who had despised Mentor's prediction, lost their slaves and their flocks. The king said to him, I forgot that you are Greeks; our enemies are become our faithful friends; the gods have sent you to save us; I do not expect less from your valour than from the wisdom of your counsels; make haste to succour us.

Mentor discovers in his eyes an intrepidity which astonishes the fiercest warriors. He takes a buckler, a helmet, a sword, and a lance: he marshals the soldiers of Acestes; he marches at their head, and advances in good order towards the enemy. Acestes, though full of courage, can by reason of his age only follow him at a distance. I follow him closer, but cannot equal his valour. In the battle his cuirass resembled the immortal Ægis. Death ran from rank to rank where-ever his blows descended: so when a Numidian lion, stung with hunger, falls on a flock of feeble sheep, he rends, he slays, he swims in blood, and the shepherds instead of succouring the flock, fly trembling to escape his fury.

The barbarians who hoped to surprise the city, were themselves surprised and thrown into disorder. The subjects of Acestes, animated by Mentor's words and valour, felt a vigour of which they thought themselves incapable. I killed the king's son with my lance. His age was the same, but his stature greatly exceeded mine for these people are descended from a race of giants of the same origin as the Cyclops. He despised so weak an adversary as me. But without being alarmed at his prodigious strength

or savage and brutal air, I thrust my lance against his breast, and made him as he expired vomit forth torrents of black blood. He had like to have crushed me in his fall. The mountains rung with the clattering of his arms. I stript him of them, and went to Acestes. Mentor having entirely routed the enemy, cut them in pieces and pursued the fugitives to the woods.

This so unexpected a success made Mentor looked upon as a man beloved and inspired by the gods. Acestes, through a sense of gratitude, told us, that he should be under apprehensions for us, if Æneas's fleet should return to Sicily. He gave us a ship therefore to return without delay to our own country, loaded us with presents, and pressed us to depart, in order to prevent the evils he foresaw. But not caring to furnish us with a pilot and rowers of his own nation, for fear they should be too much exposed upon the coast of Greece, he provided us with certain Phœnician merchants, who trading with all the nations of the world, had nothing to fear, and were to bring back the vessel to Acestes when they had left us in Ithaca: But the gods, who sport with the designs of men, reserved us for other misfortunes.

*End of the First Book.*



T H E

A D V E N T U R E S

O F

T E L E M A C H U S,

The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the S E C O N D.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Telemachus relates how he was taken in the Tyrian vessel by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of the country, and the wise government of its king. He adds that Mentor was sent for a slave into Ethiopia : that he himself was reduced to tend a flock in the desert of Oasis : that Termosoris a priest of Apollo comforted him, by teaching him to imitate that god, who had formerly been a shepherd to king Admetus ; that Sesostris was at last informed of all the marvellous things which he did among the shepherds ; that being convinced of his innocence, he recalled him, and promised to send him back to Ithaca, but that the death of this king plunged him again in fresh misfortunes : that he was imprisoned in a tower on the sea-shore,*

*from whence he beheld the new king Boccoris perish in a battle against his rebellious subjects assisted by the Tyrians.*

THE Tyrians by their pride had irritated Sesostris king of Egypt, who had conquered so many kingdoms. The riches they had acquired by commerce, and the strength of their impregnable city of Tyre, which is situated in the sea, having puffed up the heart of these people; they had refused to pay Sesostris the tribute he imposed upon them in his return from his conquests, and had sent troops to the assistance of his brother, who had attempted to assassinate him at his return, in the midst of the rejoicings of a grand festival.

Sesostris therefore resolved, in order to humble their pride, to interrupt their commerce in every sea. His ships went to all parts in search of the Phœnicians. An Egyptian fleet met us as we began to lose sight of the mountains of Sicily. The port and the land seemed to fly from us, and to lose themselves in the clouds, when we descried the Egyptian ships resembling a floating city. The Phœnicians knew and endeavoured to get clear of them: but it was too late. The wind favoured them, their ships were better sailors, and their rowers more numerous than ours. They board, take, and carry us prisoners into Egypt.

In vain did I represent to them that we were not Phœnicians, for they hardly deigned to hear me. They took us for slaves in whom the Phœnicians traded, and thought only of the profit

of such a prize. We now observe the waves of the sea to whiten by their confluence with those of the Nile; and perceive the coast of Egypt almost level with the sea. We afterwards arrive at the isle of Pharos, which is near to the city of No, and from thence to sail up the Nile as far as Memphis.

If grief for our captivity had not rendered us quite insensible to pleasure, our eyes would have been charmed with seeing this fertile country of Egypt, watered like a delightful garden by an infinite number of canals. We could not cast our eyes on either side of the river without seeing opulent cities, country houses agreeably situated, lands yearly covered with a golden harvest without ever lying fallow, meadows full of flocks, husbandmen bending under the weight of the fruits which the earth had poured out of her bosom, and shepherds who made all the echoes round them repeat the sweet sounds of their flutes and their pipes.

Happy the people said Mentor, who are governed by a wise king! They abound; they are happy, and love the author of their happiness. It is thus, added he, O Telemachus! that you ought to reign, and become the delight of your people, if ever the gods put you in possession of the kingdom of your father. Love your subjects as your children, relish the pleasure of being beloved by them, and act so that they may never be sensible of peace and joy, without remembering that it is a good king that makes them these rich presents. Kings who think only of making themselves feared and

of humbling their people in order to render them more servile, are the scourges of human kind. They are feared indeed as they desire to be, but then they are hated, detested, and have no more to apprehend from their subjects, than their subjects have to apprehend from them.

Alas ! Mentor, answered I, it is not our present business to think of the maxims by which a king ought to reign. There is no Ithaca for us, we shall never see our country nor Penelope again. And though Ulysses should return with great glory to his kingdom, yet would he never have the pleasure of seeing me there : never should I have that of obeying him in order to learn how to command. Let us die, my dear Mentor ; no other thoughts become us : let us die, since the gods have no compassion for us.

As I spoke thus, profound sighs interrupted all my words. But Mentor, who was apprehensive of evils before they happened, knew not what it was to fear them when they were present. Unworthy son of wise Ulysses, cried he ! what ! do you suffer yourself to be vanquished by your misfortunes ! Know that you will one day see both Ithaca and Penelope again ; nay more, you shall see in his former glory him whom you never knew, the invincible Ulysses ; whom fortune cannot subside, and who in calamities greater than yours teaches you never to despair. O ! could he hear in the remote country on which he is cast by the tempest, that his son knows not how to imitate either his pa-

tience or fortitude, the news would overwhelm him with shame, and be more griveous to him than all the evils he has so long endured.

Mentor afterwards made me take notice of the joy and plenty which overspread the whole kingdom of Egypt, in which was reckoned two and twenty thousand cities. He admired the good government of these cities; the justice exercised in favour of the poor against the rich; the good education of children, who were trained up to obedience, labour, sobriety, the love of arts or letters; the exact observation of all religious ceremonies, the disinterested spirit, the thirst of honour the fidelity towards men, and the reverence of the gods which every father instilled into his children. He was never weary of admiring this beautiful order. Happy the people, was he continually crying, who are thus governed by a wise king! but still more happy the king who causes the felicity of such multitudes, and finds his own in his virtue! He holds the people by a chain of love, an hundred times stronger than that of fear. Men not only obey, but even delight to obey him. He reigns in all hearts; every one instead of wishing to get rid of him, is afraid of losing him, and would lay down his life for him.

I was attentive to what Mentor said, and perceived that my courage revived as my wise friend was talking to me. As soon as we arrived at Memphis, a rich and magnificent city, the governor ordered that we should go as far as Thebes, to be presented to king Sesostris, who being greatly exasperated against the Lyrians,



had resolved to enquire into the affair himself. We ascended therefore up the Nile as far as the famous Thebes, which has an hundred gates, and is the place of this great prince's residence. We found it of a prodigious extent, and more populous than the most flourishing cities of Greece. Its policy is perfect with regard to the neatness of the streets, water-courses, the conveniency of baths, the culture of arts, and the public safety, The squares are adorned with fountains and obelisks; the temples are of marble, and of a plain but majestic architecture. The prince's palace alone is like a great city. Nothing was seen there but marble columns, pyramids and obelisks, colossian statues, and utensils of solid gold and silver.

The persons who had taken us, told the king, that we were taken on board a Phœnician ship. He gave audience every day at certain stated hours to all his subjects, who had any complaints to make or advice to give him. He neither despised nor repulsed any man, and thought himself a king only to do good to his subjects, whom he loved as his children. As for strangers, he received them with indulgence, and was desirous of seeing them; because he thought that a man always learns something useful, by informing himself of the customs and manners of distant nations. This curiosity of the king was the occasion of our being brought before him. He was seated on an ivory throne, holding a golden sceptre in his hand. Though he was advanced in years, his person was agreeable and his aspect sweet and majestic. He

used to administer justice daily among his people with a patience and wisdom which was admired without flattery. After having toiled all his days in settling public affairs, and in rendering impartial justice, he used to unbend himself in the evening in hearing of learned men, or in conversing with persons of the best characters, whom he well knew how to select and admit into his familiarity. During the whole course of his life, he could be reproached with nothing but having triumphed with too much pride over the kings he conquered, and with reposing too much confidence in one of his subjects, whose character I shall presently give you.

When he saw me, he pitied my youth ; he asked me my name and my country, and we were astonished at the wisdom which flowed from his mouth. I answered, O mighty prince, you are no stranger to the destruction and siege of Troy which lasted ten years, and cost all Greece so much blood. Ulysses my father was one of the principle kings who destroyed that city. He is now wandering through every sea, without being able to find the isle of Ithaca, his kingdom. I am in search of him, and a misfortune like his was the occasion of my being taken. Restore me to my father and my country : So may the gods preserve you to your children, and let them taste the joy of living under so good a father !

Sesostris continued to behold me with an eye of compassion. But desiring to know if what I said was true, he referred us to one of his officers, commanding him to inform himself

of those who had taken our ship, whether we were really Greeks or Phœnicians. If they are Phœnicians, said the king, they shall be doubly punished; first, as enemies, and then more for having endeavoured to deceive us by a base lye. If on the contrary they are Greeks, I would have them treated kindly, and sent back to their own country in one of my ships; for I love Greece: several Egyptians have been legislators there. I am no stranger to the virtue of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reached even to us, and I admire what I have heard of the wisdom of the unhappy Ulysses. It is a pleasure to me to relieve virtue in distress.

The officer to whom the king committed the enquiry into our affair, had a soul as corrupted and artful as that of Sesostris was sincere and generous. His name was Metophis. He endeavoured to ensnare us by his questions, and perceiving that Mentor answered with more wisdom than I, he looked upon him with aversion and jealousy: for the good are hated by the evil. He separated us, and from that time I knew not what was become of Mentor. This separation was death to me. Metophis hoped by examining us separately, that he should draw us to contradict each other, and thought particularly to dazzle me by flattering promises, and to make me confess what Mentor might have concealed from him. In short, he did not really seek for the truth, but only endeavoured to find some pretence to tell the king that we were Phœnicians, in order to make us his slaves. In fact, notwithstanding our in-

nocence and the king's sagacity, he found the means of deceiving him. How alas ! are princes exposed ! Even the wisest are frequently abused. Artful and selfish men surround them ; the good retire. because they are neither importunate nor flatterers : they wait till they are sought after, and princes are seldom wise enough to do that. On the contrary, the wicked are impudent, treacherous, insinuating, and officious, artful dissemblers, ready to do any thing against honour and conscience, to gratify the passions of him who reigns. O ! how miserable is a king in being exposed to the artifices of the wicked ! He is ruined if he does not repulse flatterers, and loves not those who boldly tell him the truth. These were the reflections I made in my distress ; for I recollected all that mentor had told me.

Metophis sent me towards the mountains of the desert of Oasis with his slaves, that I might help them to look after his flocks. Here Calypso interrupted Telemachus, saying, Well, what did you do then, you who in Sicily preferred death to slavery ? Telemachus replied, my misfortunes continually increased ; I had no longer the sad consolation of chusing servitude or death ; I was forced to be a slave, and to exhaust, if I may use the expression, all the rigors of fortune. I had no hope left, nor so much as a single word to say in order to work out my deliverance. Mentor has since told me that he was sold to Ethiopians, and that he went with them into their own country.

As for me, I arrived in horrible deserts ;

where burning sands are seen on the plains ; snows which never dissolve, and make an eternal winter on the tops of the mountains ; and pastures for cattle are only found among the rocks. Towards the middle of these steep mountains the vallies are so deep that the rays of the sun can hardly reach them.

The only persons I found here, where shepherds as savage as the country itself. I passed the nights in bemoaning my misfortune, and the days in tending a flock, to avoid the brutal fury of the chief slave ; who hoping to obtain his liberty was continually accusing the rest, in order to make a merit to his master of his zeal and attachment to his interests. The name of this slave was Butis. I was ready to sink on this occasion. In my anguish I one day forgot my flock, and stretched myself on the grass near a cave, where I expected death, unable longer to support my pains. I instantly perceived that the whole mountain trembled ; the oaks and pines seemed to descend from its summit ; the winds retained their breath ; and a loud voice issuing out of the cave, uttered these words Son of sage Ulysses, you like him must become great by patience. Princes who have always been happy, are seldom worthy of being so ; luxury corrupts, and pride intoxicates them. Happy will you be if you surmount and never forget your misfortunes ! You shall see Ithaca again, and your glory shall ascend to the stars. When you are the master of others, remember that you yourself have been weak, poor, and in trouble like them ; take a pleasure in reliev-



ing them ; love your subjects, detest flattery, and know that you will be great only in proportion to your moderation and resolution in subduing your passions.

These divine words penetrated even to the bottom of my heart, and revived its courage and joy. I felt none of that horror which makes the hair rise upright on the head, and chills the blood in the veins, when the gods reveal themselves to mortals. I rose in tranquillity ; I fell on my knees, and lifting up my hands to heaven, worshipped Minerva, to whom I believed myself indebted for this oracle. At the same time I found myself a new man ; wisdom enlightened my mind ; I felt a pleasing force to moderate all my passions, and to check the impetuosity of my youth. I made myself beloved by all the shepherds of the desert. My meekness, my patience, my diligence at last appeased even the cruel Butis, who was in authority over the other slaves, and at first took a pleasure in tormenting me.

The better to bear the irksomeness of captivity and solitude, I sought for books ; for I was overwhelmed with melancholy for want of some instructions to cherish and support my mind. Happy they, said I, who are disgusted with violent pleasures, and know how to be contented with the sweets of an innocent life ! Happy they to whom instruction is an amusement, and the cultivating their minds with knowledge a delight ! wherever they are thrown by adverse fortune, they always carry their entertainment with them, and the disquiet which

preys upon others even in the midst of their pleasures, is unknown to those who can employ themselves in reading. Happy they who love to read, and are not like me deprived of it. As I was revolving these thoughts in my mind, I went into a gloomy forest, where I immediately perceived an old man with a book in his hand.

His forehead was large, bald, and a little wrinkled: a white beard hung down to his girdle; his stature was tall but majestic; his complexion still fresh and ruddy, his eyes lively and piercing his voice sweet, and his speech plain and engaging. I never beheld so venerable an old man. His name was Termosiris; he was a priest of Apollo, and officiated in a marble temple which the kings of Egypt had dedicated to that deity in the forest. The book which he held in his hand, was a collection of hymns in honour of the gods. He accosted me in a friendly manner, and we discoursed together. He related things past with such perspicuity that they seemed present, and yet with such brevity that his accounts were never tedious. He foresaw the future by his profound knowledge, which gave him an insight into men, and the designs of which they were capable. With all this wisdom, he was chearful and complaisant, and the sprightliest youth is not so graceful as he was at so advanced an age. Accordingly he was fond of young men when they were tractable, and had a relish for virtue.

He quickly loved me with great tenderness;

he furnished me with books for my consolation, and called me his son. I often said, O my father! the gods who deprived me of Mentor, have pitied and given me another support in you. This man was without doubt, like Orpheus and Linus, inspired by the gods. He recited to me verses of his own, and furnished me with those of several excellent poets who were favourites of the Muses. When he was clad in his long robe of a shining white, and took his ivory lyre in his hand, the tygers, the bears, the lions came down to fawn upon him and to lick his feet. The satyrs came out of the woods to dance around him, the trees themselves seemed to move, and one would have thought the affected rocks were going to descend from the tops of the mountains at the charms of his melodious accents. He sung nothing but the majesty of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wisdom of men who preferred glory to pleasure.

He often told me that I ought to take courage, and that the gods would not abandon either Ulysses or his son. At last he assured me that it was my duty, after the example of Apollo, to teach the shepherds to cultivate the Muses. Apollo, said he, provoked at Jupiter's disturbing the heaven, with his thunder in the brightest days, determined to revenge himself on the Cyclops who forged the bolts, and slew them with his arrows. Whereupon mount Etna ceased to disgorge its whirlwinds of fire, and men no longer heard the hammers terribly striking on the anvils, and exciting the groans

of the caves of the earth, and the depths of the sea. Iron and brass being no longer polished by the Cyclops, began to rust. Vulcan quits his forge in a rage, mounts, though lame, with speed to Olympus, arrives sweating and covered with dust in the assembly of the gods, and makes bitter complaints. Jupiter is provoked at Apollo, drives him out of heaven, and hurls him headlong to the earth. His empty chariot performs of itself its usual course, to give both day and night to men, with a regular change of the seasons. Apollo, stript of his rays, was forced to turn shepherd, and tend the flocks of king Admetus. He played on the flute, and all the other swains came to the shady elms on the border of a limpid fountain, to hear his songs. 'Till then they had led a savage and brutal life, and knew but to tend, to shear and milk their sheep, and make their cheeses. The whole country resembled a frightful desert.

Apollo quickly taught the shepherds all the arts which render life agreeable. He sung the flowers which crown the spring, the perfumes she sheds, and the verdure which rises under her steps. He then sung the delightful nights of summer, when the zephyrs revive mankind, and dew quenches the thirst of the earth. He likewise mingled in his songs the golden fruits with which autumn rewards the husbandman's toils, and the repose of winter, when the sportful youth dance before the fire. At last he represented the gloomy woods which cover the mountains, and the hollow vallies, where rivers by a thousand windings seem to sport a-

mong the laughing meadows. Thus he taught the swains what the charms of a rural life are, when we know how to taste the pleasures of simple nature. The shepherds with their pipes were quickly happier than kings, and their cottages attracted crouds of uncorrupted joys which fly the gilded palace. The sports, the smiles, the graces every where attended the innocent shepherdesses. Every day was a festival. Nothing was heard but the warbling of birds, the soft breath of the zephirs sporting in the branches of the trees, the murmurs of lucid rills descending from the rocks, or the songs with which the Muses inspired the swains who attended Apollo. This god taught them to obtain the prize in the race, and to shoot the hinds and the stags with their arrows. The gods themselves grew jealous of the shepherds, and thinking their life sweeter than all their own glory, recalled Apollo to Olympus.

This history, my son, should be a lesson of instruction to you, since you are in the same condition in which Apollo was. Till this uncultivated earth; like him make the desert bloom; teach all the shepherds the charms of harmony; soften their savage hearts; shew them the beauty of virtue, and make them sensible how sweet it is in solitude to enjoy the innocent pleasures, of which nothing can deprive the swains. A time will come, my son, a time will come, when the pains and cruel cares which besiege kings, will make you regret on a throne the life of a shepherd.

This said, Termosiris gave me so sweet a



flute, that the echoes of the mountains, which made it heard on every side, soon drew all the neighbouring swains around me. My voice was endued with a divine harmony ; I was moved and transported as it were to sing the charms with which nature has adorned the country. We passed whole days and part of the nights in singing together. All the shepherds, forgetting their huts and their flocks, stood motionless around me, whilst I gave them their lessons. These deserts appeared no longer savage ; all was pleasant and smiling ; the courteous manners of the inhabitants seemed to meliorate the soil.

We often assembled to offer sacrifices in the temple of Apollo, of which Termosiris was priest. The shepherds went thither, crowned with lawrels in honour of the god ; and the shepherdesses, dancing and bearing garlands of flowers and baskets of sacred offerings on their heads. After the sacrifice we made a rural feast. Our greatest dainties were the milk of our goats and our sheep, with fruits fresh-gathered with our own hands, such as dates, figs and grapes ; our seats were the verdant turf, and the leafy trees afforded us a pleasanter shade than the gilded roofs of the palaces of kings.

But what crowned my fame among the shepherds, was an hungry lion's falling one day on my flock. He had begun an horrible slaughter I had only my crook in my hand, but I advanced boldly. The lion bristles up his name ; he grins, displays his claws and distends his parch-

ed and flaming mouth. His eyes were red and fiery ; he beat his sides with his long tail ; I fell him to the ground. A little coat of mail which I wore according to the custom of the shepherds of Egypt, prevented his tearing my body. I threw him down, and thrice he rose again, making all the forests ring with his roarings. At last I strangled him in my arms ; and the shepherds who were witnesses of my victory, insisted on my wearing the skin of this terrible animal.

The fame of this action, and of the happy reformation of all our shepherds, spread throughout Egypt, and reached even the ears of Sesostris. He was informed that one of the captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had restored the golden age in these almost uninhabitable deserts. He desired to see me, for he loved the Muses and every thing which could instruct mankind, charmed his noble heart. He saw me, heard me with pleasure, and found that Metophis had deceived him through avarice. He condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, and stript him of all his unjust riches. O how unhappy, said Sesostris, is the man who is exalted above others ! He can seldom see the truth with his own eyes ; he is encompassed by men who hinder it from arriving at him ; every one has an interest to deceive him ; every one, under an appearance of zeal, hides his ambition. They pretend to love the king : they love only the riches he bestows, and are so far from loving him, that to obtain his favours they flatter and betray him.

After this. Sesostris treated me with the utmost tenderness, and resolved to send me back to Ithaca, with ships and troops to deliver Penelope from all her suitors. The fleet was ready, and we thought only of embarking. I admired the turns of fortune, who suddenly exalts whom she has the most depressed. This experience made me hope that Ulysses might probably return at length to his kingdom after long sufferings. I thought also within myself that I might see Mentor again though he had been carried into the most unknown countries of Ethiopia. Whilst I delayed my departure a little, to endeavour to learn some news of him, Sesostris who was very old, died suddenly and his death plunged me again into new misfortunes.

All Egypt was inconsolable for this loss. Every family thought they had lost their best friend, their protector, their father. The old men, lifting up their hands to heaven, cried out, Never had Egypt so good a king, never will she have the like. Ye should, ye gods ! never have shown him to men, or never have taken him from them : why must we survive the great Sesostris ? The young men said, The hope of Egypt is lost ; our fathers were happy in living under so good a king ; as for us, we have seen him only to feel his loss. His domestics wept night and day. When his funeral rites were performed, the most distant people run to them in crowds for forty days together. Every one desired yet once more to see the body of Sesostris ; every one desired to preserve an

idea of him, and several to belaid in the sepulchre with him.

What still augmented their sorrow for his loss was that his son Boccoris had neither humanity for strangers, nor curiosity with regard to the sciences, nor esteem for men of virtue, nor love of glory. His father's greatness had contributed to render him thus unworthy of reigning. He had been bred up in effeminacy and a brutal pride, and looked upon men as nothing; believing that they were made only for him, and that he was of a different nature from them. He minded only to gratify his passions, to squander away the immense treasures which his father had husbanded with so much care, to harass the people, to suck the blood of the unfortunate; in a word, to follow the flattering counsels of the giddy youths who surrounded him, whilst he discarded with disdain all the wise old men who had shared his father's confidence: he was a monster and not a king. The whole country groaned; and though the name of Sesostris, so dear to the Egyptians, made them bear with the shameful and cruel conduct of his son, yet he himself hastened to his ruin: And indeed a prince so unworthy of a throne could not reign long.

I had now no hopes of returning to Ithaca; being shut up in a tower on the sea shore near Pelusium, where I was to have embarked, if Sesostris had not died. Metophis having had art enough to get out of prison, and to establish himself in the good graces of the new king,

had caused me to be confined in this tower, to revenge himself for the disgrace I had occasioned him. I spent the days and the nights in the deepest sadness. All Termosiris had foretold me, and all I had heard from the cave, appeared to me now nothing but a dream. I was overwhelmed with the bitterest sorrow : I saw the billows beat against the foot of the tower where I was a prisoner, and often beheld vessels tost by tempests, in danger of splitting on the rocks on which it was built ; but instead of bemoaning men threatened with shipwreck, I envied their lot. Soon, said I to myself, will their misfortunes end with their lives, or they will arrive in their own country ! I alas ! can hope for neither.

While I was thus pining away in fruitless grief, I perceived as it were a forest of masts. The sea was covered with swelling sails, and the waves foamed beneath innumerable oars. I heard in all parts a confused noise, and perceived on the shore a party of affrighted Egyptians running to arms, and others who seemed going to welcome the fleet they saw arriving. I quickly knew that these foreign ships were some of Phœnicia, and others of the isle of Cyprus ; for my misfortunes began to give me some knowledge in naval affairs. The Egyptians seemed to be divided among themselves. I could easily believe that the thoughtless Boccoris had by his violent measures occasioned a revolt of his subjects, and kindled a civil war. I was from the top of the tower a spectator of a bloody battle.



The Egyptians who had called in foreigners to their assistance having favoured their descent, attacked the other Egyptians who had their king at their head. I saw this prince animating his subjects by his example, and looking like the god of war. Rivers of blood flowed around him; his chariot-wheels were dyed with a black, clotted and frothy gore, and could hardly pass over the heaps of mangled dead.

This young king, well made, robust, of a proud and haughty mein, had fury and despair in his eyes. He was like a fine headstrong horse; his courage pushed him into dangers, but wisdom did not temper his valour. He knew not how to retrieve his errors, nor to give proper orders, nor to foresee the evils which threatened him, nor to save his men of whom he had the greatest need: Not that he wanted a genius, for his understanding was equal to his courage; but he had never been instructed by adversity. His governors had poisoned his naturally good disposition by flattery. He was intoxicated with his power and felicity; he thought that every thing ought to give way to his impetuous desires; the least resistance inflamed his anger; he then no longer made any use of his reason, but was like one beside himself; his furious pride transported him into a wild beast; his natural goodness and reason forsook him in an instant; his most faithful servants were forced to fly from him, and he was pleased only with those who soothed his passions. He was thus contrary to his true interest, always in extremes, and forced all men

of virtue to detest his frantic conduct. His courage supported him a while against a multitude of enemies, but he was at last overpowered. I saw him fall: the dart of a Phœnician pierced his breast; the reins slipped out of his hands, and he fell from his chariot under his horses feet. A soldier of the island of Cyprus cut off his head; and holding it up by the hair, showed it as it were in triumph to the victorious army.

I shall as long as I live, remember his head swimming in blood, his eyes shut and extinguished, his face pale and disfigured, his mouth half opened, and seeming still desirous to conclude its unfinish'd speech, his haughty and threatening air which death itself could not efface. As long as I live, his image will be before my eyes; and if ever the gods permit me to reign, I shall never forget, after so terrible an example, that a king is not worthy of commanding, nor happy in his power, but in proportion as he subjects it to reason. Ah! how dreadful the evil! when a man destined to make the public happy, is the master of so many others only to render them wretched!

*End of the Second Book.*

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the T H I R D.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Telemachus relates, that the suecessor of Buccoris restoring all the Tyrian prisoners, he himself was earried with them to Tyre, in Narbal's ship who commanded their fleet; that Narbal gave him the character of their king Pygmalion, whose cruel avarice he had reason to apprehend; that he was afterwards instructed by Narbal in the maxims of the Tyrian commerce, and was going to embark on board a Cyprian ship in order to go by the island of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion discovered that he was a stranger, and ordered him to be apprehended; that he was then on the brink of ruin, but that Astarbe, the Tyrian's mistress, saved him, in order to put to death in his stead a youth, whose disdain had provoked her.*

**C**ALYPSO heard such wise reflections with astonishment. What charmed her most, was to observe that Telemachus ingenuously re-

lated the errors he had committed through a want of thought and of a due regard to the sage Mentor's counsels. She thought his accusing himself, and his seeming to have made so good an use of his failings in rendering himself wise, cautious and moderate, surprisngly great and noble. Go on, said she, my dear Telemachus, I long to know how you got out of Egypt, and where you found the sage Mentor again, whose loss you lamented with so much reason.

Telemachus thus resumed his story. The most virtuous and loyal of the Egyptians being the weakest party, and seeing their king dead, were constrained to yield to the others. Another king was appointed, whose name was Termutis. The Phœnicians with the troops of the island of Cyprus departed, after they had made an alliance with the new prince, who restored all the Phœnician prisoners. I was reckoned as one of the number; and being released from the tower and embarking with the rest, hope began to dawn again in the bottom of my heart.

A favourable gale already swelled our sails; the rowers cleft the frothy waves; the wide-extended sea was covered with ships; the mariners shouted for joy; the shores of Egypt flew from us; the hills and the mountains grew level by degrees; we began to see nothing but the heavens and the waters, while the rising sun seemed to dart his sparkling fires out of the bosom of the deep: his rays gilt the top of the mountains, which we still discovered a little above the horizon; and the whole heaven, painted with a deep azure, promised us an happy voyage.

Though I was dismissed as one of the Phœnicians, none of them knew me. Narbal who commanded the ship on board of which I was put, asked me my name and my country. Of what city of Phœnicia are you, said he? I am not a Phœnician, said I, but was taken by the Egyptians at sea in a Phœnician vessel. I have been a captive in Egypt as a Phœnician; under that name I have suffered a long while, and under that name was set at liberty. Of what country are you then, replied Narbal? I am Telemachus, said I, the son of Ulysses, king of Ithaca in Greece; my father rendered himself famous among all the kings who besieged the city of Troy; but the gods have not permitted him to see his country again. I have been seeking him in various kingdoms, but fortune persecutes me as well as him. You behold an unfortunate youth, who wishes only for the happiness of returning to his own country, and his finding his father.

Narbal looked upon me with surprise, and thought he observed in me I know not what of fortunate, which is one of the gifts of heaven, and is not found in common men. He was naturally sincere and generous; he was touched with my misfortunes, and talked to me with a confidence with which the gods inspired him for my preservation in an imminent danger.

Telemachus, said he, I do not, I cannot doubt of what you tell me. The sweetness and virtue, which are visible in your countenance, do not permit me to mistrust you: Nay, I feel that the gods whom I have always served,



love you, and would have me love you as if you were my son. I will give you wholesome advice, and ask nothing of you in return but secrecy. Fear not, said I, that it will be any pain to me to be silent with regard to the things with which you may be pleased to entrust me. Though I am so young, I am already grown old in the habit of never betraying my secrets, and more especially in never betraying, under any pretence whatever, those of another. How can you, said he, have accustomed yourself to secrecy at so tender an age? I shall be glad to hear by what means you have acquired this quality, which is the foundation of the wisest conduct, and without which all other talents are useless.

When Ulysses, said I, went to the siege of Troy, he took me, as I have been informed, on his knees, threw his arms around me, and having kissed me with the utmost tenderness, uttered these words, though I could not then understand them. O my son! may the gods preserve me from ever seeing thee again; may the sisters of the Fatal Sisters cut the thread of thy days when it is hardly formed, as a reaper with his sickle cuts down a tender flower which is just beginning to blow; may my enemies dash thee in pieces before the eyes of thy mother and me, if thou art one day to be corrupted and to abandon virtue! O my friends! continued he, with you I leave my dear son; take care of his infancy; if you love me, remove pernicious flattery far from him; teach him to vanquish himself; let him be like a young

tree, which is bent in order to be made strait. But above all, do your utmost to render him just, beneficent, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret. Whoever is capable of lying, is unworthy of being numbered among men; and whoever knows not to be silent, is unworthy of ruling.

I relate the very words of this speech, because such care was taken frequently to repeat them to me, that they penetrated to the very bottom of my heart; nay, I often repeat them to myself. My father's friends were careful to exercise me betimes in secrecy. I was but a child, when they entrusted me with all their uneasinesses at seeing my mother exposed to a great number of rash suitors who sought to marry her. Thus they treated me from my infancy as a man of reason, and one that might be trusted; they conferred with me about the most important affairs, and informed me of the resolutions they had taken in order to rid her of her wooers. I was transported at their reposing such confidence in me, and thought myself already a perfect man. I never abused it, nor even let slip a single word which might discover the least secret. The suitors often endeavoured to make me talk, hoping that a child who had seen or heard of any thing of importance, could not contain himself; but I well knew how to answer them without telling them an untruth or what I ought not to reveal.

Hereupon Narbal said, You see, Telemachus, the power of the Phœnicians. They are formidable to all their neighbours by their in-

numerable ships. The trade they carry on as far as the pillars of Hercules, render them richer than the most flourishing nations. The mighty king Sesostris, who could never have conquered them by sea, found it very difficult to conquer them by land, with armies that had subdued all the east. He imposed a tribute upon us which we did not long pay. The Phœnicians are too rich and powerful to bear the yoke of servitude with patience; we recovered our liberty. Death did not allow Sesostris time to finish the war against us. It is true, we had great reason to be apprehensive of his wisdom, even more than of his power; but his power passing into the hands of his son without his wisdom, we concluded that we had nothing to fear. And indeed the Egyptians, instead of returning in arms to our own country to subdue us once again, were constrained to invite us to their assistance to deliver them from that impious and outrageous prince. We have been their deliverers. What an addition of glory to the liberty and opulence of the Phœnicians!

But whilst we deliver others, we ourselves are slaves. O Telemachus, beware of falling into the hands of our king Pygmalion. He has cruelly dipt them in the blood of Sichæus his sister Dido's husband. Dido breathing nothing but revenge, and accompanied by most of the lovers of liberty and virtue, fled from Tyre with a large fleet, founded a stately city on the coast of Africa, and called it Carthage. Pygmalion, tormented by an insatiable thirst of wealth, renders himself more and more mis-

erable and odious to his subjects. It is a crime at Tyre to be rich. Avarice makes him mistrustful, suspicious, cruel; he persecutes the wealthy, and dreads the poor.

It is a still greater crime at Tyre to be virtuous: For Pygmalion supposes that virtuous men cannot suffer his unjust and infamous actions. Virtue condemns him, and he is exasperated and irritated against her. Every thing ruffles, disquiets, and gnaws him. He trembles at his shadow, and sleeps neither night nor day. The gods, as a judgment upon him, load him with treasures he has not a heart to enjoy. What he seeks in order to make him happy, is the very thing which hinders him from being so. He repines at all he gives, he is always afraid of losing, and tortures himself for gain. He is hardly ever seen; he immures himself in the most secret part of his palace, solitary, sad dejected: even his friends dare not approach him lest they should raise his suspicions. A frightful guard, with naked swords and pikes erected, continually invest his palace. Thirty chambers adjoining to one another, each of which has an iron-door with six huge bolts, are the place where he shuts himself up. It is never known in which of them he lies, and it is affirmed that he never lies two nights successively in the same, for fear of being murdered. He is an utter stranger to all the sweet enjoyments of life, and to friendship the sweetest of all. If any one talk to him of pursuing pleasure, he feels that it flees from him and refuses to enter his heart. His hollow eyes are savagely wild and

fiery, and incessantly rolling on all sides. He listens to and is alarmed at the least noise. He is pale and meagre, and gloomy cares are pictured on his ever wrinkled visage. He is mute, he sighs, he groans from the bottom of his heart, and cannot conceal the remorse which preys on his bowels. The most exquisite dishes disgust him. His children, instead of being the hopes of his age, are the objects of his fear; he has made them his most dangerous enemies. He has not in all his life been safe a single moment, and preserves himself only by shedding the blood of those he fears. Fool! not to see that the cruelty in which he confides, will destroy him! Some domestic as suspicious as himself, will quickly rid the world of this monster.

As for me, I fear the gods; and however dear it may cost me, will be faithful to the king they have set over me: for I had rather that he should take away my life than I his, or than even be wanting in my duty to defend him. As for you, Telemachus, be sure not to tell him that you are the son of Ulysses; for hoping that Ulysses would return to Ithaca and pay him a large sum for your ransom, he would infallibly keep you in prison.

When we arrived at Tyre, I followed Narbal's advice, found every thing true which he had told me, and could not conceive that it was possible for a man to render himself so miserable as Pygmalion seemed to be. Astonished at a sight so terrible and new to me, Lo the man, said I to myself, who only fought to



make himself happy, and imagined that he should accomplish it by riches and absolute power; he possesses all he can desire, and yet he is wretched; nay, his very riches and power make him so. Were he a shepherd, as I not long since was, he would be as happy as I have been; he would enjoy the innocent pleasures of the country, and enjoy them without remorse. He would dread neither daggers nor poison; he would love mankind, and be beloved by them. He would not indeed possess these immense riches which are as useless to him as so much dirt, since he dares not touch them; but he would freely enjoy the fruits of the earth, and suffer no real want. He seems to do all that he desires, but he is far from doing it; for he does only what his brutal passions command. He is continually hurried away by his avarice, his fears and his suspicions. He appears to be the master of all others, but is not even master of himself; for he has as many masters and tormentors as ungovernable desires.

I reasoned thus of Pygmalion without seeing him; for he was not to be seen. One only beheld with awe the lofty towers which are night and day surrounded by guards, wherein he, as it were, imprisoned himself and his treasures. I compared this invisible king with Sesostris, who was so gentle, so easy of access, so affable, so curious to see strangers, so attentive to hear all men, and to draw out of their hearts the truth they conceal from princes. Sesostris, said I, feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; he

shewed himself to all his subjects as to his own children; but Pygmalion fears every thing, and has every thing to fear. This wicked prince is continually exposed to a tragical death, even in his inaccessible palace and in the midst of his guards. On the contrary, the good king Sesostris was as safe in a croud of his people, as an indulgent father, surrounded by his family, in his own house.

Pygmalion giving orders for sending home the Cyprian troops that came to assist him in consequence of an alliance between the two nations, Narbal took this opportunity to set me at liberty, and mustered me among the soldiers of Cyprus; for the king was suspicious even in the minutest things. The usual failing of easy and indolent princes is to give themselves up, with a blind confidence, to crafty and corrupt favourites; Pygmalion's was, on the contrary, to mistrust the worthiest men. He knew not to discern the frank and upright who act without disguise, and of consequence had not been conversant with men of probity; for such never make their court to so corrupted a king: Besides, he had seen in those that served him, since his accession to the throne, such dissimulation, perfidy, and shocking vices, disguised under the appearances of virtue, that he looked upon all men without exception as masked: he supposed that there was no real virtue on the earth, but that all were nearly alike. And of consequence, when he found a man false and corrupt, he gave himself no trouble to seek for another, supposing that another would not be

better : nay, the good seemed to him worse than the most openly wicked, because he thought the former as wicked and greater dissemblers than the latter.

To return to myself, I was blended with the Cyprians, and escaped the piercing jealousy of the king. Narbal trembled for fear I should be discovered, which would have cost us both our lives, and was very impatient to see us depart ; but contrary winds detained us a good while at Tyre.

I made use of this opportunity to inform myself of the manners of the Phœnicians, so famous in all the nations of the known world. I admired the happy situation of this great city, which stands in an island in the midst of the sea. The neighbouring coast is delightful for its fertility, the exquisite fruits it bears, the number of its almost contiguous cities and villages, and the mildness of its climate ; for it is screened by mountains from the burning winds of the south, and refreshed by the northern gales which blow from the sea. It lies at the foot of Libanus, whose summit cleaves the clouds, and almost touches the stars ; eternal ice covers its brow, and rivers of snow pour like torrents from the tops of the rocks which environ its head. Beneath these rocks is a vast forest of antient cedars, that seem as old as the earth in which they grow, and extend their thick branches even to the clouds. On the side of the mountain, at the foot of this forest, are fat pastures, where glide a thousand limpid rills : where bellowing bulls are seen to stray, and bleating sheep and

tender lambkins skipping over the grafs And lastly, beneath these pastures appears the foot of the mountain, resembling a large garden: whose lively colours neither the pestilent breath of the south which blasts and burns up all things, nor the bleak north-wind did ever presume to ffully: here spring and autumn reign together, and blend their fruits and flowers.

Near this beautiful coast the island on which Tyre is built, emerges out of the sea. This prodigious city seems to float upon the water, and to be the queen of the ocean. Merchants from all parts of the world resort to it, and the inhabitants themselves are the most famous treaders in the world. When a man enters into it, he imagines at first sight that it does not belong to any particular people, but that it is the common city of all nations, and the centre of their commerce. It has two great moles, that stretch themselves like arms into the sea, and embrace an immense harbour, which the winds cannot enter. In this port is seen as<sup>if</sup> it were a wood of masts, and the ships themselves are so numerous that one can hardly perceive the sea which supports them. All the citizens apply themselves to commerce, and their vast riches never give them a distaste to the toils which are necessary to increase them. Here on all sides is seen the fine Egyptian linen, and twice dyed Tyrian purple of a marvellous lustre. This double tincture, which is so lively that time cannot efface it, is used for fine cloths, enriched with imbroideries of silver and gold. The Phœnicians trade with all nations as far

as the streights of Gades, and have penetrated even into the vast ocean which surrounds the whole earth. They have also made long voyages on the Red-sea, where they go to unknown islands in quest of gold, perfumes, and divers animals which are not found elsewhere.

I could not satiate my eyes with the magnificent sight of this great city, where every thing was in motion. I saw not here, as in the cities of Greece, idle busy-bodies sauntering in public places in quest of news, or to stare at foreigners who arrive at their port. The men are employed in unlading their ships; in sending away or selling their merchandize, in putting their warehouses in order, and in keeping an exact account of what is owing to them by foreign meachants. The women are incessantly either spinning of wool, or ~~of~~ drawing patterns of imbroidery, or folding up rich stuffs.

What is the reason said I to Narbal, that the Phœnicians have rendered themselves masters of the commerce of the whole earth, and thus enrich themselves at the expence of all other nations? You see it, said he: Tyre is happily situated for trade, and has the honour of having invented navigation. For the Tyrians were the first (if we may credit accounts of the darkest antiquity) who tamed the waves, long before the time of Syphis and the Argonauts, so much vaunted of in Greece: They, I say, were the first who ventured to commit themselves in a feeble bark to the mercy of the waves and tempests, who sounded the depths of the sea, who observed the stars at a great distance



from the land, according to the science of the Egyptians and Babylonians, and joined together so many nations whom the sea had separated. Besides, they are industrious, patient, laborious, neat, sober and frugal; have a regular form of government, and are perfectly united among themselves. And then there never was a nation more constant, more sincere, more faithful, more to be relied on, more courteous to strangers.

These are the things, without seeking for any other cause, which give them the dominion of the sea, and make so profitable a trade flourish in their port. Should divisions and jealousies creep in among them; should the chiefs of the nation despise labour and frugality; should arts cease to be honourable in their city; should they become faithless to strangers; should they alter ever so little their maxims of a free trade; should they neglect their manufactures, and cease to lay out the large sums which are necessary to render all their commodities perfect in their kind, you would quickly see the fall of the power you admire.

But pray tell me, said I, how I may hereafter establish a like trade in Ithaca. Do, replied he, what is done here: treat all strangers in a kind and condescending manner; let them find safety, accommodations, and perfect liberty in your ports, and never suffer avarice or pride to get the better of you. The true way to gain a great deal is never to aim at getting too much, and to know the proper times of losing. Conciliate the love of all strangers, and

even bear some things from them ; beware of exciting their jealousy by your haughtiness ; be steady in the rules of commerce, and let them be plain and easy ; accustom your subjects to observe them inviolably ; punish with severity the frauds and even the negligence or extravagance of merchants, which ruin trade in ruining those who carry it on. Above all, never attempt to cramp commerce, in order to direct it according to your own private views. It is most proper for the prince not to be concerned in it, but to leave the whole profit to his subjects who have all the trouble of it ; otherwise he will discourage them. The king will draw sufficient advantages from it by the great riches which will be imported into his dominions. Commerce is like certain springs ; if you endeavour to divert their course, you dry them up. Nothing but profit and conveniency attract strangers to you. If you render trade less easy and less beneficial to them, they will insensibly retire, and never return ; because others making their advantage of your imprudence, will allure them to their country, and accustom them to live without you. I must own to you that the glory of Tyre has for some time been greatly obscured. O ! had you seen it, my dear Telemachus, before Pygmalion's reign, you would have been much more astonished. You find only the sad remains of a grandeur which hastens to its ruin. O wretched Tyre ! into what hands art thou fallen ! The sea formerly brought thee the tribute of all the nations of the earth.

Pygmalion fears every thing as well from foreigners as his own subjects. Instead of opening his ports according to our antient custom, to all the most distant nations with the utmost freedom, he insists on knowing the number of the ships which arrive, their country, the names of the persons on board them, the trade they drive, the nature and price of their merchandises, and how long they are to stay here. Nay, he does still worse, for he makes use of all manner of artifices to ensnare merchants, and confiscate their effects. He harrasses those whom he thinks the richest; he burdens trade under various pretences with new taxes, and will needs be concerned in it himself, though every one dreads to have any dealings with him. Trade of consequence languishes; foreigners by degrees forget the way to Tyre, which was formerly so well known to them; and if Pygmalion does not soon change his conduct, our glory and power will quickly be transported to some other people who are better governed than we.

I then asked Narbal, how the Tyrians had rendered themselves so powerful by sea? For I was unwilling to be ignorant of any thing which conduces to the good government of a kingdom. We have, answered he, the forests of Libanus, which furnish us with timber for our shipping, which are carefully reserved for this use, and never felled but for the service of the public. And as for the building of our ships, we have the advantage of having skilful workmen. Where did you meet with them, said I? They

arose by degrees, said he, in our own country. When we liberally reward those who excel in arts, we are sure of quickly having persons who will carry them to their highest perfection : for men of the greatest sagacity and genius never fail to apply themselves to such as the greatest rewards are annexed to. Here all are treated with honour who succeed in the arts and sciences which are useful in navigation. A good geometrician is respected ; a skilful astronomer highly esteemed ; and a pilot who excells others in his function, loaded with riches ; a good carpenter is not slighted, but on the contrary paid and treated well. Even expert rowers have certain rewards in proportion to their service ; their provisions are good, they are diligently looked after when they are sick ; care is taken of their wives and children in their absence ; if they perish by shipwreck, their family is made amends for their loss ; and those who have been a certain time in the service, are allowed to quit it and retire. By these means we have as many of them as we please. A father is glad to bring up his son to so good a profession, and teaches him in his infancy to handle an oar, to manage the cordage and despise a storm. Thus are men led without compulsion by rewards and good regulations : Authority never does well alone ; the submission of inferiors is not sufficient ; we must win their hearts, and let them find their account in the things wherein we design to make them serviceable to us.

After this discourse, Narbal conducted me to visit the magazines, arsenals, and all the

trades which are subservient to the building of ships. I asked a detail of the minutest things, and wrote down all I heard, that I might not forget any useful circumstance.

Mean while Narbal, who knew Pygmalion and loved me, was impatient for my departure; fearing lest I should be discovered by the king's spies, who were lurking up and down both night and day in every corner of the city; but the winds did not yet permit us to embark. Whilst we were busy in viewing the port, and in asking questions of several merchants, we saw one of Pygmalion's officers coming towards us. The king has just heard, says he to Narbal, from a captain of one of the ships which returned with you from Egypt, that you have brought a foreigner hither who passes for a Cyprian: it is his majesty's pleasure to have him apprehended, and to know for certain of what country he is; your head is to answer for him. I happened just then to be at a little distance; taking a nearer view of the proportions which the Tyrians had observed in building an almost new ship (which was, they said, by reason of the exact harmony of all its parts, the best sailer which had ever been seen in the port) and asking some questions of the builder who had adjusted these proportions.

Narbal, surprised and terrified, answered, I will go and find this stranger who is of the island of Cyprus. But as soon as the officer was out of sight, he run to me to inform me of the danger I was in. I but too well foresaw it, my dear Telemachus, said he; we are both lost.



The king, whom jealousy tortures night and day, suspects that you are not a Cyprian, commands me to arrest you, and will put me to death If I do not deliver you into his hands. What shall we do? Inspire us, ye gods? with wisdom, to extricate ourselves out of this danger. I must lead you, Telemachus, to Pygmalion's palace; you shall maintain that you are a Cyprian of the city of Amathus, and the son of a statuary of Venus; I will aver that I formerly knew your father, and perhaps the king without diving further into the matter, will suffer you to depart. I see no other way to save your life and mine.

Let an unhappy youth perish, said I, since destiny wills his destruction. O Narbal, I know to die, but am too much your debtor to involve you in my ruin. I cannot prevail with myself to tell a lye; I am not a Cyprian, and cannot say that I am. The gods are witnesses of my sincerity: it is theirs to save my life, if they please, by their power; but I will not save it by telling an untruth.

Narbal answered, This untruth, Telemachus, is an innocent one; the gods themselves cannot condemn it; it injures no body; it saves the lives of two innocent persons, and deceives the king only to hinder him from committing an horrid crime. You carry your love of virtue, and your scruples of wounding religion too far.

It is enough, said I, that a lye is a lye, to render it unworthy of a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and ought to sacrifice

every thing to truth. He who wounds truth offends the gods and commits a violence on himself; for he speaks against his conscience. O Narbal! forbear to propose what is unworthy of us both. If the gods pity us, they know how to deliver us; if they will our destruction, we shall die the victims of truth, and leave mankind an example to prefer unspotted virtue to length of life: mine is already but too long, since it is thus miserable. O my dear Narbal! my heart melts only for you. Must your friendship for a wretched stranger prove thus fatal to you.

We continued a good while in this kind of combat; but at length perceived a man, quite out of breath, running towards us. He was another of the king's officers, and came from Astarbe. This woman was beautiful all a goddess; she joined to the charms of her person all the allurements of wit, and was gay, flattering and insinuating. With so many delusive charms, she had, like the Sirens, a heart full of cruelty and mischief; but she knew how to hide her corrupt thoughts by deep artifice, and had won Pygmalion's heart by her beauty, her wit, her enchanting voice, and the harmony of her lyre. Pygmalion blinded by his violent love, had abandoned queen Topha his consort, and only studied how to gratify Astarbe's ambitious desires. His fondness for this woman was little less fatal to him than his infamous avarice. But though he had so great a passion for her, she despised and loathed him. However she so well concealed her real sentiments, that she seemed

to desire to live only on his account, at the same time that she could not endure him.

There was a Cretan at Tyre, whose name was Malachon, a youth of marvellous beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and immersed in pleasures. His only study was to preserve the delicacy of his complexion, to comb his flaxen locks which flowed over his shoulders, to perfume himself, to give a graceful turn to the folds of his gown, and to sing his amours to his lyre. Astarbe saw and fell in love with him to distraction; but he slighted her because he had a passion for another woman. Besides, he was afraid to expose himself to the cruel jealousy of the king. Astarbe finding herself treated with disdain, gave a loose to her resentment. In her despair she fancied that she could make Malachon pass for the stranger whom the king was enquiring after and who was said to come with Narbal. And indeed she made Pygmalion believe it, and bribed all who had it in their power to undeceive him. For as he neither loved nor could distinguish men of virtue, he was surrounded by such only as were mercenary, crafty, and ready to execute his unjust and bloody commands. These people standing in awe of Astarbe's authority, assisted her to deceive the king, for fear of displeasing a haughty woman, who had engrossed his whole confidence. Thus Malachon, though he was known to the whole city to be a Cretan, passed for the young stranger whom Narbal had brought from Egypt, and was thrown into prison.

Now Astarbe fearing lest Narbal should go and speak to the king, and so discover the imposture, dispatched this officer in a hurry to Narbal, whom he thus address'd. Astarbe forbids you to discover to the king who your stranger is; she asks nothing of you but silence, and will so order matters that the king shall be satisfied with your conduct. Do you in the mean time immediately cause the young stranger you brought with you from Egypt to embark with the Cyprians, that he may be no more seen in the city. Narbal, overjoyed at being able thus to save his own life and mine, promised to be silent; and the officer, satisfied with having obtained what he asked, returned to give Astarbe an account of his commission.

Narbal and I admired the goodness of the gods in thus rewarding our sincerity, and in being so tenderly concerned for those who hazarded all for the sake of virtue. We looked with horror upon a king given up to avarice and voluptuousness. He who is so excessively afraid of being deceived, said we, deserves to be deceived, and is almost always grossly so. He mistrusts men of probity, abandons himself to villains, and is the only one who is ignorant of what is transacting. Lo! Pygmalion is the sport of a shameless woman, and the gods in the mean while make use of the falshood of the wicked to save the virtuous, who had rather lose their lives than tell an untruth.

We now perceived the winds to change, and become favourable to the Cyprian fleet. The gods declare themselves, cried Narbal; they,

my dear Telemachus, will provide for your safety; fly this cruel and accursed land. Happy he who might follow you to the remotest shores! Happy he who might live and die with you! But cruel fate ties me down to this my unhappy country; I must suffer with her, and perhaps be buried in her ruins: no matter, provided I always speak the truth, and my heart love nothing but justice. As for you, my dear Telemachus, I pray the gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, to grant you, to your latest breath, the most precious of all their gifts, a pure and spotless virtue. Long may you live! may you return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope, and deliver her from her rash suitors! may your eyes see, and your hands embrace the sage Ulysses, and may he find in you a son equal to him in wisdom! But in your good fortune remember and never cease to love the unhappy Narbal.

When he had uttered these words, I bedewed him with my tears without replying: profound sighs prevented my speaking: We embraced in silence. He led me to the ship; he remained on the shore, and when the bark sailed, we did not cease to look at, as long as we could see, each other.

*End of the Third Book.*





T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

BOOK the FOURTH.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Calypso interrupts Telemachus that he may repose himself. Mentor blames him in private for having undertaken the relation of his adventures, but advises him to conclude since he has begun it. Telemachus relates that in his voyage from Tyre to the isle of Cyprus, he had a dream wherein he saw Venus and Cupid, against whom Minerva protected him; that he afterwards fancied he saw Mentor likewise, exhorting him to fly from the isle of Cyprus; that when he awakened, the ship would have been lost in a storm, if he had not himself taken the helm, because the Cyprians being drowned in wine were not in a condition to save it; that at his arrival in the island he beheld with horror the most contagious examples of vice; that Hazael the Syrian, whose slave Mentor*

*was now become, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, restored him his wise guide, and took them both on board his ship to carry them to Crete, and that in this passage they saw the glorious sight of Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea-horses.*

AND now Calypso, who had hitherto continued motionless and transported with pleasure at hearing Telemachus's adventures, interrupted him, that he might take some repose. It is time for you, said she, to go and enjoy the sweets of sleep after so many toils. You have nothing to apprehend here; every thing is favourable to you; give a loose therefore to joy, and taste of peace, and of all the other blessings which the gods are ready to heap upon you. To-morrow when Aurora with her rosy fingers opens the golden gates of the east, and the steeds of the sun, springing from the briny waves, spread the flames of day, and chase before them all the stars of heaven, we will resume, my dear Telemachus, the story of your misfortunes. Never did your father equal you in wisdom and courage. Neither Achilles, who conquered Hector, nor Theseus who returned from hell, nor even the great Alcides who purged the earth of so many monsters, ever discovered such, fortitude and virtue. May a sound sleep make the night seem short to you; but alas! how tedious will it be to me! How shall I long to see you, to hear you again, to make you repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not yet!

Go, my dear Telemachus, with the wise Mentor whom the gods have restored to you, go into this retired grotto, where every thing is prepared for your repose. May Morpheus shed his sweetest charms on your heavy eyelids; may he cause a heavenly vapour to glide through all your weary limbs, and send you pleasant dreams, which hovering around you, may soothe your senses by the most smiling images, and chase far from you whatever might awake you too early.

The goddess herself conducted Telemachus to this grotto, which was separated from her own, but altogether as rural and pleasant. A fountain, gliding in a corner, gently murmured and invited sleep. The nymphs had here prepared two soft and verdant beds, and covered them with two large skins, one with a lion's for Telemachus, the other with a bear's for Mentor.

Mentor, before he suffered sleep to close his eyes, thus addressed Telemachus. The pleasure of relating your story has carried you too far; you have charmed the goddess by displaying the dangers from which your courage and dexterity have delivered you; you have thereby only the more enflamed her heart, and prepared a more dangerous captivity for yourself. How can you expect that she will let you depart from her island now you have enchanted her by the recital of your adventures? Vanity has made you speak imprudently. She promised to relate some adventures to you, and to inform you of the fortunes of Ulysses; but she found

the means of talking a great while without saying any thing, and engaged you to tell her all she desired to know : such is the art of flattering and enamoured women. When, Telemachus, will you be so wise as never to talk out of vanity, and to conceal the shining parts of your story, when it is of no service to reveal them ? Others admire your wisdom at an age when it is excuseable to want it ; but, as for me, I can pardon you nothing ; I am the only one who knows and loves you enough to tell you of all your faults. How far are you still from being as wise as your father !

How ? replied Telemachus, could I refuse to relate my misfortunes to Calypso ? No, answered Mentor, it was necessary to relate them ; but you should have mentioned such things only as might have inspired her with pity. You might have told her that you was one while a wanderer, then a captive in Sicily, and afterwards in Egypt. This would have been sufficient, and all the rest served but to enflame the poison which already rages in her heart. The gods grant that yours may be preserved from it !

But what shall I do now, continued Telemachus, in a modest and submissive manner ? It is now too late. replied Mentor, to conceal the sequel of your adventures ; she knows too much of them already to be capable of being deceived in what is to come ; your reserve would only provoke her. To-morrow therefore conclude your narrative of all that the gods have done in your favour, and learn another time to speak with more reserve of



things which may tend to your own praise. Telemachus received this good advice kindly, and they both betook themselves to rest.

As soon as Phœbus had shed his earliest rays on the earth, Mentor hearing the voice of the goddess calling her nymphs in the grove, awakened Telemachus. It is time, said he, to shake off sleep. Come, let us return to Calypso but be upon your guard against the honey of her words; let the door of your heart be continually shut against her, and dread the insinuating poison of her praises. She yesterday extolled you above your wise father, the invincible Achilles, the famous Theseus, and Hercules who is become immortal. Did you not perceive how excessive such commendations are? or did you believe what she said? Know that she does not believe it herself. She praises you only because she thinks you weak and vain enough to be imposed upon by praises which bear no proportion to your actions.

This said, they went where the goddess was waiting for them. She smiled when she saw them, concealing under an appearance of joy the fear and inquietude of her heart; for she foresaw that Telemachus, conducted by Mentor, would escape from her as Ulysses had done. Make haste said she, my dear Telemachus, to satisfy my curiosity; I saw you, methought, all the night departing from Phœnicia, and going to try your fortune in the island of Cyprus. Give me an account therefore of your voyage, and let us not lose a moment.

They then sat down, in a shady grove, on the grass enamelled without violets.

Calypso could not forbear continually casting tender and passionate looks on Telemachus, nor see without indignation that Mentor watched even the least motion of her eyes. Mean while all the nymphs were silent, and leaning forwards to listen, formed a kind of semi-circle in order to hear and see the better. The eyes of the assembly were immoveable, and fixed on Telemachus, who with downcast eyes, and graceful blushes, thus resumed the thread of his story.

The gentle breath of a favourable wind had hardly filled our sails, when the coast of Phœnicia disappeared. As I was with Cyprians, whose manners I was a stranger to, I resolved to say nothing, to make my remarks on every thing, and observe all the rules of discretion to gain their esteem. But during my silence, I was seized with a sweet and powerful sleep; my senses were bound up and suspended, my soul was serene, and my heart overflowed with joy. All of a sudden methought I saw Venus cleave the clouds in her flying chariot drawn by a pair of doves. She had all that radiant beauty, that lively youth, those tender graces which were seen in her when she sprung from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himself. She descended all at once with the utmost rapidity, laid her hand upon my shoulder with a smile, and calling me by my name, uttered these words: Young Greek, you are going to enter my empire, you will soon arrive at the hap-

py island where pleasures, smiles, and wanton sports spring up under my footsteps. There shall you burn perfumes on my altars, there shall you plunge into rivers of delight. Let the sweetest hopes dilate your heart, and beware of resisting the most potent of all the goddesses, who designs to make you happy.

At the same time I perceived her son Cupid fluttering his little wings, and hovering round his mother. Though he had the fondness, the graces, the sprightliness of a child in his face, yet had he I know not what in his piercing eyes which made me tremble. He smiled when he looked upon me, but his smiles were malicious, scornful and cruel. He drew out of his golden quiver the sharpest of his arrows, he bent his bow, and was aiming at my heart, when Minerva suddenly appeared, and covered me with her *Ægis*. The countenance of this goddess had not those effeminate charms and that amorous langour which I observed in Venus's face and air. On the contrary, Minerva was a plain, careless, modest beauty; all was grave, manly, noble full of strength and mejefty. Cupid's arrow not being able to pierce the *Ægis*, and falling to the ground, he sighed bitterly through indignation, and was ashamed to see himself vanquished. Begone, Minerva cried, begone, rash boy; thou wilt never conquer but ignoble souls who prize thy shameful pleasures more than wisdom, virtue and glory. The god of love, provoked at these words, betook himself to flight; and Venus re-ascending to Olympus, I saw her chariot and doves a long while in a gold

and azure cloud; at length she disappeared, and then turning my eyes to the earth, I beheld Minerva no more.

I was, methought, afterwards transported into such a delightful garden as men describe the Elysian fields to be. There I found Mentor, who said, fly this cruel! country, this infectious island, where all breathe nothing but voluptuousness; where the most heroic virtue has reason to tremble, and can save itself only by flight. As soon as I saw him, I attempted to throw myself on his neck and embrace him: but I perceived that my feet were not able to move, but my knees failed under me, and that my hands endeavouring to lay hold on Mentor pursued an empty shadow, which continually eluded my grasp. As I was making this effort, I awaked, and perceived that this mysterious dream was a divine admonition. I felt myself inspired with a firm resolution, against pleasure, with a diffidence, of myself, and a detestation to the effeminate life of the Cyprians. But what pierced me to the heart, was my thinking that Mentor was dead, that he had passed the Stygian lake, and was become as inhabitant of the happy mansions of the just.

This thought made me shade a torrent of tears. I was asked why I wept. Tears, said I, but too well become a wretched stranger, who wanders without hopes of ever seeing his country again. In the mean time all the Cyprians who were in the ship; abandoned themselves to the most extravagant mirth. The rowers averse to labour, slept on their oars; the pilot, crowned

with flowers, left the helm ; and holding in his hand an enormous bowl of wine which he had almost emptied, he and all the rest of the crew, transported with the fury of Bacchus, sung such songs in honour of Venus and Cupid as would excite horror in all lovers of virtue.

While they were thus forgetful of the dangers of the sea, a sudden storm troubled the heavens and the waters. The loosened winds furiously bellowed in the sails, and the black billows beat against the sides of the bark, which groined beneath the strokes. Sometimes we rode on the back of the swelling waves ; sometimes the sea seeming to slip from under the vessel, plunged us down a bottomless gulph, and close by us we beheld several rocks, on which the angry surge broke with an horrible roar. Then I learnt by experience what Mentor had often told me, that men of dissolute and pleasurable lives are cowards in time of danger. All our dejected Cyprians wept like woman ; I heard but woful cries, but sad laments for the lost sweets of life, and vain vows of sacrifices to the gods, if they arrived at their port. No one had presence of mind enough either to work the ship himself or to command others to do it. Thinking it my duty to save the lives of the rest as well as my own, I took the helm in my hand, because the pilot, disordered with wine, like a Bacchanal, was not in a condition to be sensible of the danger the vessel was in ; I encouraged the affrighted sea-men, and ordered them to take down the sails. They plyed their oars with great vigour ; we steered



between the rocks, and had a near prospect of all the horrors of death.

This adventure seeming like a dream to all those who owed the preservation of their lives to me, they looked upon me with astonishment. We arrived at the isle of Cyprus in the vernal month which is sacred to Venus. This season, say the Cyprians, properly belongs to this goddess; for it seems to animate all nature, and to give birth to pleasures and flowers together.

On my arrival at this island, I perceived a mildness in the air, which rendered the body slothful and inactive, but inspired gaiety and wantonness. The country, though naturally fruitful and pleasant, was, I observed, almost wholly uncultivated, so greatly were the inhabitants averse to labour. I saw on all sides women and maidens gorgeously attired, singing the praise of Venus, and going to devote themselves to the service of her temple. Beauty, the graces, joy, pleasure shone equally in their faces; but their charms were too affected, and there was none of that noble simplicity, that amiable modesty, which is the greatest allurement of beauty. Their soft air, the studied adjustment of their looks, their vain attire, their languishing gait, their eyes which seemed to pursue those of the men, their jealousies among themselves about kindling the greatest passions; in a word, all that I saw in these women, appeared to me vile and contemptible: their immoderate desires to please excited my aversion.

I was conducted to the goddess's temple: she has several in that island; for she is particularly

worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos : it was to Cythera that I was conducted. The temple is all marble, and a perfect peristile. Its large and lofty pillars render the fabric exceedingly majestic. On each front, above the architrave and freeze, are large pediments, on which are represented in bas-relief all the most agreeable adventures of the goddess. At the gate there is continually a croud of people who come to make their offerings. Within the enclosure of this sacred place no victim is ever slain, no fat of bulls and heifers is burnt as elsewhere, nor is their blood ever spilt there : the beasts which are offered, are only presented before the altar, and none can be offered which are not young, white, and without blemish or imperfection : they are crowned with purple fillets, embroidered with gold ; their horns are gilt and adorned with nosegays of odoriferous flowers, and when they have been presented before the altar, they are sent back to a retired place, where they are slain for the banquets of the goddess's priests.

Here also are offered all sorts of perfumed liquors, and wine more delicious than nectar. The priests are clad in long white robes with girdles of gold, and fringes of the same at the bottom of their vestments. The most exquisite perfumes of the east are burning night and day on the altars, and form a kind of cloud which ascends to heaven. All the columns of the temple are adorned with pendant festoons ; all the vases which are used in the sacrifices, are gold, and a sacred grove of myrtle surrounds

the edifice. None but boys and girls of extraordinary beauty may present the victims of the priests, or presume to kindle the fire of the altars. But immodesty and lasciviousness dishonour this magnificent temple.

At first I was struck with horror at what I saw; but I insensibly began to grow familiar with it. I was no longer startled at vice; all companies inspired me with I know not what inclinations to intemperance; my innocence was laughed at, and my sobriety and modesty served for a jest to this shameless people. They tried all arts to stir up my passions, to ensnare me, and to awaken my appetite for pleasure. I found that I lost strength daily; my good education could scarce sustain me any longer; all my virtuous resolutions vanished; I had no power to resist the evil which pressed me on all sides, and was even ashamed of virtue: I was like a man swimming in a deep and rapid river; at first he cleaves the waves and ascends against the stream, but if the banks are steep, and he cannot rest himself on the shore, he at length tires by degrees, his strength forsakes him, his limbs stiffen with fatigue, and the torrent hurries him away: thus my eyes began to grow dim, my heart failed within me, and I no longer summoned my reason to my aid, nor the memory of my father's virtues. The dream wherein I thought I saw Mentor in the Elysian fields, completed my dejection; a silent soothing languor possessed me entirely. I already cherished the flattering poison, which glided from vein to vein, and penetrated even to the marrow in my

bones. I fetched however the profoundest sighs; I shed the bitterest tears, and roared like a lion in his fury. O wretched condition of youth, said I! Ye gods, who cruelly sport with men, why do you make them pass through that age which is a time of folly, or a burning fever! O why am I not covered with silver hairs, bowed down and dropping into the grave, like my grandfire Laertes! Death would be welcomer to me than the shameful weakness I now feel.

I had hardly spoken thus, but my grief began to abate, and my heart intoxicated with extravagant passion shook off almost all sense of shame; I was afterwards plunged into an abyss of remorse. In this disorder I wandered up and down the sacred grove, like a hind which the hunter has wounded: she flees through the spacious forest to ease her pain; but the arrow which sticks in her side, pursues her every where: she every where bears the murderous shaft. Thus did I vainly run to forget myself, for nothing could soothe the wound in my heart.

In the dark shade of this grove I suddenly perceived at some distance from me the form of the sage Mentor; but his visage seemed so pale, so sad and austere that it gave no joy at all. Is it you then, my dear friend, my only hope? Is it you? What! you yourself? Does not a flattering image delude my eyes? Is it you, Mentor? Is it not your shade, still sensible to my woes? Are you not in the number of happy souls, who enjoy the fruits of their virtue, and on whom the gods bestow uncorrupted

pleasures, and an eternal peace in the fields of Elysium? Say Mentor do you still live? Am I so happy as to possess you, or are you only the shade of my friend? As I spoke these words, I run towards him with such eagerness and transport that I was quite of breath: he calmly waited for me without taking a single step to meet me. Ye know, ye gods! how great was my joy, when I found that my hands touched him! No, it is not an empty shadow; I hold him, I embrace him, my dear Mentor! It was thus that I exclaimed; I bedewed his face with a flood of tears, and hung about his neck without being able to speak. He beheld me with eyes of sadness and tender compassion.

At length I said, Alas! whence come you? What dangers have I not been exposed to in your absence, and what could I now do without you? But he without answering my questions, cried with a terrible voice, Fly, fly hence with speed. This earth bears no fruit but poison; the air you breathe is tainted; the men are infectious, and speak not but to communicate their deadly venom. Base and infamous voluptuousness, the most horrible evil which issued from Pandora's box, enervates the soul and suffers no virtue here. Fly; what do you wait for? Do not so much as look behind you in your flight: efface even the slightest remembrance of this execrable island.

He said; and I immediately perceived as it were a thick cloud dispersing from before my eyes, and beheld the pure light. Serene joy and manly fortitude revived in my heart; a joy



very different from that effeminate and wanton joy which had poisoned my senses : one is the joy of drunkenness and revelling, and is interrupted by raging passions and stinging remorse ; the other is the joy of reason, and is accompanied with something blessed and celestial ; it is always pure, equal, and inexhaustible ; the deeper one plunges into it, the sweeter it is ; it ravishes the soul without discomposing it. I then shed tears of joy, and found that nothing is so delightful as such tears. O happy they, said I, to whom virtue reveals herself in all her beauty ! Can they see her and not love her ? Can they love her and not be happy ?

Mentor said, I must leave you ; I must depart this moment ; I am not permitted to stay. Where are you going, cried I ? To what uninhabitable country will I not follow you ? Think not to escape me ; I will rather die at your feet. As I spoke these words, I held him locked in my arms with all my strength. You hope in vain, said he, to detain me. The cruel Metopis sold me to certain Æthiopians or Arabs, and they going to trade at Damascus in Syria, determined to sell me again, imagining they could get a large sum for me of one Hazael, who was enquiring for a Greek slave to teach him the manners of Greece, and to instruct him in our sciences. And indeed Hazael bought me at a great price. What I have taught him of our customs, excited his curiosity to go to the island of Crete, to study the wise laws of Minos. During our voyage the winds constrained us to put in at the isle of

Cyprus; while we were waiting for a favourable gale, he came to make his offerings in the temple: lo! he is coming out of it. The winds call us, and already swell our sails. Adieu, my dear Telemachus; a slave who fears the gods ought faithfully to attend his master. The gods no longer permit me to be at my own disposal; they know, if I were, that I would be wholly at yours. Farewel, remember the toils of Ulysses, Penelope's tears, and the righteous gods. O ye immortal protectors of innocence, in what a clime am I constrained to leave Telemachus!

No, no, said I my dear Mentor, it shall not be in your power to leave me here: I will sooner die than see you depart without me. Is this Syrian master inexorable? Was he suckled by a tygress in his infancy? Will he tear you out of my arms? He must kill me, or suffer me to go with you. You yourself exhort me to fly, and yet will not let me fly by following you. I will go and speak to Hazael, who perhaps will pity my youth and my tears; since he loves wisdom, and is going so far in search of it, he cannot have a savage and insensible heart. I will throw myself at his feet, I will embrace his knees, I will not suffer him to go, 'till he has given me leave to attend you. My dear Mentor, I will make myself a slave with you, I will offer myself to him; if he rejects me, my fate is determined; I will lay down the burden of life.

Hazael at this instant called Mentor; I prostrated myself before him, and he was surprised

to see a stranger in this posture. What would you have, said he ? Life, replied I ; for I cannot live, unless you permit me to accompany your slave Mentor. I am the son of the great Ulysses, the wisest of all the kings of Greece, who destroyed the haughty city of Troy, so famous throughout all Asia. I tell you my birth not out of vanity, but only to move you to pity my misfortunes. I have sought my father in every sea, accompanied by this man, who was another father to me. Fortune, to fill up the measure of my woes, tore him from me, and made him your slave ; suffer me to be so too. If it be true that you are a lover of justice, and going to Crete to learn the laws of good king Minos, harden not your heart against my sighs and tears. You see the son of a prince, reduced to sue for slavery as his only refuge, though in Sicily he heretofore desired death to avoid it ; but my former calamities were only faint essays of the outrages of fortune : I now tremble lest I should not be received into the number of slaves. Ye gods ! behold my distress, and O Hazael ! remember that Minos, whose wisdom you admire, will judge us both in the kingdom of Pluto.

Hazael viewing me with a benign and humane aspect, stretched forth his hand and raised me up. I am no stranger, said he, to the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses ; Mentor has often mentioned the glory he acquired among the Greeks ; and besides swift-winged fame has founded his renown through all the nations of the east. Follow me, thou son of Ulysses, I will

be your father till you find him who gave you life. Though I were not moved by your father's glory, with his calamities nor yours, yet would my friendship for Mentor engage me to take care of you. I purchased him as a slave, but I detain him as my faithful friend : the money he cost me, has gained me the dearest and most valuable friend I have in the world. I perceived that he was wise, and am indebted to him for whatever love I may have of virtue. From this moment he is free, you shall be so too ; I ask nothing of either of you but your hearts.

I passed in an instant from the bitterest woe to the most ravishing joy that mortals are capable of feeling, I saw myself delivered from a most dreadful danger ; I was approaching my country ; I was assisted in my return to it, and had the consolation of being with a man who already loved me through a pure affection of virtue. In short, I found every thing in finding Mentor, and in not being to part with him again.

Hazael advances towards the shore ; we follow and embark with him. The rowers cleave the peaceful waves ; a gentle zephir plays in our sails, animates the whole bark, and gives it a pleasing motion. The isle of Cyprus quickly disappears. Hazael, impatient to know my sentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of this island. I ingenuously told him to what dangers my youth had been exposed, and the conflict I had endured in my own bosom. He was touched with my abhorrence of vice, and spoke these words : O Venus, I own your

power and that of your son ; I have burnt incense on your altars ; but give me leave to detest the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of your island, and the brutish impudence with which they celebrate your festivals.

Afterwards he discoursed with Mentor of the first cause which formed the heavens and the earth : of that infinite unchangeable light, which is communicated to all without being divided ; of that sovereign universal truth which illuminates all spirits, as the sun illuminates all bodies. The man, added he, who has never seen this pure light, is as blind as one who is born blind ; he passes his life in profound darkness, like the nations which the sun enlightens not for several months in the year. He thinks himself wise and is a fool ; he thinks he sees all things, and sees nothing, and dies without having seen any thing : At most he perceives but glimmering and false lights, vain shadows and phantoms that have nothing of reality. Such is the condition of all who are carried away by the pleasures of sense, and the allurements of imagination. There are not in the world who deserve the name of men, except those who consult, who love and obey this external reason. It is that which inspires us with good thoughts ; it is that which reproves us for our ill ones. We are indebted to it for our understanding as well as for our lives ; it is like a great ocean of light, and our souls are like rivulets which flow from it, and ebb into and are lost in it again.

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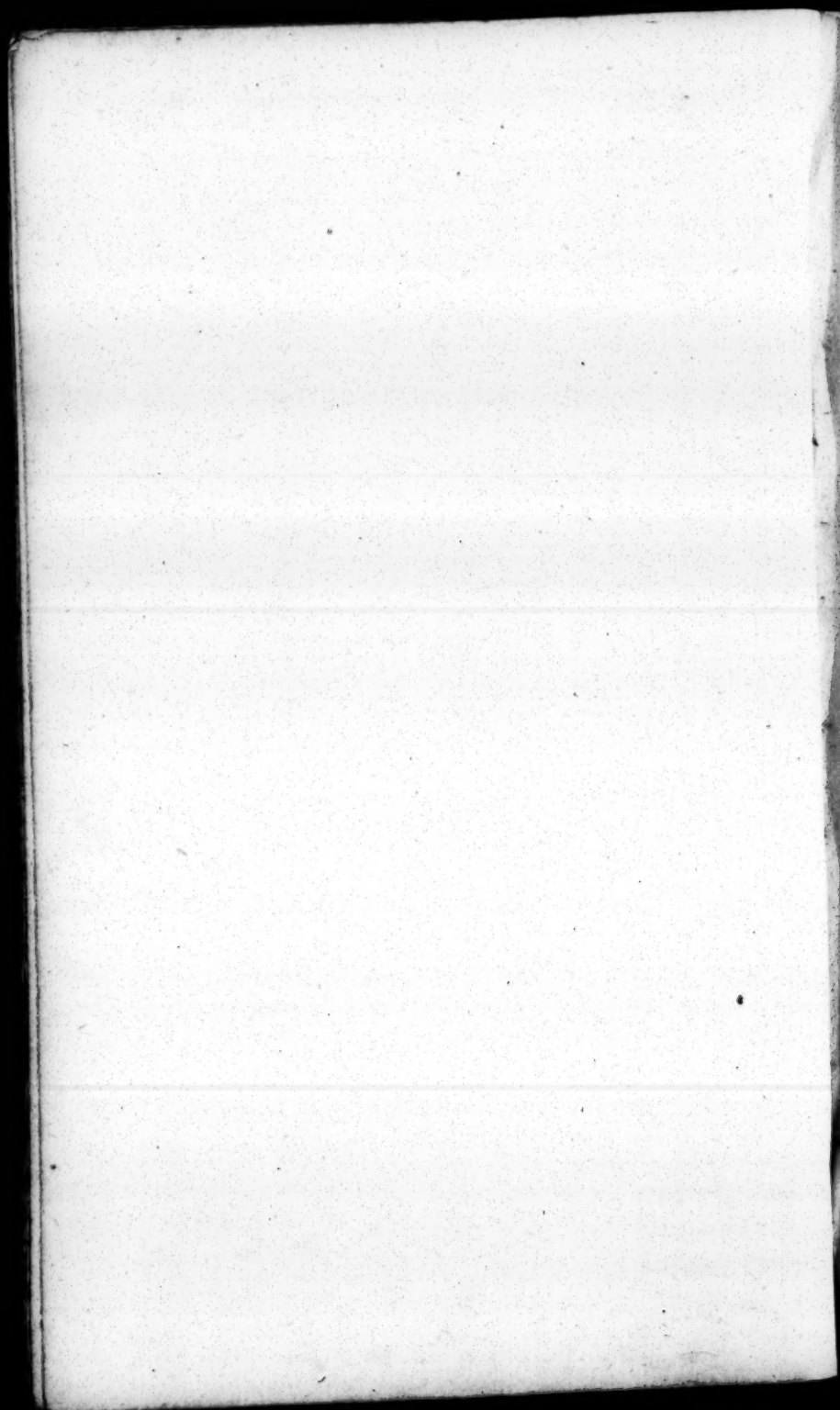
Though I did not perfectly comprehend the

wisdom of this discourse, yet I tasted in it I know not what of pure and sublime ; my heart was warmed with it, and truth methought shone in every word. They proceeded to speak of the origin of the gods, of heroes, of poets, of the golden age, of the deluge, of the earliest histories of mankind, of the river of oblivion in which the souls of the dead are plunged, of the eternal pains prepared for the wicked in the dismal gulph of Tartarus, and of the blessed tranquillity which the just enjoy in the Elysian fields, without any apprehension of losing it.

While Hazael and Mentor were discoursing together, we perceived several dolphins, whose scales seemed gold and azure, swelling the waves and making them foam with their sportings. After them came Tritons blowing their writhen shells, and surrounding Amphitrite's chariot ; which was driven by sea horses, that were whiter than snow, that ploughed the briny waves, and left a deep furrow behind them in the sea. Their eyes flamed, and foam issued from their mouths. The goddess's car was a shell of marvellous form ; it was of a more shining white than ivory ; its wheels were of gold, and it seemed to skim the peaceful surface of the deep. Nymphs crowned with flowers, whose lovely tresses flowed over their shoulders and waved with the winds, swam in shoals behind it. The goddess had in one hand a sceptre of gold to command the waves, and with the other held on her knees the little god Palæmon her son, who hung at her breast. She had such serenity, such sweetness and majesty in her coun-

tenance, that every seditious wind and lowering tempest fled before her. Tritons guided the fleets, and held the golden reins. A large purple sail waved in the air above the car, and was gently swelled by a multitude of little Zephirs who strove to blow it forwards with their breath. In the midst of the air Æolus was seen busy, restless, vehement. His wrinkled face and four looks, his threatening voice, his long bushy eye-brows, and the gloomy fire and severity of his eyes silenced the fierce north-winds, and drove back all the clouds. Immense whales and all the monsters of the deep, whose nostrils made the briny wave to ebb and flow, issued in haste from their profound grottoes to view the goddess.

*End of the Fourth Book.*





T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the F I F T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Telemachus relates that he was informed, on his arrival in Crete, that Idomeneus, king of that island, had sacrificed his only son to fulfil a rash vow; that the Cretans resolving to revenge the son's blood, had constrained the father to quit their country, and were after long debates actually assembled to elect another king. Telemachus adds that he was admitted into this assembly; that he there obtained the prizes in several games; that he solved the questions left by Minos in his book of laws, and that the old men who were the rulers of the island, and all the people seeing his wisdom, would have made him their king.*

**A**FTER we had admired this sight, we began to discover the mountains of Crete, which we could yet hardly distinguish from the clouds of the heaven and the billows of the sea. We soon discovered the top of mount Ida above

the other mountains of the island : So an old stag in a forest carries his branchy head above those of the surrounding fawns. By degrees we saw more distinctly the coast of the island, which presented itself to us like an Amphitheatre. As much as the lands of Cyprus had appeared uncultivated and neglected, did those of Crete seem fertile, and adorned with all sorts of fruits by the labour of the inhabitants.

On all sides we observed well built villages, stately cities, and towns which were equal to cities. We found no field on which the hand of the industrious husbandmen was not imprinted ; the plough had every where left indented furrows : briars, thorns, and all plants that unprofitably incumber the ground, are unknown in this country. We viewed with pleasure the hollow vallies, where herds of oxen were lowing in fat pastures along the banks of the rivers ; the sheep feeding on the side of the hills ; the spacious plains covered with golden ears, the rich presents of fruitful Ceres ; and the mountains adorned with vines, whose clustering grapes, already of a bluish hue, promised the vintagers the delicious gifts of Bacchus to soothe the cares of men.

Mentor said that he had formerly been at Crete, and informed us of all that he knew of it. This island, said he, admired by all strangers and famous for an hundred cities, easily maintains all its inhabitants, though they are innumerable ; for the earth is never weary of pouring her blessings on those who cultivate her : Her fruitful bosom is inexhaustible ; the more

inhabitants there are in a country, the more they abound, provided they are industrious : they have never any occasion to be jealous of each other. Our bountiful mother earth multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children that merit her fruits by their labour. The ambition and avarice of men are the only sources of their misery. Men covet all, and make themselves wretched by their desires of superfluities ; if they would live in a plain and simple manner, and be contented with satisfying their real wants, we should every where see plenty, joy, peace, and concord.

This Minos, the wisest and best of kings understood. All that you will see most admirable in this island, is the fruit of his laws. The education he prescribed for children, renders their bodies healthful and robust : they are accustomed betimes to a plain, frugal, and laborious life ; it is a maxim among the Cretans that all pleasures enervate both the body and mind, and the only pleasures which they even propose to their children is that of being invincible in virtue, and of acquiring glory. Courage is not solely placed in despising death amidst the dangers of war, but also in trampling great riches and shameful pleasures under foot. Three vices are punished here, which are not punished in other nations, ingratitude, dissimulation and avarice.

As for extravagance and luxury, there is no need to suppress them ; for they are unknown in Crete : here every one works without studying to enrich himself, and thinks that he is suf-

ficiently recompensed for his pains by an easy and regular way of living, wherein he enjoys in peace and plenty all that is really necessary to life. Costly furniture is not allowed here, nor magnificent attire, nor sumptuous feasts, nor gilded palaces. Their clothes are of fine wool and of a beautiful colour, but quite plain and without embroidery. Their meals are temperate; they drink but little wine at them, and their chief ingredient is good bread, together with the fruits which the trees yield as it were spontaneously, and the milk of their flocks and herds: at most, they only eat coarse meat, and that too is plainly dressed; for they carefully reserve the best of their oxen for the improvement of agriculture. Their houses are neat, convenient, pleasant; but without ornaments: not that magnificent architecture is unknown to them, but they apply it only to the temples of the gods: men are not allowed to have mansions like those of the immortals. The great riches of the Cretans are health, strength courage, the peace and union of families, the liberty of all the citizens, a plenty of necessaries, a contempt of superfluities, an habit of labour, an abhorrence of idleness, an emulation in virtue, a submission to the laws, and a fear of the righteous gods.

I asked at him in what the kings authority consisted. The king, replied he, is absolute over the people, but the laws are absolute over him. He was an unlimited power to do good, but his hands are tied when he would do evil. The laws comit the people as the most precious

of all trusts to his care, on condition that he shall be their father. They ordain that a single person shall by his wisdom and moderation promote the felicity of multitudes, and not that multitudes by their misery and base slavery should serve to flatter the pride and luxury of a single person. The king is to have nothing more than others, except what is necessary either to relieve him in his painful duties, or to imprint on the people a respect for him who is to maintain the laws. Nay, the king is to be more temperate, more averse to luxury, to pomp and pride than any other. He is not to have more riches or pleasures, but more wisdom, virtue and glory than the rest of men. Abroad he is to be the defender of his country, by commanding its armies ; and to be the judge of the people at home. in order to render them good, wise and happy. It is not for his own sake that the gods made him king ; he is so only to be the servant of the people : to them he owes all his time, all his cares, all affections ; and he is only so far worthy of royalty, as he forgets and sacrifices himself to the good of the public. Minos ordained that his children should not reign after him, unless they reigned according to these maxims ; for he loved his people more than his family. It was by this wise conduct that he rendered Crete so powerful and happy ; it was by this moderation that he eclipsed all the glory of the conquerors who aim at making the people subservient to their own grandeur, that is to say, to their vanity : In a word, it was by his justice that he deserved to be in hell the supreme judge of the dead.



Whilst Mentor was discoursing thus, we arrived at the island: where we saw the famous labyrinth made by the ingenious Dædalus, in imitation of the great one which we had seen in Egypt. Whilst we were viewing this curious edifice, we observed multitudes of people on the shore running to a place near the sea-side; we asked the cause of their hurry, and the following account was given us by one Nausicrates a Cretan.

Idomeneus, the son of Deucalion and grand son of Minos, said he, went like the other kings of Greece to the siege of Troy. After the destruction of that city, he set sail to return to Crete; but he was overtaken by so violent a storm, that the pilot of the ship, and all other experienced navigators, thought that they should inevitably be wrecked. Every one had death before his eyes; every one saw the abyss gaping to swallow him up; every one deplored his fate, despairing even of the sad consolation of souls which cross the Styx after their bodies have been buried. Idomeneus lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, invoked Neptune: O powerful God! cried he, thou who swayest the wavy empire, deign to hear a wretched mortal! If thou givest me to see the island of Crete again in spite of the raging winds, to thee will I sacrifice the first head which shall present itself to my eyes.

Mean while the son, impatient to see his father again, hastened to meet and embrace him. Unhappy youth? who knew not that he was running to his destruction. The father having

escaped the tempest, arrived at the desired port, and thanked Neptune for hearing his vows; but he soon found how fatal they were to be to him. A forboding of his misfortune made him bitterly repent of his indiscreet vow; he was afraid of arriving amongst his own subjects, and apprehensive of seeing what was dearest to him in the world. But cruel Nemesis, as inexorable goddess, who lies in wait to punish men, and especially haughty kings, pushed Idomeneus on with a fatal and invisible hand. He arrives; he hardly dares to lift up his eyes; he sees his son; he starts back with horror, and vainly looks about for some other less dear head to serve him for a victim. Mean while the son throws himself on his neck, and is quite astonished at his father's cold returns to his fondness, and at seeing him dissolve into tears.

O my father, said he, whence this sadness? After so long an absence are you sorry to see your kingdom again, and to be the joy of your son? What have I done? You turn away your eyes lest you should see me. The father oppressed with grief, made no reply. At last after many profound sighs, he said, Ah! Neptune, what have I promised you? At what a price have you saved me from shipwreck? Give me back to the waves and the rocks, which ought to dash me in pieces and end my wretched life; let my son live. O cruel god! here, take my blood, and spare his. As he spoke thus, he drew his sword to kill himself; but those about him, held his hand. Old Sophronymus, an interpreter of the will of the gods, assured him

that he might satisfy Neptune without putting his son to death. Your vow, said he, was imprudent : the gods will not be honoured by cruelty ; beware of adding to your criminal promise the crime of fulfilling it contrary to the laws of nature ; offer an hundred bulls whiter than snow to Neptune ; let their blood stream around his flowery altar, and let the sweetest of incense smoke in his honour.

Idomeneus heard these words, hanging down his head and without replying. Fury was kindled in his eyes ; his pale and disfigured countenance changed its colour every moment, and his limbs trembled. Meantime his son said, Lo ! father, here I am ; your son is ready to die to appease the god of the sea ; draw not his wrath upon you : I die contented, since my death has prevented yours. O my father ! strike, nor fear to find me unworthy of you, or afraid to die.

Idomeneus the same instant, quite frantic and like one torn by the infernal furies, astonishes all who were near him : he plunges his sword into his son's heart ; he draws it out again, all reeking and bloody, to thrust it into his own bowels : he is once more withheld by those about him. The youth falls down in his blood ; the shades of death overspread his eyes ; he half-opens them to the light, but as soon as he finds it, he can bear it no longer. As a beautiful lilly of the fields that is wounded in the root by the plough-share, droops and can support itself no longer : though it has not yet lost its lively white and the lustre which charms the eye, yet as the earth nourishes it no more,

its life is extinguished : So the son of Idomeneus, like a young and tender flower, is cruelly mown down in his bloom of life. The father grows stupid through excess of grief ; he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do ; he goes staggering towards the city, and asks for his son.

Mean while the people, moved with compassion for the son, and with horror at the barbarous action of the father, cry out, The just gods have delivered him up to the furies. Rage furnishes them with arms ; they seize on sticks and stones, and discord breathes its deadly venom into all their hearts. The Cretans, the wise Cretans, forget the wisdom they so much loved, and no longer acknowledge the grandson of the sage Minos. Idomeneus's friends find no safety for him but in leading him back to his ships ; they embark with him, and commit themselves to the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus coming to himself, thanks them for snatching him from a country which he had watered with his son's blood and could no longer inhabit. The winds waft them to Hesperia, where they are going to found a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines.

Mean while the Cretans having no king to govern them, are come to a resolution to elect one who will maintain the established laws in all their purity ; and the measures they have taken in order to make this choice, are these. All the chief inhabitants of the hundred cities are here met together ; they have already opened the assembly by sacrifices ; they have con-

vened all the most famous sages of the neighbouring countries, to enquire into the wisdom of those who shall appear worthy to command; they have made preparations for exhibiting public games, wherein all the candidates are to contend; for they will give the crown as a prize to him who shall be judged superior to all others both in body and mind. They will have a king whose body is robust and active, and whose mind is adorned with wisdom and virtue. All strangers are invited hither.

Nausicrates having related this surprising story, said, Hasten, strangers, to our assembly; you shall contend with the rest, and if the gods decree the victory to one of you, he shall reign in this country. We followed him not with any desire of conquest, but only out of curiosity to see so extraordinary an affair.

We came to a sort of circus, which was very large and encompassed with a thick wood. The middle of the circus was an arena, which was prepared for the combatants, and was surrounded by an amphitheatre of verdant turf, on which innumerable spectators were seated in rows. On our arrival we were received with honour; for the Cretans of all nations in the world are the most generous and religious observers of hospitality. They caused us to be seated, and invited us to engage in the combats. Mentor excused himself on account of his age, and Hazael on account of his ill health. My youth and vigour left me no excuse. I glanced my eyes however upon Mentor to discover his thoughts, and perceived that he would have



me engage. I accordingly accepted of their offer; I stripped myself of my clothes; floods of sweet and shining oil were poured on all my limbs, and I mingled with the combatants. It was said on all sides. That is the Son of Ulysses, who is come to contend for the prize; and several Cretans, who had seen me during my infancy in Ithaca, knew me again.

The first exercise was wrestling. A Rhodian, about five and thirty years old, threw all who ventured to engage him. He still retained all the vigour of youth; his arms were nervous and brawny; at the least motion he made, all his muscles appeared, and his activity was equal to his strength. Not thinking me worthy of being conquered, and beholding my tender youth with eyes of compassion, he was going away; but I went up to him: whereupon we seized each other, and pressed the breath almost out of our bodies: we stood shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot; all our nerves were on the stretch, and our arms twisted together like serpents, each endeavouring to lift his antagonist from the ground. Sometimes he attempted to throw me by surprise by pushing me to the right-side, and sometimes he endeavoured to bend me to the left. Whilst he was trying me in this manner, I shoved him with so much violence, that his loins gave way; he fell on the sand, and drew me upon him. In vain did he endeavour to get me under him; for I held him immoveable beneath me. All the people cried, Victory to the son of Ulysses;

and I helped the confounded Rhodian to get up again.

The combat of the Cæstus was more difficult. The son of a rich citizen of Samos had acquired so high a reputation in this kind of conflict, that all others yielded to him, and there was none but I who hoped for victory. At first he struck me several blows on the head, and then on the stomach, which made me vomit blood, and spread a thick cloud over my eyes. I reeled, he pressed upon me, and my breath was gone; but I was re-animated by Mentor's crying out, O son of Ulysses will you be vanquished? Anger gave me new strength, and I avoided several blows which I must have otherwise sunk under. As soon as the Samian had made a false blow at me, and while his arm was extended in vain, I surprised him in that stooping posture: he was drawing back, when I lifted up my cæstus in order to fall upon him with more force; he endeavoured to avoid me, but losing his balance, he gave me an opportunity to throw him down. He was hardly stretched on the earth, when I held out my hand to raise him up; he got up himself besmeared with dust and blood, and in the utmost confusion, but he did not dare to renew the combat.

Immediately after began the chariot-races; the cars were distributed by lot, and mine happened to be the worst, both as to the lightness of the wheels and the strength of the horses. We start and clouds of rising dust obscure the heavens. At first I let others go before me. A young Lacedæmonian, whose name was

Crantor, presently left all the rest behind him. A Cretan named Polycletus follow'd him close. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who aspired to succeed him, giving the reins to his foaming courfers, hung over their flowing manes, and the motion of his chariot-wheels was so rapid, that they seem'd like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air, not to move at all. My steeds being warmed and brought to their wind by degrees, I left far behind me almost all those who had set out with so much ardor. Hippomachus, Idomeneus's kinsman, driving his courfers with too much fury, the most fiery of them fell down, and by his fall deprived his master of the hopes of a crown.

Polycletus leaning too much over his horses, could not keep himself fast in a shock which his chariot received; he fell, the reins slipped out of his hands, and he was very fortunate in being able to avoid death. Crantor seeing, with eyes full of indignation, that I was close by him, redoubled his ardor; sometimes invoking the gods and promising them great offerings, and sometimes encouraging his steeds with words. He was apprehensive lest I should pass between the goal and him; for my horses having been more favoured than his, were in a condition to get before him, and he could no way prevent it but by obstructing my passage. To effect this, he run the risk of breaking his car against the goal, and indeed he broke his wheel against it. I minded but to make a sudden turn that I might not be involved in his disorder, and was in a moment at the end of

the course. The people once again cried, Victory to the son of Ulysses; it is he whom the gods appoint to reign over us.

Then the most illustrious and wisest of the Cretans conducted us into an antient and sacred wood, sequestered from the sight of the profane, where the elders, whom Minos had appointed judges of the people and guardians of the laws, assembled us together. We were the same who had contended in the games; nobody else was admitted. The sages opened the books wherein all the laws of Minos were collected together. I felt myself stricken with respect and awe as I approached these seniors, whom age had rendered venerable, without depriving them of their vigour of mind. They were seated in order and motionless in their places; their hair was white and several of them had hardly any. A serene and engaging wisdom was conspicuous in their grave countenances. They were not eager to speak, and said nothing but what they had weighed before. When they were of different opinions, they were so moderate in maintaining what they thought on either side, that one would have imagined they were all of the same mind. A long experience of things past, and application to business gave them a great insight into all things; but what contributed most to the perfecting of their judgment was the tranquillity of their minds, which were free from the extravagant flights and caprices of youth. Wisdom alone operated in them, and the fruit of their long virtue was to have so thoroughly

subdued their passions, that they tasted without alloy the sweet sublime pleasure of hearkening to reason. While I was admiring them, I wished that my life could be contracted, that I might at once arrive at so valuable an old age, and thought that youth was unhappy in being so impetuous and so far distant from this enlightened and serene virtue.

The chief of these elders opened the book of the laws of Minos. It was a large volume and was usually locked up in a golden box with perfumes. All these seniors kissed it with respect; for they say that next to the gods from whom good laws proceed, nothing ought to be so sacred to men as laws designed to render them good, wise and happy. Those who are entrusted with the execution of the laws for the government of the people, ought always to be governed by the laws themselves: it is the law, and not the man which ought to reign. Such was the discourse of these sages. The president then proposed three questions, which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos.

The first question was, Who is the freest of all men? Some answered that it was a king who had an absolute dominion over his subjects, and was victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained that it was a man who was so rich, that he could gratify all his desires. Others said that it was one who was not married, and was continually travelling during his whole life through divers countries, without ever being subject to the laws of any. Others imagined, that it was a barbarian, who living by hunting



in the midst of the woods, was independant of all government and free from every want. Others believed that it was a man lately made free. because by passing from the rigours of slavery, he had a quicker relish than any body else of the sweets of liberty. And lastly, others bethought themselves to say, that it was a dying person, because death freed him from every thing, and all mankind united had no longer power over him.

When my turn was come, I was at no loss for an answer; because I had not forgot what Mentor had often told me. The freest of all men, said I, is he who can be free even in slavery itself. In what country or condition soever a man may be, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the gods, and fears nothing but them: In a word the truly free man is he, who void of all fears and all desires, is subject only to the gods and reason. The elders looked on each other with a smile, and were surpris'd to see that my answer was precisely the same as that of Minos.

They then propos'd the second question in these words, Who is the most unhappy of all men? Every one said what occurred to his mind. One said, It is a man who hath neither money, nor health, nor honour. Another said, It is one who hath no friend. Others maintained that it was a man who has ungrateful and degenerate children. There came a sage of the isle of Lesbos who said, The most unhappy of all men, is he who thinks himself so; for unhappiness arises less from what we

suffer, than from the impatience with which we aggravate our misery. At these words the whole assembly shouted and applauded the sage Lesbian; believing that he would carry the prize as to this question. But my opinion being asked, I answered according to Mentor's maxims, The most unhappy of all men is a prince who thinks to be happy by rendering other men miserable: his blindness doubles his unhappiness; for not knowing his misfortune, he cannot cure himself of it; nay, he is afraid even to know it. Truth cannot pierce through his croud of flatterers to arrive at him. His passions are his tyrants; he knows not his duty; he has never tasted the pleasure of doing good, nor been sensible of the charms of uncorrupted virtue; he is wretched, and deserves to be so; his wretchedness encreases daily; he runs to his destruction, and the gods are preparing eternal punishments for him. The whole assembly owned that I had outdone the Lesbian sage, and the elders declared that I had hit upon the true sense of Minos.

For the third question they asked, Which of the two is preferable, a king victorious and invincible in a war, or a king without experience of war, but qualified to govern his people wisely in peace. The majority answered, that a king who is invincible in war, was to be preferred. What profits it, said they to have a king who knows to govern well in peace, if he knows not to defend his country in times of war? his enemies will vanquish him, and reduce his people to slavery. Others on the

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contrary maintained, that pacific a king would be better because he would be apprehensive of war, and take care to avoid it. Others said, that a victorious king would labour to advance his subjects glory as well as his own, and would render them masters of other nations; whereas a pacific king would keep them in a shameful cowardice, my opinion was asked, and I answered thus:

A king who knows to govern only in peace or only in war, and is not capable of conducting his people in both these circumstances, is but half a king. But if you compare a king who understands nothing but war to a wise king, who without understanding war himself, is capable of maintaining it on occasion by his generals, I think him preferable to the other. A king entirely turned to war would be so continually making it, in order to extend his dominions and glory, that he would ruin his own people: And what boots it then that their prince subdues other nations, if they themselves are miserable under his reign? Besides, long wars always draw after them many disorders; the victors themselves grow licentious in these times of confusion. Consider how dear the triumphing over Troy has cost Greece; she was deprived of her kings for more than ten years. Whilst every thing is enflamed by war, laws, agriculture, arts languish. Even the best princes while they are engaged in it, are constrained to commit the greatest of evils, which is to wink at licentiousness and to employ wicked men. How many profligate wretches are



there whom one would punish in times of peace, whose audacious villanies we are obliged to reward during the disorders of war? Never had any nation a conquering prince, without having much to suffer from his ambition: A conqueror intoxicated with his glory, ruins his own victorious nation almost as much as the nations he conquers. A king who has not the qualifications requisite for peace, is not capable to make his subjects taste the fruits of a war happily ended: He resembles a man who can defend his own field, and perhaps usurp his neighbours, but can neither plough nor sow, in order to reap the harvest. Such a man seems born to destroy, or ravage, to overturn the world, and not to render a nation happy by the wisdom of his government.

We come now to the pacific king. He is not indeed qualified to make great conquests, that is, he is not born to trouble the repose of his own people, by seeking to vanquish others whom justice has not subjected to him; but if he is really adapted to govern in peace, he has all the qualifications which are necessary to secure his subjects against their enemies. For he is just, moderate and easy with regard to his neighbours: he never undertakes any thing against them which may disturb the public peace, and he is faithful to his alliances. His allies love him, do not fear him, and have an entire confidence in him. If he has a restless, haughty and ambitious neighbour, all the adjacent princes, who fear the turbulent and have no jealousy of the peaceful king, join themselves to

the latter in order to hinder him from being oppressed. His probity, his sincerity, his moderation make him the arbiter of all the neighbouring nations. Whilst the enterprising monarch is hated by all the rest, and continually in danger of their leagues, the peaceful prince has the glory to be as it were the father and guardian of all others. These are the advantages which he has abroad; those he enjoys at home are still more solid. Since he is qualified to govern in peace, I suppose that he governs by the wisest laws. He suppresses pomp, luxury and all arts which serve only to cherish vice; he makes those flourish which are subservient to the real wants of life; above all, he causes his subjects to apply themselves to agriculture, and he thereby procures them a plenty of all necessaries. This laborious people, plain in their manners, accustomed to live on a little, and easily getting their livelihood by the culture of their lands, increase daily. Lo! the people of this kingdom are innumerable; but they are a healthful, a vigorous, a robust people, who are not enervated by pleasure, who are inured to virtue, who are not addicted to a soft effeminate and luxurious life, who despise death, and would rather lose their lives than the liberty they enjoy under their wise king, who reigns only to make reason reign. Let a neighbouring conqueror attack this people, and he will find them perhaps not very expert in forming of camps, in ranging themselves in order of battle, or in erecting machines to besiege a city; but he will find them invincible by their num-

bers, by their courage, by their patience of fatigues, by their habit of bearing poverty, by the vigour of the combatants, and by a virtue which ill success itself cannot abate. Besides if the king has not sufficient experience to command his armies himself, he will cause them to be commanded by men who are capable of it, and will know how to make use of them without losing his own authority. He will in the mean while obtain assistance from his allies; his subjects will rather die than submit to the yoke of a violent and unjust prince, and even the gods themselves will fight for him. Lo! the resources he will have amidst the greatest dangers. I conclude therefore that the pacific king, who is ignorant of war, is a very imperfect king, since he knows not to discharge one of his greatest duties, the subduing of his enemies; but I add, that he is however infinitely superior to a conqueror, who wants the accomplishments which are necessary in peace, and is qualified only for war.

I perceive that many persons in the assembly could not relish my opinion; for most men, dazzled by glaring objects, as victories and conquests, prefer them to what is simple, calm and solid, as the peace and good government of a people. But all the elders declared that I had spoken like Minos.

The chief of these seniors cried out, I see the accomplishment of an oracle of Apollo, which is known thro' all our island. Minos having consulted this god, to know how long his offspring would reign according to the laws which

he had established, Apollo answered him, Thy race will cease to reign when a stranger shall enter thy island and cause thy laws reign there. We were afraid that some stranger would come and conquer the island of Crete; but Idomeneus's misfortune, and the wisdom of the son of Ulysses, who better than any man understands the laws of Minos, shew us the sense of the oracle. Why do we delay to crown whom the gods give us for our king?

*End of The Fifth Book.*

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

BOOK the SIXTH.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Telemachus relates that he refused the crown of Crete to return to Ithaca; that he proposed the election of Mentor, who also refused the diadem; that the assembly at last pressing Mentor to chuse for the whole nation, he told them what he had heard of the virtues of Aristodemus, who was the same moment proclaimed king; that Mentor and he afterwards embarked for Ithaca: but that Neptune, to gratify the resentment of Venus, had caused them to be wrecked, after which the goddess Calypso received them into her island.*

**H**EREUPON the elders went out of the sacred wood, and their president taking me by the hand, told the people, who waited with impatience for their determination, that I had obtained the prize. He had hardly done



speaking, when a confused noise was heard thro' the whole assembly. Every one shouted for joy. The shores and all the neighbouring mountains rung with this acclamation, Let the son of Ulysses, who resembles Minos, reign over the Cretans.

I waited a while, and then making a sign with my hand, desired to be heard. Mean time Mentor said in a whisper, Will you renounce your country? Will the ambition of reigning make you forget Penelope, who expects you as her last hope, and the great Ulysses, whom the gods have determined to restore to you? These words pierced my very heart, and supported me against the vain desire of reigning. And now a profound silence of all this tumultuous assembly gave me an opportunity to speak thus. O illustrious Cretans, I am not worthy to command you. The oracle you mention, plainly shews indeed, that the race of Minos shall cease to reign, when a stranger shall enter this island, and cause the laws of that wise king to reign therein; but it is not said that this stranger himself shall reign; I am willing to believe that I am the stranger pointed at by the oracle; I have fulfilled the prediction; I am come into this island; I have discovered the true sense of the laws, and I wish that my explication may cause them to reign with him whom you shall elect. As for me, I prefer my own country, the poor little island of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, and all the glory and opulence of this fine kingdom. Give me leave to pursue the course which

destiny has marked out for me. If I contended in your games, it was not in hopes of reigning here; it was to merit your esteem and compassion; it was that you might furnish me with the means of a speedy return to the place of my nativity. I had rather obey my father Ulysses, and comfort my mother Penelope, than reign over all the nations of the universe. O Cretans! you see the bottom of my heart; I must leave you, but death only shall put a period to my gratitude. Yea, even to this his latest breath will Telemachus love the Cretans, and be as much concerned for their glory as his own.

I had hardly done speaking, when a hollow murmur arose, like that of the billows dashing against each other in a tempest? Some said, Is he a god in an human shape? Others averred, that they had seen me in other countries, and knew me again. Others cried, he must be compelled to reign here. At length I resumed the discourse, and every one was immediately silent, not knowing but that I was about to accept of what I had refused at first. The words I spoke were these.

Give me leave, ye Cretans, to speak what I think, You are the wisest of all nations; but wisdom, methinks, requires a precaution to which you do not seem to attend. You should chuse, not who reasons the best concerning the laws, but who practises them with the most steady virtue. As for me, I am young, and of consequence unexperienced, subject to violent passions, and fitter to learn by obeying how to command hereafter, than to command at

present. Seek not therefore a man who has conquered others in exercises of the mind and body, but who has conquered himself; seek one who has your laws written on the table of his heart, and has all his life been punctual in obeying them; let his actions rather than his words induce you to chuse him.

All the old men, charmed with this discourse, and seeing the applauses of the assembly continually encreasing, said: Since the gods deprive us of the hopes of seeing you reign among us, at least assist us to find a king who may cause our laws to reign. Do you know any one who can command with this moderation? I know, said I immediately, a man from whom I derive all that you esteem in me; it is his wisdom and not mine which has spoken to you; he inspired me with all the answers you have heard.

At the same time the whole assembly cast their eyes upon Mentor, whom I shewed to them, holding him by the hand. I related the care he had taken of my infancy, the dangers from which he had delivered me, and the evils which were poured down upon me when I ceased to follow his counsels. They had not at first taken notice of him, by reason of his plain and negligent dress, his modest looks his almost continual silence, and his cold and reserved air. But when they viewed him with attention, they discovered in his face I know not what of firmness and elevation; they observed the vivacity of his eyes, and the vigour with which he performed even the minutest actions; they asked him several questions; they admired him, and resolved

to make him their king. He calmly excused himself, and said, That he preferred the sweets of a private life to the splendor of a crown; that the best kings were unhappy, because they hardly ever did the good which they desired to do, and often did through the misrepresentation of flatterers, the evils which they did not design. He added, That if servitude is miserable, royalty is no less so, since it is only servitude in disguise. When one is a king, said he, one is dependent on all those whom we need to make ourselves obeyed. Happy he who is not obliged to command: We owe to our own country only, when she entrusts us with authority, the sacrifice of our liberty in order to toil for the public good.

Upon this, the Cretans not being able to recover from their surprise, asked him whom they ought to chuse. A man, replied he, who knows you well since he must govern you, and who is afraid to take the reins in his hands. Whoever desires a crown, knows not what it is; and how can he perform the duties which he does not know? He seeks it for his own sake, and you ought to desire one who accepts it only for yours.

All the Cretans being strangely astonished to see two strangers refuse the crown which was courted by so many others, desired to know with whom they came thither. Nausicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, where the games were celebrated, pointed to Hazael, with whom Mentor and I came from the island of Cyprus. But their astonishment

was still greater, when they knew that Mentor had been Hzael's slave; that Hazael, touched with his slave's wisdom and virtue, had made him his counsellor and his bosom friend; that this slave, being set at liberty, was the same person who had refused to be their king, and that Hazael was so enamoured of wisdom as to come from Damascus in Syria, to be instructed in the laws of Minos.

The elders said to Hazael, We dare not desire you to reign over us; for we suppose that you have the same thoughts as Mentor. You despise men too much to be willing to burden yourself with the care of them; besides, you think too lightly of riches and the splendors of royalty, to be willing to purchase their lustre with the pains which are inseparable from the government of kingdoms. Hazael replied, Believe me not, Cretans, that I despise men: No, no, I am sensible how glorious it is to toil to make them virtuous and happy; but these toils are full of anxieties and dangers. The splendor which is annexed to them, is false, and can dazzle none but vain-glorious souls. Life is short; greatness raises the passions above its power to gratify them; it was to learn to be contented without these chimerical blessings, and not to obtain them, that I came so far. Farewel; all my thoughts are fixed on returning to a quiet and retired way of life, where wisdom will cherish my heart, and where the hopes which I derive from virtue of another better life after death, shall comfort me under the miseries of old age. Were I to wish for any



thing, it would be not to be a king; it would be, never to be separated from these two men whom you see before you.

At length the Cretans addressing themselves to Mentor, cried, Tell us, O wisest and greatest of all mortals, tell us then whom we can chuse for our king? We will not let you go till you have told us the choice which we ought to make. He answered, While I was in the croud of spectators, I observed a man who discovered not the least sollicitude nor eagerness, He is a hale old man; I asked his name, and was told that it is Aristodemus. I afterwards heard some body tell him that his two sons were in the number of the combatants, which seemed to give him no joy at all. He said, that as for the one, he did not wish him the dangers of a crown, and that he loved his country too well ever to consent that the other should reign. By this I understood, that the father loved with a rational fondness one of his sons who has virtue, and that he did not indulge the other in his vices. My curiosity increasing, I enquired what sort of a life this old man had led, and one of your citizens told me, That he bore arms a long while, and is covered with wounds; but that his sincere virtue and his aversion to flattery rendered him obnoxious to Idomeneus which hindered the king from employing him at the siege of Troy. Idomeneus was afraid of a man who would give him wise counsels, which he was not inclined to follow; nay, he was jealous of the glory which Aristodemus would be sure soon to acquire; he forgot all his services,

and left him here, indigent, and despised by rude and fordid wretches, who esteem nothing but riches. But contented with his poverty, he he lives chearfully in a sequestered part of the island, where he cultivates his fields with his own hands. One of his sons toils with him; they tenderly love each other; they are happy by their frugality, and have by their labour procured themselves a plenty of all things which are necessary to a plain way of life. The wise old man gives to the sick poor of his neighbourhood all that remains above a sufficiency for his own and his son's wants. He causes all the young men to work; he encourages and instructs them; he determines all the disputes among his his neighbours, and is the father of every family. The misfortune of his own is to have a second son, who would never follow any of his counsels. The father having long born with him, in order to reclaim him from his vices, at last discarded him, and he has since abandoned himself to vain ambition and all kind of pleasures.

This, O Cretans, is what I have been told; you should know if this account be true. But if this man be such as he is described to be, why do you exhibit games? Why do you assemble so many strangers? You have in the midst of you a man who knows you, and whom you know; who understands war; who has given proofs of his courage, not only against darts and arrows, but against frightful poverty itself, who has despised riches acquired by flattery; who loves labour; who know how useful agri-

culture is to a nation; who detests pomp; who does not suffer himself to be unmanned by a blind fondness for his children; who loves the virtues of the one, and condemns the vices of the other; in a word, a man who is already the father of the people. This man is your king, if it be true that you desire to make the laws of the wise Minos reign amongst you.

All the people cried out, Aristodemus is indeed what you represent him; he is worthy to reign. The elders ordered him to be called. He was sought for in the croud, where he was confounded with the meanest of the people. He was perfectly calm. They told him that they would make him their king. He replied, I can consent to it only on three conditions. First, that I shall resign the crown in two years, if I do not render you better than you are, and if you disobey the laws. Secondly, that I shall have the liberty to continue my plain and frugal way of life. Thirdly, that my children shall have no precedence, and that they shall be treated after my death without distinction according to their merit, like the rest of the citizens.

At these words the air was rent with a thousand acclamations. The crown was placed by the chief of the elders, who are guardians of the laws, on the head of Aristodemus. Sacrifices were offered to jupiter and the other superior gods. Aristodemus made us presents, not with the magnificence which is usual to kings but with a noble simplicity. He gave Hazael the laws of Minos written by the hand of Min-

os himself. He gave him also a collection of the whole history of Crete, from the time of Saturn and the golden age; he sent on board his ship all the choicest fruits that grow in Crete, and are unknown in Syria, and offered to supply him with every thing he might want.

As we were eager to depart, he ordered a bark to be got ready for us with a great number of good rowers and soldiers, and he sent clothes and provisions for us on board it. The same instant a wind arose which was fair for sailing to Ithaca; but this wind being contrary to Hazael, obliged him to wait. He saw us depart; he embraced us as friends he was never to see again. The gods are just, said he; they are witnesses to a friendship which is founded only on virtue; they will one day bring us together again, and the happy fields, where it is said the just enjoy an eternal peace after death, shall see our souls meet each other again, never to be parted more. O could my ashes also but be collected with yours! — As he spoke these words, he shed torrents of tears, and sighs choaked his voice. We wept not less than Hazael; he attended us to the ship.

As for Aristodemus, he said, you have made me a king; remember the dangerous situation in which you have placed me; beseech the gods to inspire me with true wisdom, and that I may as much exceed other men in moderation as I exceed them in power. As for me, I beseech them to conduct you happily to your own country, to baffle the insolence of your enemies, and to give you to see Ulysses reigning there in peace with his dear Penelope. I present Tele-

machus, with a good ship, well provided with rowers and soldiers; they may be useful to you against the unjust persecutors of your mother. O Mentor, your wisdom, which needs nothing leaves me nothing to desire for you. Depart, and may you live happy together; remember Aristodemus; and if the Ithacans should ever have need of the Cretans, depend upon me to my latest breath. He embraced us, and we could not as we thanked him, suppress our tears.

Mean while the wind which swelled our sails promised us a pleasant voyage. Already mount Ida looked to us like a little hill; all the shores disappeared, and the coasts of the Peloponnesus seemed to advance into the sea to meet us. But a black tempest suddenly overspread the heavens, and irritated all the billows of the sea; day was turned into night, and death presented itself to us. It was you, O Neptune, who with your haughty trident stirred up all the waters of your empire; Venus, to revenge herself for our having despised her even in her temple of Cythera, went to this god; she addressed him with grief; her lovely eyes were bathed in tears: at least, Mentor, who is well skilled in things divine, told me so. Will you, Neptune, said she, suffer these impious wretches to mock my power with impunity? The gods themselves feel it, and yet these rash mortals presume to censure every thing which is done in my island. They pretend to a wisdom which is proof against all temptations, and treat love as a weakness. Have you forgot that I was born in your empire? Why do you delay to bury in



your profound abyſſes theſe two wretches whom I cannot endure ?

She had hardly ſpoken, when Neptune lifted the waves even to the very ſkies. Venus ſmiled, believing that we ſhould inevitably be wrecked. Our affrighted pilot cried out, that he could no longer withſtand the winds which drove us with violence towards the rocks. A ſudden gueſt broke our maſt and a moment after we heard the points of the rocks breaking through the bottom of our ſhip. The water enters on all ſides; the veſſel ſinks, and all our rowers ſend up loud laments to heaven. I embrace Mentor, and cry, Lo ! death is here, we muſt meet it with courage. The gods have delivered us from ſo many dangers only to deſtroy us now. Let us die, Mentor, let us die. It is ſome conſolation to me to die with you ; it were in vain to contend with the ſtorm for our lives.

Mentor answered. True courage always finds ſome reſource. It is not enough to receive death with tranquillity ; we muſt, without fearing it, make our utmoſt efforts to repel it. Let us take one of theſe great benches of the rowers ; and whiſt this timorous and troubled multitude are regretting life, without ſeeking the means of preſerving it, let us not loſe a moment to ſave ours. Upon this he takes a hatchet ; he cuts the maſt quite off, which being already broken, and hanging in the ſea, had laid the veſſel on one ſide ; he throws it over board ; he jumps upon it amidſt the furious billows ; he calls me by my name, and encourages me to follow him. As a mighty tree,

which all the conspiring winds attack, remains so immoveable on its deep roots that the tempest can only shake its leaves ; so Mentor, who was not only firm and courageous but calm and easy, seemed to command the winds and the sea. I followed him, and who could but have followed encouraged by him ? We steered ourselves on the floating mast, which was very serviceable to us ; for we could sit upon it. Had we been obliged to swim without resting, our strength would soon have been exhausted. But the storm often turned this huge piece of timber round, we were plunged into the sea ; we then drank the briny surge, which poured from our mouths, our nostrils and our ears, and were forced to struggle with the billows, in order to get on the upper part of the mast again. Sometimes also a wave as high as a mountain rolled over us, and then we clung close, for fear the mast, which was our only hope, should in such a violent shock get from us.

While we were in this terrible condition, Mentor, as calm as he is now on this trusy seat, said, Do you think, Telemachus, that your life is left to the mercy of winds and the waves ? Do you think that can destroy you without a command from the gods ? No, no, the gods determine every thing. It is the gods therefore, and not the sea, who are to be feared. Were you at the bottom of the deep, the hand of Jupiter could draw you from it ) were you in Olympus, viewing the stars beneath your feet, Jupiter could plunge you to the bottom of the abyss, or hurl you headlong into the flames of

dreary Tartarus. I heard and admired these words, which comforted me a little; but my mind was not free enough to give him a reply. He saw me not, neither could I see him. We passed the whole night shivering and half-dead with cold, without knowing whither the tempest would drive us. At last the winds began to abate, and the bellowing sea resembled a person, who having been long in a rage, is grown tired of his fury, and feels but some remains of his trouble and emotion; its growlings were hollow, and its waves hardly higher than the ridges between the furrows of a ploughed field.

Mean while Aurora opened the gates of heaven to the sun, and promised us a fine day. The east was all on fire, and the stars which had so long been hid, appeared again, but fled at the approach of Phœbus. We descried land at a distance, and the winds wafted us towards it. Hope then began to revive in my heart; but we saw none of our companions; their spirits probably failed, and the tempest overwhelmed them and the ship together. When we were near the land, the sea drove us against craggy rocks, which would have dashed us in pieces, had we not steered the end of the mast against them, of which Mentor made as good use as a skilful pilot makes of the best rudder. Thus we avoided these dreadful rocks, and at last found a pleasant level coast, where swimming without any difficulty, we got a-shore on the sand. It was there you saw us, O mighty goddess, who inhabit this island; it was there you vouchsafed us a kind reception.

*End of the Sixth Book.*

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the S E V E N T H.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

*Calypso admires Telemachus in his adventures, and does all she can to detain him in her island, by ingaging him to return her passion. Mentor supports Telemachus by his remonstrances against the goddess's artifices, and against Cupid whom Venus had brought to her assistance. Telemachus however and the nymph Eucharis soon feel a mutual passion, which at first excites Calypso's jealousy, and afterwards her resentment against the two lovers. She swears by Styx that Telemachus shall depart from her island. Cupid goes to comfort her, and prevails on her nymphs to burn a ship which Mentor had built, at the time that Mentor was dragging Telemachus along to embark on board it. Telemachus feels a secret joy at seeing the vessel on fire. Mentor perceiving it, throws him headlong into the sea, and leaps into it himself, in order to swim to another ship, which he saw near the coast.*

WHEN Telemachus had concluded his narrative, all the nymphs who had been motionless and kept their eyes fixed upon him, looked on each other, and said with astonishment, Who are these men, so beloved of the gods? Did you ever hear of such marvellous adventures? The son of Ulysses already excels his father in eloquence, in wisdom and valour. What an air! what beauty! what sweetness! what modesty! But then, what nobleness and elevation of soul! Did we not know that he is the son of a mortal, one might easily take him for Bacchus, for Mercury, or even for the great Apollo. But who is this Mentor who seems a plain obscure and ordinary man? When one views him near, one finds in him I know not what that is more than human.

Calypso heard this account with an uneasiness which she could not hide. Her eyes were incessantly straying from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. Sometimes she desired that Telemachus would begin the long history of his adventures again; then she would suddenly interrupt herself. At last rising abruptly, and leading him aside into a myrtle grove, she tried all arts to learn of him, if Mentor were not a god concealed under the form of a man. It was not in Telemachus's power to resolve her; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the shape of Mentor, had not discovered himself to him by reason of his youth: she was not yet sufficiently assured of his secrecy, to entrust him with her designs. Be-



fides, she was desirous to try him by the greatest dangers: now had he known that Minerva was with him, such a support would have buoyed him up too much, and he would without difficulty have braved the most terrible accidents. He therefore really took Minerva for Mentor, and all Calypso's artifices to discover what she desired to know, were in vain.

Mean while all the nymphs gathered around Mentor, and took a pleasure in asking him questions. One enquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him if he knew Ulysses before the siege of Troy. He answered them all in a courteous manner; and his words, though plain, were very graceful. Calypso did not leave them long in this conversation; she returned, and while the nymphs began to gather flowers, singing all the while, to amuse Telemachus, she took Mentor aside, in order to make him discover who he was. The balmy vapours of sleep do not glide more sweetly through the weary eyes and all the limbs of a man who is quite exhausted by labour, than the goddess's soothing words insinuated themselves, in order to enchant the heart of Mentor; but she continually perceived I know not what which baffled all her efforts, and derided her charms: Like a steep rock which hides its head in the clouds, and laughs at the rage of the winds, Mentor was stedfast in his wise designs, and unshaken by Calypso's importunities. He would sometimes even permit her to hope that she should ensnare him by her

questions, and draw the truth from the bottom of his heart; but the moment she expected to satisfy her curiosity, her hopes vanished: All that she thought she held fast, slipped from her on a sudden, and a short answer of Mentor plunged her again in her doubts.

Thus she passed the days, sometimes flattering Telemachus, and sometimes seeking the means of separating him from Mentor, from whom she no longer hoped for a discovery. She employed her most beautiful nymphs to kindle the fires of love in young Telemachus's heart; and a goddess, more powerful than herself, came to her assistance.

Venus still highly resenting the indignities which Mentor and Telemachus had expressed for the worship which is paid her in the isle of Cyprus, was inconsolable when she saw that these two rash mortals had escaped from the winds and the seas, in the storm which Neptune excited. She made bitter complaints of it to Jupiter; but the father of the gods smiling, and unwilling to let her know that Minerva, in the shape of Mentor, had saved the son of Ulysses, gave Venus leave to seek the means of being revenged on these two men. She quits Olympus; forgets the sweet perfumes which are burnt on her altars at Paphos, Cythera, and Idalia; flies in her chariot drawn by doves; calls her son, and grief diffusing itself over her face, which was adorned with new graces, she bespoke him thus.

Beholdest thou, my son, those two mortals who scorn thy power and mine? Who will

worship us for the future? Go, pierce their insensible hearts with thy arrows; descend with me to that island, and I will talk with Calypso. She said, and cleaving the air in a golden cloud, presented herself before Calypso, who was then all alone, on the brink of a fountain, at some distance from her grotto.

Unhappy goddess! said she, the ungrateful Ulysses disdained you. His son, still more insensible than he, is ready to treat you with the like contempt; but Love himself is come to revenge you. I leave him with you; he shall remain among your nymphs, as the boy Bacchus was formerly educated by the nymphs of the island of Naxos. Telemachus will look upon him as a common child; he will not suspect him, and will quickly feel his power. She said; and re-ascending in the golden cloud from which she alighted, left ambrosial odors behind her, which perfumed all the groves of Calypso.

Cupid remained in Calypso's arms. Though a goddess, she presently felt his flames spreading in her bosom. To ease herself, she immediately gave him to Eucharis, a nymph who happened to be by her. But alas! how often did she afterwards repent her doing it! At first nothing seemed more innocent, more sweet, more lovely, more ingenuous, more obliging than this child. When one saw his sprightliness, his wheedling, his perpetual smiles, one would have thought that he could inspire nothing but pleasure; but as soon as one trusted his caresses, one felt I know not what of poison. The false, malicious boy caressed but to deceive.

and never laughed but at the cruel mischiefs he had done, or designed to do. He durst not approach Mentor, whose severity affrighted him; he perceived that this unknown person was invulnerable, and that none of his arrows could pierce him. As for the nymphs they quickly felt the fires the treacherous boy enkindles; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds which festered in their hearts.

Mean while Telemachus, seeing the child play with the nymphs, was surpris'd at his beauty and sweetness. He embraces him; he takes him sometimes on his knees and sometimes in his arms, and finds an inquietude in his own bosom of which he can assign no cause: The more he seeks for innocent diversions, the more restless and languid he grows. Do you see these nymphs, said he to Mentor? How different they are from the Cyprian women, whose charms were disgusting by reason of their immodesty? These immortal beauties display an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity that is enchanting. He blush'd, without knowing why, as he spoke; he could not forbear speaking, and yet had he hardly begun but he was unable to proceed; his words were broken, obscure, and sometimes had no meaning at all.

Hereupon Mentor said, O Telemachus! the dangers of the isle of Cyprus were nothing in comparison of those which you do not apprehend at present. Gross vices excites horror, and brutish impudence indignation; but modest beauty is much more dangerous. In loving it we fancy we love nothing but virtue, and

yield insensibly to the delusive charms of a passion, which we do not perceive 'till it is almost too late to extinguish it. Fly my dear Telemachus, fly these nymphs who are so discreet only to ensnare you the better. Fly the dangers of your youth : but above all, fly this child whom you do not know. It is Cupid, whom Venus has brought into this island to revenge herself for the contempt you showed of the worship which is paid her at Cythera. He has wounded the heart of the goddess Calypso ; she has conceived a violent passion for you ; he has inflamed all her attendant nymphs, and you yourself, unhappy youth ! burn, and hardly perceive it.

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, saying, Why should we not stay in this island ? Ulysses is not living ; he must long since have been buried in the waves, Penelope seeing neither him nor me return, has not been able to resist so many suitors ; her father Icarus has constrained her to accept of another husband, And shall I return to Ithaca to see her engaged in new bonds, and her plighted faith to my father broken ? The Ithacans have forgotten Ulysses. To return were rushing on certain death, since Penelope's lovers have seized on all the avenues of the port, to make our destruction at our return the surer.

Mentor replied, Lo ! the effects of a blind passion : We subtilly hunt after all the reasons which favour it ; we turn away our eyes that we may not see those which condemn it, and are quick-sighted only to deceive ourselves and



to stifle our remorse. Have you forgot all that the gods have done in order to bring you back to your own country? How did you get out of Sicily? Were not the evils you suffered in Egypt, suddenly turned into blessings? What unseen hand snatched you from all the dangers which hung over your head in the city of Iyre? After so many miracles, are you still ignorant of what the gods have in store for you? But what am I saying! you are unworthy of it. As for me, I will depart; I shall easily find the means of escaping from this island. Degenerate son of so wise and so brave a father, lead here a soft and inglorious life in the midst of women, and do in despite of the gods, what your father thought unworthy of him.

These disdainful words pierced the very soul of Telemachus. He was moved at Mentor's reproaches: his grief was blended with shame; he dreaded the indignation and departure of his wise guide to whom he was so much indebted: but a rising passion, of which he himself was not conscious, had rendered him quite another man. What then, said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes. do you esteem as nothing the immortality which the goddess offers me? I esteem as nothing, replied Mentor, all that is repugnant to virtue and the commands of the gods. Virtue calls you back to your own country in order to see Ulysses and Penelope again; virtue forbids you to abandon yourself to an extravagant passion; the gods who have delivered you from so many perils that your glory may shine as bright as your father's, command

you to quit this island. Love, the shameful tyrant, love alone, can detain you here. Ah! what would you do with immortal life without liberty, without virtue, without glory? Such a life would be the more miserable in that it could never end.

To this Telemachus answered only by sighs. Sometimes he wished that Mentor had snatched him in spite of himself from this island, and sometimes that his rigid monitor were gone, that he might no longer be reproached with his weakness. All these opposite thoughts racked his heart by turns, but none of them lasted long; his breast is like the sea which is the sport of all the adverse winds. He often lay extended and motionless on the seashore, and often in the midst of a gloomy wood, shedding bitter tears, and making loud laments like the roarings of a lion. He was grown lean; his hollow eyes were full of a consuming fire. His wan, dejected and disfigured face would have made one believe that he was not Telemachus. His beauty, his sprightliness, his noble air had forsook him; he was dying away. As a flower which blows and diffuses its perfumes around the field in the morning, decays gradually towards the evening and loses its lively colour, and languishes, and withers, and hangs down its lovely head, unable longer to support itself: So was the son of Ulysses at the very gates of death.

Mentor seeing that Telemachus could not resist the violence of his passion, formed an artful design to deliver him from so great a dan-

ger. He had observed that Calypso was passionately in love with Telemachus, and that Telemachus was not less in love with the young nymph Eucharis; for the cruel boy, to plague mankind, seldom makes them love the person by whom they are beloved. Mentor resolved to excite Calypso's jealousy. Eucharis being to go a hunting with Telemachus, Mentor said to Calypso, I have taken notice that Telemachus has a passion for hunting, which I never observed in him before; this diversion begins to give him a distaste of all others; he delights in nothing but the most savage woods and mountains. Is it you, O goddess, who inspire him with this violent passion?

These words so cruelly stung Calypso, that she could not contain herself. This Telemachus, said she, who despised all the pleasures of the isle of Cyprus, cannot withstand the moderate beauty of one of my nymphs, How dares he vaunt of having performed so many wonderful actions, he whose heart is shamefully softened by effeminate pleasures, and who seems born to pass an obscure life among women? Mentor observing with pleasure how jealousy stung Calypso's heart, said no more that he might not excite her suspicions; he expressed his concern and dejected only by a sad countenance. The goddess discovered her uneasiness to him at every thing which she saw, and was continually making fresh complaints. This hunting-match, of which Mentor had told her, raised her fury to the highest pitch; for she knew that Telemachus had sought it only to steal away from

the other nymphs, in order to converse with Eucharis alone. A second chace was already proposed, in which she foresaw that he would behave as he had in the former. To break Telemachus's measures, she declared that she would be one of their party; then all of a sudden, not being able to moderate her resentment, she addressed him thus :

Is it for this, rash boy, that thou camest into my island, and escapedst the wreck with which Neptune justly threatened thee, and the vengeance of the gods? Didst thou enter this island, which is open to no mortal, but to despise my power and the love which I have shown thee? Ye deities of Olympus and Styx! hear a miserable goddess, make haste to confound this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious wretch! Since thou art more obdurate and unjust than thy father, mayest thou suffer evils more lasting and cruel than his? No, no, mayest thou never see thy contry more, the poor, the wretched Ithaca, which thou hast not been ashamed to prefer to immortality; or rather, mayest thou perish in sight of it amidst the billows; may thy body become the sport of the waves, and be cast without hopes of sepulture on this sand shore! May my eyes see it devoured by vultures! She whom thou lovest, shall see it also: she shall see it, her heart shall break at the sight, and her despair prove a pleasure to me.

While Calypso was speaking thus, her eyes were red and fiery; they dwelt upon nothing, and had I know not what of gloom and wild-

ness. Her trembling cheeks were chequered with black and livid spots; she changed colour every moment. A deadly paleness would frequently spread itself over her face; her tears flowed not as formerly in abundance; rage and despair seemed to have dried up their source, and they rarely trickled down her cheeks. Her voice was hoarse, trembling and broken. Mentor watched all her emotions, and spoke no more to Telemachus. He treated him as a patient who is given over, often casting looks of compassion upon him.

Telemachus was conscious how culpable he was, and how unworthy of Mentor's friendship; he dared not lift up his eyes lest they should meet those of his friend, whose very silence condemned him. Sometimes he longed to go and throw himself about his neck, and to tell him how sensible he was of his fault; but he was withheld, sometimes by a false sense of shame, and sometimes by a fear of going further than he desired, in order to retreat from danger; for the danger seemed pleasing to him, and he could not yet resolve to subdue his senseless passion.

The gods and the goddesses of Olympus were assembled together, and observing a profound silence, kept their eyes fixed on Calypso's island, to see which would be victorious, Minerva or Cupid. Cupid by playing with the nymphs, had set the whole island on fire; and Minerva, in the shape of Mentor, made use of jealousy, the inseparable companion of Love, against Love himself. Jupiter resolved to be-



a spectator of the combat, and to remain neuter.

Mean while Eucharis, who was apprehensive of losing Telemachus, practised a thousand arts to hold him in her chains. She was now going a hunting with him for the second time, and was attired like Diana. Venus and Cupid had adorned her with new charms, insomuch that her beauty on that day eclipsed the beauty of the goddess Calypso herself. Calypso seeing her at a distance, viewed herself at the same time in the clearest of her fountains; and being ashamed of her own face, she hid herself in the most secret place of her grotto, and spoke thus all alone.

My endeavours then to disturb these two lovers, by declaring that I would be at this chase, are it seems in vain! Shall I be there? What! aid her triumph, and suffer my beauty to be a foil to hers! must Telemachus by seeing me be still more enamoured of his Eucharis? Wretch that I am! what have I done? No, I will not go, they shall not go themselves; I well know how to hinder them: I will go and find Mentor, I will desire him to take Telemachus away, he shall carry him back to Ithaca. But what do I say? What will become of me, when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? O cruel Venus, what can I do? Venus you have deceived me: Oh! what a treacherous present you made me! Pernicious boy! infectious Cupid! I opened my heart to thee only in hopes of living happy with Telemachus, and thou hast brought into it nothing but grief and despair.

My nymphs are revolted against me, and my divinity serves only to make my woes eternal. O ! that I could put an end to my life and my pains ! Thou, Telemachus must die, since I cannot die. I will be revenged of thy ingratitude ; thy nymph shall see thee expire, I will kill thee before her eyes. But I rave ! O wretched Calypso ! what wouldest thou ? Destroy an innocent youth whom thou thyself hast plunged into this abyss of miseries ? It was I who applied the torch to the chaste Telemachus's bosom. What innocence ! what virtue ! what horror of vice ! what resolution against infamous pleasures ? Should I have poisoned his heart ? He would have left me. Well ! must he not leave me now, or I see him full of contempt for me, and living but for my rival ? Nay, nay, I suffer no more than I have well deserved. Go Telemachus, go, cross the seas ; leave the wretched Calypso, unable to bear, or to lay down, the burden of life ; leave her disconsolate overwhelmed with shame, and despairing with thy haughty Eucharis.

Thus spoke Calypso alone in her grotto ; but rushing suddenly out of it, Where are you, Mentor, said she ? Is it thus that you support Telemachus against vice, which he is now sinking under ? You sleep, while Love watches for opportunities against you. I can no longer bear your shameful indifference. Will you always calmly see the son of Ulysses dishonour his father, and neglect his high destiny ? Was it to you or to me that his parents entrusted his conduct ? I seek for remedies to cure his heart,

and will you do nothing? There are lofty poplars, fit for building of a ship, in the remotest part of this forest; it was there Ulysses built that in which he departed from this island. In the same place you will find a deep cave wherein are all the tools which are necessary for forming, and for joining together, the several parts of a vessel.

She had hardly spoken these words, but she repented of them. Mentor lost not a moment; he went to the cave, found tools, felled the poplars, and in one day made and fitted out a vessel for the sea; for Minerva's power and skill require but little time to finish the greatest works.

Calypso was in a terrible agony of mind; longing on the one hand to see if Mentor's work went on, and not having resolution enough on the other to quit the chace, and leave Eucharis and Telemachus to their liberty. Her jealousy would not let her lose sight of the two lovers, but she endeavoured to turn the chace where she knew that Mentor was building a ship. She heard the strokes of the axe and the hammer; she listened to them, and trembled at every one: But at the same time she apprehended that her attention to Mentor might prevent her observing some sign, or glance which Telemachus might make to the young nymph.

Mean while Eucharis said to Telemachus in a jeering tone, Are you not afraid that Mentor will chide you for going a hunting without him? Oh! how are you to be pitied for living under

so harsh a master ! Nothing can soften his austeri-ty ; he affects an aversion to all sorts of pleasures, and cannot bear that you should taste of any ; nay, he imputes to you as a crime the most innocent things. You might indeed be governed by him, while you were incapable of governing yourself : but after so many proofs of your wisdom, you should no longer suffer yourself to be used like a baby.

These artful words pierced Telemachus's heart, and filled it with indignation against Mentor, whose yoke he wished to shake off. He was afraid to see him, and was so troubled that he made Eucharis no reply. At last towards the evening, the chace having led them, under a perpetual restraint, from one part to another, they returned by a corner of the forest near the place where Mentor had been toiling all the day. Calypso saw from a far that the bark was finished : a cloud like that of death instantly overspread her eyes ; her trembling knees failed beneath her ; a cold sweat seized on all her limbs ; she was forced to lean on the surrounding nymphs ; and Eucharis holding out her hand to support her, Calypso gave her a terrible frown, and pushed it away.

Telemachus seeing the ship, and not seeing Mentor, who had finished his work and was already retired, asked the goddess, to whom the vessel belonged, and for what it was designed ? At first she was at a loss for an answer, but at length she said, I ordered it to be built to send Mentor away ; you shall no longer be troubled with this rigid friend, who opposes your hap-

piness, and would be jealous if you should become immortal. Mentor leave me! I am ruined, cried Telemachus. O Eucharis! if Mentor forsakes me, I have none but you. These words escaped him in the transport of his passion; he perceived his error in speaking them, but he had been in too much confusion to attend to their meaning. All the company was struck dumb with surprise. Eucharis blushed, and stood behind with down-cast eyes, quit confounded, and not daring to shew herself; but whilst shame appeared on her face, gladness dilated her heart. Telemachus was no longer himself, and could not believe that he had spoken so indiscreetly. What he had done appeared to him like a dream, but a dream which confounded and troubled him.

Calypso, more furious than a lioness robbed of her young, run at random up and down the forest, unknowing whither she went. At last she came to the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting for her. Begone from my island, said she, ye strangers, who came to trouble my repose; away with this young fool; and thou, rash dotard, thou shalt feel the effects of a goddess's wrath, if thou dost not snatch him hence, this instant. I will never see him more, nor will I suffer any of my nymphs to speak to him or to look upon him again: And this I swear by the Stygian lake, an oath at which the gods themselves tremble. But know, Telemachus, that thy miseries are not at an end: thou, ungrateful wretch, shalt not depart from my island but to be a prey to new misfortunes;



I shall be revenged, and thou in vain shalt regret Calypso. Neptune, still incensed against thy father who offended him in Sicily, and importuned by Venus whom thou despisedst in the island of Cyprus, is preparing other tempests for thee. Thou shalt see thy father who is not dead, but thou shalt see him without knowing him; thou shalt not meet him in Ithaca, 'till thou hast been the sport of the most adverse fortune. Begone, I conjure the celestial powers to revenge me. Mayest thou in the midst of the sea, suspended on the points of a rock and blasted by thunder, vainly invoke Calypso, whom thy punishment will ravish with joy.

She had hardly spoken these words, but her troubled mind was ready to take contrary resolutions. Love revived in her heart the desire of detaining Telemachus. Let him live, said she to herself, let him stay here; perhaps he may at last be sensible of all my good offices: Eucharis cannot like me confer immortality upon him. O blind Calypso! thou hast betrayed thyself by thy oath; thou art bound, and the waves of Styx by which thou hast sworn, leave thee no room to hope. No body heard these words, but one might see the furies painted on her face; and all the baleful venom of black Cocytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Telemachus was struck with horror, of which Calypso perceived the cause; for what does not jealous love perceive? His terror redoubled the goddess's rage. Like a priestess of Bacchus, which fills the air and makes the lofty moun-

tains of Thrace ring with her howlings, she runs across the woods with a dart in her hand, calling her nymphs, and threatening to kill all who refused to follow her. They, terrified at this menace, ran in crouds around her. Eucharis herself advanced, with tearful eyes, looking from afar at Telemachus to whom she no longer durst to speak. The goddess trembled at the nymph's approach, and instead of being appeased by her submission, felt a new fury when she observed that grief brightened her beauty.

Mean while Telemachus remains alone with Mentor. He embraces his knees, for he durst not look at nor embrace him in any other manner; he sheds a flood of tears: he attempts to speak, but his voice fails him, and his words still more; he knows neither what he is doing, nor what he ought, nor what he desires to do. At last he cried out, O my real father! O Mentor! deliver me from this train of woes; I can neither forsake nor follow you: deliver me from this train of woes; deliver me from myself; take my life.

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to support himself in his grief without indulging his passion, and says: Son of wise Ulysses, whom the gods have so much loved, and whom they still love, your suffering so many miseries is an effect of their kindness. Who has not experienced his own weakness and the strength of his passions, is not yet wise; for he neither knows nor is diffident of himself. The gods have led you as it were

by the hand to the very brink of a precipice to shew you its depth, without suffering you to fall into it. Now therefore learn what you would never have known, had you not experienced it: You would in vain have been told of the treasons of Love, who flatters to destroy, and under an appearance of sweetness conceals the worst of bitters. The boy, all-over charming, came amidst the smiles, the sports and the graces: You saw him; he stole away your heart, and you took a pleasure in letting him steal it: You sought for pretences to continue ignorant of his wounds, to deceive me and to flatter yourself, and was apprehensive of nothing. Lo! the fruits of your rashness; you now desire death, and that is the only hope which is left you. The distracted goddess resembles an infernal fury; Eucharis burns with a fire more tormenting than the bitterest pangs of death, and all the jealous nymphs are ready to tear each other in pieces: These are the doings of the traitor Cupid, who appears so sweet and gentle. Resume your courage. How dear must you be to the gods, since they open you so easy a way to fly from Love, and to see your dear country again? Calypso herself is constrained to drive you away; the ship is quite ready; why do we delay to quit this island, where virtue cannot dwell?

Mentor, as he spoke these words, took him by the hand, and dragged him towards the shore. Telemachus followed with reluctance, continually looking behind him, and gazing at Eucharis who was going away from him. Not being able to see her face, he viewed her lovely

plaited hair, her flowing vestments and noble gait, and would gladly have kissed the very prints of her feet. Nay, when he had lost sight of her, he still listened, imagining that he heard her voice ; though absent, he saw her ; her image was painted and living as it were before his eyes ; he even fancied that he talked to her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing Mentor.

At length awaking as it were out of a profound sleep, he said to Mentor, I am resolved to follow you ; but I have not yet taken my leave of Eucharis : I had rather die than forsake her thus ungratefully. Stay 'till I have seen her once again, and taken an eternal farewell. Permit me at least to say to her, O nymph, the cruel gods, the gods jealous of my happiness, constrain me to depart ; but they shall sooner put a period to my life, than blot you out of my memory. O my father ! grant me this last, this reasonable consolation, or rid me instantly of life. No, I will neither stay in this island, nor abandon myself to love ; I have no such passion in my breast ; I feel no sentiments for Eucharis but those of friendship and gratitude ; I shall be satisfied with bidding her once more farewell, and will then immediately depart with you.

How I pity you replied Mentor ! your passion is so furious that you are not sensible of it. You think that you are calm, and yet you beg for death ; you say that you are not vanquished by love, and yet you cannot leave the nymph you doat on. You see, you hear nothing but her ; you are blind and deaf to every thing else ;

A man raving in a fever says, I am not sick. O blind Telemachus ! you are ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you ; Ulysses, whom you shall see again, Ithaca, where you are to reign, and the glory and elevated fortune which the gods have promised you by the many wonders which they have wrought in your favour ; You would, I say, renounce all these blessings to lead an inglorious life with Eucharis. And will you pretend that love does not attach you to her ! What troubles you ? Why do you desire death ? Why did you speak with such transport before the goddesses ? I do not accuse you of insincerity, but I lament your blindness. Fly, Telemachus, fly ; love is not to be conquered but by flight. Against such an enemy, true courage consists in ~~fear~~ and flying ; but in flying without deliberation, and without giving one's self time ever to look behind one. You have not forgotten the cares which you have cost me from your infancy, nor the dangers from which you have escaped by my counsels ; be guided by me now, or suffer me to forsake you. Oh ! did you but know my grief to see you run to your destruction ! Did you but know what I endured while I durst not speak to you ? your mother's pangs at your birth were less severe than mine. I was silent, I patiently bore my pains, I stifled my sighs to see if you would return to me again. O my son ! my dear son ! ease my heart ; restore me what is dearer to me than my life restore me the lost Telemachus, and restore yourself to yourself. If wisdom get the better of love in your breast, I live and am happy ; but



if love run away with you in spite of wisdom, Mentor can live no longer.

Whilst Mentor was speaking thus, he continued his way towards the sea; and Telemachus who had not yet resolution enough to follow him of his own accord, had enough however to suffer himself to be led without resistance Minerva, all the while concealed under the shape of Mentor, covering Telemachus with his invisible Ægis, and shedding divine rays around him, inspired him with a courage which he had never felt before, since he had been in this island. Coming at length to a steep rock on the sea-shore which was perpetually buffeted by the foaming billows, and looking from this eminence to see if the ship which Mentor had got ready was still in the same place, they were spectators of a melancholy sight.

Cupid was stung to the quick when he saw that this unknown old man was not only insensible of his arrows, but that he was taking Telemachus also away from him: he wept for vexation, and went to find Calypso, who was wandering up and down in her gloomy forests. She could not see him without sighing, and perceived that he opened all the wounds of her heart afresh. You a goddess, said Cupid, and suffer yourself to be conquered by a weak mortal, who is a prisoner in your island! Why do you let him go? Oh! mischievous Cupid, said, she, I will no longer listen to thy pernicious counsels; it was you drew me from my sweet and profound tranquility, and plunged me into an abyss of woes. There is no help for it;

I have sworn by the waves of styx that I will let Telemachus go, and Jupiter himself, the father of the gods dares not, with all his power, violate this dreadful oath. Begone, Telemachus from my island; and thou, pernicious boy, begone; thou hast done me more mischief than he.

Cupid, wiping away his tears, said with a sncering malicious smile: A mighty difficulty truly! Leave this affair to me, keep your oath, and do not oppose Telemachus's departure. Neither your nymphs nor I have sworn by the waves of Styx to let him depart. I will inspire them with the design of burning the ship which Mentor has built with so much expedition; his surprising diligence shall be vain; he himself shall be surprised in his turn, and have no means left of taking Telemachus from you.

These soothing words filled Calypso's heart with hope and joy. As a cooling zephyr on the margin of a brook revives the languishing flocks, which the heat of the summer consumes; so this speech allayed the goddess's despair. Her face became serene; her eyes grew mild, and the black cares which gnawed her heart, fled for a moment from her; she stopped, she smiled, she caressed the sportful boy, and by caressing him prepared new tortures for herself.

Cupid, pleased with having prevailed on her not to oppose the burning of the ship, went to persuade the nymphs to do it. They were wandering and dispersed up and down on the mountains, like a flock of sheep which the rage of ra-

venous wolves has caused to fly from the shepherd. Cupid calls them together, and says, Telemachus still is in your power, hasten to burn the bark which the rash Mentor has built for his flight. They immediately light their torches, they run to the shore, they quiver with fury, they howl and shake their disheveled hair like Bacchanals. And now the flames ascend; they consume the vessel, which was built of dry wood and bedaubed with rosin; whirlwinds of smoaky flames ascend to the clouds.

Telemachus and Mentor seeing the blaze from the top of the rock, and hearing the shouts of the nymphs, the former was tempted to rejoice at it; for his heart was not yet cured; and Mentor observing that his passion resembled an ill-extinguished fire, which from time to time breaks from under the ashes, and sends forth glittering sparks. Lo! said Telemachus, I am bound again in my fetters; we can no longer hope to quit this island.

Mentor plainly perceived that Telemachus was going to relapse into all his weaknesses, and that he had not a moment to lose; he observed at a distance, in the midst of the waves, a vessel riding at anchor, which durst not approach Calypso's island, for all the pilots knew that it was inaccessible to mortals. Upon this, the sage Mentor suddenly pushing Telemachus, who was sitting on the edge of the rocks, throws him headlong into the sea, and leaps into it himself. Telemachus, stunned with the violence of the fall, drank in the briny waves, and became the sport of the billows; but com-

ing to himself. and seeing Mentor holding out his hand to assist him in swimming, he thought only of getting away from the fatal island.

The nymphs, who thought them their prisoners, screamed in a terrible manner, seeing that they could not prevent their flight. The disconsolate Calypso returned to her grotto, which she filled with her shriekings. Cupid finding his triumph changed into a shameful defeat, sprung into the air, shook his wings, and flew to the Idalian grove, where his cruel mother was waiting for him. The son, still more cruel, comforted himself only by laughing together with her at all the mischiefs he had done.

Telemachus perceived with pleasure that the farther he got from the island, the more his courage and his love of virtue revived, Now I experience, cried he to Mentor, what you told me and what I could not believe for want of experience, that vice is conquered only by flight. O my father, how gracious were the gods in giving me your assistance ! I deserved to have been deprived of it, and to have been left to myself. I now fear neither seas, nor winds, nor tempests ; I fear nothing but my passions : Love alone is more to be dreaded than a thousand shipwrecks.

*End of the Seventh Book.*

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the E I G H T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Adoam the brother of Narbal, commands the Tyrian ship, wherein Telemachus and Mentor are kindly received. The captain, knowing Telemachus again, informs him of the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and of Baleazer's advancement to the throne, whom the tyrant his father had disgraced at Astarbe's instigation. During a repast which he gives Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas by the melody of his voice and lyre draws the Tritons, the Nereids, and the other sea-deities around the ship. Mentor taking a lyre, plays upon it much better than Achitoas. Adoam afterwards relates the wonders of Betica, and describes the mildness of the air, and the other beauties of that country, whose inhabitants lead a quiet life with great simplicity of manners.*



**T**HE ship which was at anchor, and towards which they advance was a Tyrian bark that was bound to Epirus. These Phœnicians had seen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt, but did not know him again in the midst of the waves. When Mentor was near enough to be heard, he cried out with a loud voice, raising his head above the water, O Phœnicians, you who are so ready to succour all nations, refuse not life to two men who hope it from your humanity. If you have any reverence of the gods, receive us into you vessel; we will go wherever you go. The commander answered, We will gladly receive you; we are not ignorant of what we ought to do for strangers who seem in such distress. Upon this they were immediately taken into the ship.

They were scarcely on board, but they were unable to breath, and motionless; for they had swam a long while, and struggled hard with the billows. By little and little they recovered their strength, and other clothes were given them, because their own were heavy with the water which had soaked into and poured from every part of them. When they were in a condition to speak, all the Phœnicians crouding about them, desired to know their adventures, The commander said, How did you get into the island from whence you came? It is reported to be possessed by a cruel goddess who never suffers any body to land in it. Besides, it is surrounded by a frightful rocks, against which the sea vainly spends its rage, and none

can approach it without being wrecked.

Mentor answered, We were driven upon it; we are Greeks; our country is the island of Ithaca, which is near Epirus whither you are bound. If you are unwilling to touch at Ithaca, which is in your way, we shall be contented to be carried to Epirus, where we shall find friends who will take care to supply us with conveniences for the short passage we shall have from thence, and we shall for ever be obliged to you for the joy of seeing what is dearest to us in the world.

Thus was it Mentor who spoke now, and Telemachus was silent, and suffered him to speak; for the errors he had committed in the island of Calypso, had greatly encreased his prudence. He was diffident of himself; he perceived the necessity of always following the wise counsels of Mentor; and when he could not speak to him to ask his advice, he at last consulted his eyes, and endeavoured to guess at his thoughts.

The Phœnician captain fixing his eyes on Telemachus, fancied that he had seen him before; but he could not recollect when or where. Give me leave, said he to ask you whether you remember that you have ever seen me before, for I, methinks, remember that I have seen you; your face is not unknown to me, it struck me at first sight; but I know not where I have seen you: your memory perhaps may help mine.

Telemachus answered with a surprise and joy I am in the same circumstances at the sight of

you as you are with regard to me : I have seen you I know you again ; but I cannot call to mind whether it was in Egypt or at Tyre. Here-upon the Phœnician, like a man who awakes in the morning, and recollects by little and little the fugitive dream which vanished at his walking, cried out on a sudden, You are Telemachus with whom Narbal contracted a friendship in our return from Egypt ; I am his brother, whom he undoubtedly often mentioned to you ; I left you with him after your expedition to Egypt ; being obliged to go beyond the remotest seas into the famous Betica, near the pillars of Hercules. As I did therefore but just see you, it is no wonder that I had so much difficulty in knowing you again at first sight.

I plainly see, replied Telemachus, that you are Adoam. I had but a glimpse of you then, but I became acquainted with you by the conversation of Narbal. O how I rejoice at this opportunity of hearing news by you of a man whom will ever be so dear to me ! Is he still at Tyre ? Does he meet with no cruel treatment from the suspicious and barbarous Pygmalion ? Adoam interrupting him, said, know, Telemachus, that fortune comits you to one who will take all imaginable care of you ; I will carry you back to the island of Ithaca before I go to Epirus, and Narbals brother shall not have a less friendship for you than Narbal himself. This said, he observed that the wind which he waited for, began to blow ; he ordered the anchors to be weighed, the sails to be

spread, and the sea to be cleft by their oars. He then took Telemachus and Mentor aside, to discourse with them alone.

I will, said he, looking upon Telemachus, satisfy your curiosity. Pygmalion is no more; the just gods have delivered the world from him. As he trusted no body, so no body could trust him. The good satisfied themselves with bewailing their miseries and with flying from his cruelties, without being able to resolve to do him any hurt; the wicked thought they could not secure their own lives but by putting an end to his. There was not a Tyrian who was not daily in dangers of being the object of his jealousy. His guards themselves were more exposed than others; for as his life was in their hands, he feared them more than all the rest of men, and would on the least suspicion sacrifice them to his safety. Thus did his endeavours to render himself safe, undermine his safety. Those who had the care of his life were in continual danger by his surmises, and could not extricate themselves from so terrible a situation, but by preventing the tyrant's cruel suspicions by his death.

The impious Astarbe of whom you have so often heard, was the first who resolved on the king's destruction. She was passionately in love with a rich Tyrian youth, whose name was Joazar, and hoped to place him on the throne. To succeed in this design she persuaded the king, that Phadael, the elder of his two sons, was impatient to succeed his father, and had conspired against him; she suborned false witnesses

to prove the conspiracy, and the unhappy king put his innocent son to death. The second son whose name was Baleazar, was sent to Samos, under a pretence of learning the manners and sciences of Greece; but in reality because Astarbe had suggested to the king that it was necessary to send him away, that he might not enter into a correspondence with the malecontents. He was hardly sailed, when those who had the command of the ship, being corrupted by this cruel woman, took their measures to be wrecked in the night, and saved themselves by swimming to some foreign barks that were waiting for them, having thrown the young prince into the sea.

Mean while Astarbe's amours were known to every body but Pygmalion, who fancied that she would never love any one but him. Such an entire confidence did that mistrustful prince repose in that wicked woman, and so excessively was he blinded by his passion for her, his avarice at the same time prompted him to seek pretences to put Joazar to death, with whom Astarbe was so passionately in love; all his thoughts were bent on seizing the riches of this young man.

But whilst Pygmalion was a prey to suspicion love and avarice, Astarbe was hastening to take away his life. She apprehended perhaps that he had discovered something of her infamous intrigues with this youth. Besides, she knew that avarice alone would be sufficient to induce the king to commit an act of cruelty with regard to Joazar, and concluded that she had not a



moment to lose to prevent him. She saw the chief officers of the court ready to dip their hands in the king's blood, and daily heard of some new conspiracy; but she was afraid to entrust her designs with any one who might betray her. At last, she concluded that it was safest to poison Pygmalion.

He used most commonly to eat in private with her, and cooked himself all that he eat, not daring to trust any hands but his own. He shut himself up in the most retired part of his palace, the better to conceal his suspicions, and not to be observed when he was dressing his victuals. He apprehended all delicacies, nor could he prevail upon himself to taste any thing which he knew not how to dress himself. Not only all sorts of ragouts therefore which are prepared by cooks, but even wine, bread, salt, oil, milk, and all the common aliments were not for his use. He eat only the fruits which he gathered in his garden, or the pulse which he had sowed and cooked himself. And lastly, he never drank any water but what he drew himself out of a fountain, which was locked up in an apartment of his palace, and of which he always kept the key. Though he seemed to have so much confidence in Astarbe, yet he did not fail to take precautions against her; he always obliged her to eat and drink before him of every thing of which his repast was to consist, that he might not be poisoned without her, and that she might have no hopes of surviving him. But she took an antidote, with which an old woman, still more wicked than herself, and

the confident of her amours, had furnished her; after which she was no longer afraid to poison the king, and she did it in this manner.

The moment they were about to begin their repast, the old woman I have mentioned, made a noise all of a sudden at one of the doors. The king, who continually fancied that he was going to be murdered, is alarmed and runs to the door to see if it was well secured. The old woman retires; the king is confounded, not knowing what to think of the noise he had heard, but afraid however to open the door to see what was the matter. Astarbe encourages him, caresses him and urges him to eat; she had put poison into his golden cup, whilst he was gone to the door. Pygmalion, according to his custom, made her drink first, which she did without any apprehension, relying on her antidote. Pygmalion drank also, and soon after fell into a swoon. Astarbe, who knew that he was capable of killing her on the least suspicion, began to rend her clothes, to tear off her hair, and to make bitter lamentations; she embraced the dying king; she held him locked in her arms, and bedewed him with a flood of tears; for this artful woman always had tears at her command. At last, seeing that the king's strength was exhausted, and that he was as it were in the agonies of death, and being afraid that he should recover and cause her to die with him, she passed from caresses and the tenderest marks of friendship to the most horrible fury; she rushed upon him and strangled him. She afterwards tore the royal signet from his finger,

took the diadem from his head, and called in Joazar to whom she gave them both ; imagining that all those who had been attached to her, would espouse the interests of her passion, and that her lover would be proclaimed king. But those who had been most assiduous to please her, were grovelling mercenary souls, who were incapable of a sincere affection. Besides, they wanted courage, and were afraid of the enemies which Astarbe had drawn on herself ; they were still more afraid of the haughtiness, dissimulation and cruelty of this impious woman, and every one for his own security wished for her destruction.

Mean while the whole palace is filled with a fearful tumult, and on all sides are heard cries of, The king is dead. Some are terrified, others run to arms, and all seem in pain for the consequences, but overjoyed at the news. Fame carries it from mouth to mouth throughout all the great city of Tyre, and there is not a single person who laments the king ; his death is the deliverance and consolation of all his subjects.

Narbal, struck with so horrid a deed, bewailed like an honest man the wretched fate of Pygmalion, who had betrayed himself by his confidence in the impious Astarbe, and had chosen rather to be a monstrous tyrant, than to be, what a king ought to be, the father of his people. He applied his thoughts to the good of the state, and immediately assembled all men of probity to oppose Astarbe, under whom they would have seen a yet crueller reign than that which they now saw at an end.

Narbal knew that Baleazar was not drowned when he was thrown into the sea. They who assured Astarbe that he was dead, spoke as they thought; but favoured by the night, he escaped by swimming, and certain merchants of Crete, moved with compassion, took him into their ship. He durst not return into his father's kingdom, suspecting that the wreck was a thing concerted for his destruction, and dreading Pygmalion's cruel jealousy as much as Astarbe's artifices. He remained a long while wandering up and down in disguise, on the sea-coast of Syria, where the Cretan merchants left him, and was even obliged to tend a flock to get his bread. At last he found means to let Narbal know the condition he was in, not doubting but that he might safely entrust his secret and his life with one of so tried a virtue. Narbal, though he was ill-treated by the father, loved the son, and was watchful of his interest; but he took care of it only to hinder him from ever failing in his duty to his father, and he prevailed on him to bear his ill fortune with patience.

Baleazar had written thus to Narbal: If you think I may venture to come to you, send me a gold ring, and I shall thereby immediately conclude that it is time for me to set out for Tyre. Narbal did not think proper to send for Baleazar while Pygmalion was alive; he would thereby have hazarded the prince's life and his own, so difficult was it to be secure against the rigorous inquisitions of Pygmalion. But as soon as that unhappy king had suffered a fate suitable to his crimes, Narbal sent the

gold ring to Baleazar. The latter set out immediately, and arrived at the gates of Tyre, when the whole city was in confusion about Pygmalion's successor. He was readily acknowledged by the principal Tyrians and all the people; for they loved him, not out of any affection for the late king his father, who was universally hated, but on account of his own moderation and the sweetness of his temper. And then his long sufferings gave him a kind of lustre which brightened all his good qualities, and moved all the Tyrians in his favour.

Narbal convened the chief of the people, the old men who compose the council, and the priests of the great goddess of Phœnicia, who all saluted Baleazar as their king, and ordered him to be proclaimed by the heralds. The people answered by a thousand shouts of acclaim, which Astarbe heard from the retired part of the palace, where she was locked up with her base and infamous Joazar. All the profligate wretches she had employed during Pygmalion's life, had forsaken her; for the wicked mistrust and are afraid of the wicked, and do not desire to see them in power, well knowing how persons like themselves will abuse it, and how great their oppression will be. But they are more easily reconciled to the good, because they hope to find them at least moderate and indulgent. Astarbe had none left about her but such as were accessory to her most atrocious crimes, and could expect nothing but punishment.

The palace was forced open; those wretches



not daring to make a long resistance, nor thinking of ought but flight. Astarbe, disguised like a slave endeavoured to make her escape; but a foldier knowing her, she was taken, and with great difficulty saved from being torn in pieces by the enraged populace, who were dragging her along in the dirt, when Narbal rescued her out of their hands. Upon this she begged to speak to Baleazar, hoping to dazzle him with her charms, and to make him believe that she could let him into secrets of importance. Baleazar could not refuse to hear her. At first she discovered besides her beauty such sweetness and modesty as were capable of touching the most irritated heart. She flattered the prince by the most delicate and insinuating praises; she represented to him how greatly Pygmalion had loved her; she conjured him by his father's ashes to pity her; she invoked the gods as if she had sincerely adored them; she shed floods of tears, and threw herself at the new king's feet. But she afterwards used all her arts to render his best-affected servants suspected and odious to him. She accused Narbal of having entered into a conspiracy against Pygmalion, and of having tampered with the people to make himself king to Baleazar's prejudice; adding that he designed to poison this young prince. She invented the like calumnies of all other Tyrians who were lovers of virtue, and hoped to find in Baleazar's heart the same diffidence and suspicions which she had seen in that of the king his father. But Baleazar, unable longer to endure her black

malice, interrupted her, and called for a guard. She was conveyed to prison, and the wisest old men were commissioned to enquire into all her actions.

They discovered with horror that she had poisoned and strangled Pygmalion; the whole course of her life seemed to be a chain of monstrous crimes; and they were going to sentence her to be burnt in a slow fire, a punishment which is appointed for the greatest offences in *Pœnicia*. But when she perceived that she had no hopes left, she became like a fury broke loose from hell, and swallowed poison, which she always carried about her to end her life, in case she should be doomed to suffer lingering tortures. Her guards perceived that she was in a violent agony, and endeavoured to comfort her; but she answered them only by signs, that she desired none of their comfort. She was put in mind of the righteous gods whom she had offended; but instead of shewing the confusion and repentance due to her guilt, she lifted up her eyes to heaven with contempt and arrogance, as it were to insult the gods.

Rage and impiety were stamped on her dying visage; one saw no remains of that beauty which had been so fatal to so many men; all her charms were faded; her deadened eyes rolled in her head, and cast forth wild and savage glances; convulsions shook her lips, and kept her mouth gaping horribly wide; her shrunk and shrivelled face made hideous grimaces; a livid paleness and deadly cold had seized on all her limbs. Sometimes she seemed to recover

her strength and spirits, but it was only to spend them in howling. At last she expired, leaving all who beheld her full of affright and horror. Her impious soul undoubtedly descended to those regions of sorrow, where the cruel Daniads are eternally drawing water in leaky vessels; where Ixion for ever turns his wheel; where Tantalus burning with thirst, cannot taste the stream which flies from his lips; where Sisyphus in vain up-rolls an ever-falling stone; and where Tityus will eternally feel the gnawing vulture in his ever-growing bowels.

Baleazar being rid of this monster, returned the gods thanks by innumerable sacrifices. He has begun his reign by a conduct directly opposite to Pygmalion's; he applies himself to the reviving of commerce, which daily languished more and more; he follows Narbals counsels in his most momentous affairs, and yet is not governed by him; he insists upon seeing every thing with his own eyes. He hears all the different advices which are given him, and pursues that which seems to him the best. He is beloved of the people, and in possessing their hearts, he possesses greater treasures than his father amassed by his cruel avarice; for there is no family which would not give him their all, were he in any pressing necessity: What he leaves them therefore is more his own than if he took it from them. He has no need to take any precautions with regard to the security of his life; for he is always surrounded by the surest of guards, the love of his people. There is not one of them who does not fear to lose

him, and would not hazard his own life to preserve that of so good a king. He is happy, and all his subjects are happy also; he is fearful of overburdening them, and they of not offering him a sufficient portion of their substance. He suffers them to abound, and their abundance renders them neither intractable nor insolvent; for they are laborious, addicted to trade, and stedfast in preserving the purity of the antient laws. Phœnicia is risen again to her high pitch of grandeur and glory, and it is to her young king that she is indebted for so much prosperity. Narbal governs under him. O Telemachus! were he to see you now, with what joy would he load you with presents! What a pleasure would it be to him to send you back in a magnificent manner to your own country! And how happy am I in doing what he would rejoice to do, in going to the island of Ithaca to place the son of Ulysses on the throne, that he may reign there as wisely as Baleazar reigns at Tyre!

When Adoam had spoken thus, Telemachus, charmed with the history which the Phœnician had recited, and still more so with the marks of friendship which he received from him in his distress, embraced him with great tenderness. Adoam then asked him by what accident he had entered Calypso's island. Telemachus in his turn related his departure from Tyre; his passage to the isle of Cyprus; the manner of his finding Mentor again; their voyage to Crete the public games for the election of a king after Idomeneus's flight; the resentment of Venus

their shipwreck ; the pleasure with which Calypso received them ; this goddess's jealousy of one of her nymphs, and how Mentor threw him into the sea, as soon as he descried the Phœnician ship.

After these relations. Adoam ordered a magnificent repast, and to express the greater joy, united all the pleasures which were to be had. During the repast, which was brought in by young Phœnicians, clad in white, with garlands of flowers on their heads, the most exquisite perfumes of the east were burnt ; and all the rowers benches were crouded with players on flutes, whom Achitoas interrupted from time to time by the sweet harmony of his voice and lyre, which were worthy of being heard at the table of the gods, and of ravishing the ears of Apollo, himself. The Tritons, the Nereids, all the deities which are subject to Neptune, and the sea monsters themselves, allured by this divine melody, issued from their deep and humid grottoes, and swam in shoals around the ship. A company of Phœnician boys of an uncommon beauty, clad in fine linen that was whiter than snow, danced a long while the dances of their own country, then those of Egypt, and lastly those of Greece. Trumpets from time to time made the waves resound to distant shores. The silence of the night, the calmness of the sea, the trembling light of the moon that danced on the surface of the waters, and the dusky azure of the sky bespangled with glittering stars, served to heighten the beauty of the scene.

Telemachus being of a lively temper and easi-



ly affected, relished all these pleasures, but he was afraid to give a loose to his inclinations. Since he had so shamefully experienced, he was in the isle of Calypso how apt youth is to be influenced, he was apprehensive even of the most innocent pleasures, and suspected every thing. He looked on Mentor, to learn from his face and eyes what he ought to think of all these diversions.

Mentor was very glad to find him in this perplexity, and seemed to take no notice of it. At last being moved with Telemachus's moderation he said to him with a smile, I know what you are afraid of, and I commend you for your fear; but you should not carry it too far. No body is more willing than I that you should taste of pleasures, provided they are pleasures that do not take too firm a hold of you, nor enervate you. Pleasures which refresh you, and which you may enjoy and yet continue to be master of yourself, are necessary; but not pleasures which run away with you. I would recommend calm and moderate pleasures, which do not deprive you of your reason, nor ever degrade you into a furious brute. It is now seasonable to unbend after all your toils. Be complaisant to Adoam, and taste the pleasures which he offers you. Be merry, Telemachus, be merry. Wisdom has nothing of austerity: it is she that bestows substantial pleasures; she alone knows to season and to make them pure and lasting; she knows to mix pastime and mirth with grave and serious affairs; she prepares pleasure by fatigue, unbends from fatigue by pleasure. Wisdom

is not ashamed of being gay when it is needful to be so.

This said, Mentor took a lyre, and played on it with so much art, that Achitoas let his fall through envy and vexation. His eyes flamed, his troubled visage changed its colour, and every body would have observed his shame and confusion, had not Mentor's lyre ravished the souls of all who were present. They hardly dared to breathe lest they should break the silence, and lose something of the heavenly song; they were all the while afraid that it would end too soon. Mentor's voice had no effeminate softness; but it was various, strong, and humoured even the minutest things.

He first sang the praises of Jupiter, the father and king of gods and men, who shakes the universe with his nod. Then he represented Minerva issuing out of his head, that is, wisdom of which this god is the source, and which flows from him for the instruction of those who are willing to learn. Mentor sung these truths with so affecting a voice, and with such devotion, that the whole assembly thought themselves transported to the highest Olympus and in the presence of Jupiter, whose looks are more piercing than his thunder. Afterwards he sung the fate of the youth Narcissus, who falling desperately in love with his own beauty, which he was continually viewing on the margin of a fountain, pined away with grief, and was changed into the flower which bears his name. And lastly, he sung the tragical death of the lovely Adonis, whom a wild boar tore in pieces, and

the enamoured Venus could not revive by all her bitter complaints to heaven.

None who heard him could retain their tears, and every one felt I know not what of pleasure in weeping. When he had done singing, the Phœnicians looked on each other with astonishment. One said, This is Orpheus; it was thus that he tamed the savage beasts with his lyre, and removed the woods and the rocks; it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, that he suspended the torments of Ixion and the Danaids, and moved the inexorable Pluto, to permit him to bring the fair Euridice from hell. Another cried, No, it is Linus the son of Apollo. You are mistaken, replied a third, it is Apollo himself. Telemachus was not less surprised than the rest; for he did not know that Mentor could sing and play on the lyre in so exquisite a manner. Achitoas having had leisure to hide his jealousy, began to praise Mentor; but he blushed as he praised him, and could not go through with his speech. Mentor observing his confusion, took the word as it were with a design to put a stop to his encomiums, and endeavoured to make him easy by giving him all the commendations he deserved. Achitoas however was disconsolate; for he perceived that Mentor excelled him still more by his modesty, than by the charms of his voice.

Mean-time Telemachus said to Adoam, I remember that you mentioned a voyage you made to Betica, after we left Egypt. Now Betica is a country of which so many wonders are told, that one can hardly believe them. Please to tell

me if all that is reported of it be true. I shall with pleasure, said Adoam, give you a description of this famous country, which is worthy of your curiosity, and surpasses all that fame relates of it. Whereupon he began thus.

The river Betis glides through a fertile country, and under a temperate and ever-serene sky. The country took its name from this river, which falls into the grand ocean near the pillars of Hercules, and the place where the raging sea, breaking down its mounds, formerly separated the territories of Tarsis from those of Great Africa. This country seems to have preserved the pleasures of the golden age. The winters are mild, the bleak north-winds never blow there, and the heat of summer is always tempered by refreshing Zephirs, which cool the air towards the middle of the day. Thus the whole year is an happy union of the spring and the autumn, which seem to shake hands together. The soil in the vallies and the plains yields two harvests in a year. The high-ways are bordered with lawrels, pomgranates, jessamins, and other trees, which are always green and always in bloom. The mountains are covered with flocks which yield a fine wool that is sought after by all the known nations of the world. There are several gold and silver mines in this beautiful country; but the inhabitants, plain and happy in their plainness, do not even deign to reckon gold and silver among their riches; they esteem nothing but what really subserves the wants of man.

When we first began to trade with these peo-

ple, we found gold and silver applied amongst them to the same uses as iron, as in plough-shares for instance. As they had no foreign trade, they had no occasion for money. They are almost all shepherds or husbandmen. There are but few artificers in this country, for they tolerate no arts but those which subserve the real necessities of man. But though most of the men are addicted to agriculture and the tendance of their flocks, yet they neglect not the exercise of such arts as are necessary to their plain and frugal way of life.

The women spin this wool, and make it into a fine and wonderfully white cloth; they make the bread, and dress the victuals, which is but little trouble; for they eat only fruits, or milk, and now and then a little flesh. The skins of their sheep they use in making a thin sort of covering for their legs and feet, and for those of their husbands and children. They build tents, some of waxed hides, and others of the bark of trees; they make and wash all the clothes of the family, and keep their houses in order and wonderfully neat. Their clothes are easily made; for in this mild climate they wear only a single piece of fine light cloth, which is not cut at all, and which every one, for the sake of decency, wraps in large folds about his body, giving it what form he pleases.

The men exercise no arts, besides the culture of their lands and the tendance of their flocks, but that in working in wood and in iron; And indeed they seldom use iron, except for the tools which are necessary for tillage. All the



arts which relate to architecture are useless to them, for they never build houses. It is, say they, being too much attached to this world, to erect a mansion in it, which is more lasting than we; a shelter from the injuries of the weather is sufficient. As for all the other arts which are esteemed among the Greeks, Egyptians and all other civilized nations, they detest them as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

When they are told of nations who have the art of erecting stately edifices, and of making gold and silver furniture, stuffs adorned with embroidery and precious stones, exquisite perfumes, delicate dishes, and instruments whose harmony is transporting; they answer in these words, Those nations are very unhappy in having employed so much pains and industry to corrupt themselves. Those unnecessary things enervate, intoxicate, and plague those who possess them, and tempt those who are destitute of them, to endeavour to acquire them by injustice and violence. And can one call a good, a superfluity which serves only to make men evil? Are the inhabitants of those countries more healthful and more robust than we? Do they live longer? Do they agree better among themselves? Do they live a more free, a more quiet, a more chearful life? On the contrary, they must needs be jealous of each other, they must feel the gnawings of black and shameful envy, they must be always tortured by ambition, by fear, by avarice, and be incapable of pure and simple pleasures, since they are the

slaves of so imaginary wants, on which they make all their happiness depend.

It is thus, continued Adoam, that these wise people reason, who have learnt wisdom only by the study of simple nature. They abhor our politeness, and it must be owned that theirs is great in their amiable simplicity. They live all together without dividing their lands; every family is governed by its head, who is indeed its king. The father has a right to punish his children and grand-children, who commits any evil action; but before he punishes them, he consults the rest of the family. These punishments hardly ever happen; for innocence of manners, sincerity, obedience and an horror of vice inhabit this happy region. It seems as if *Astrea*, who is said to have taken her to heaven, were still concealed among these people here below. There is no need of judges among them; for their own conscience is their judge. All their goods are in common; the fruits of the trees, the product of the earth, and the milk of their flocks and herds are such abundant riches, that so sober and abstemious a people have no occasion to divide them. Each family, wandering up and down in this beautiful country, removes its tents from one place to another, when it has consumed the fruits and ate up the pastures of that where it was settled. They have therefore no private interests to maintain among themselves, and they love each other with a brotherly love which nothing interrupts. It is their abriging themselves of vain riches and chimerical pleasures, which pre-

serves this peace, union and liberty. They are all free, and all equal. There is no distinction among them, but what is derived from the experience of the wise old men, or the extraordinary wisdom of some young men, who equal the consummate virtue of the seniors. The cruel and pestilent voice of fraud, violence, perjury, law and war is never heard in a country so dear to the gods. Never did this climate blush with human blood: nay, that of lambs is hardly ever shed there. When they are told of the bloody battles, the rapid conquests, and revolutions which happen in other nations, they are at a loss to express their astonishment. What! say they, do not men die fast enough, without destroying each other? How short their span of life! and yet one would think that it seems too long to them. Are they sent into the world to tear each other in pieces, and to make themselves mutually wretched?

To conclude, the Beticians cannot conceive why conquerors who subdue vast empires, are so much admired. What madness is it, say they, to place one's happiness in governing other men, since it is so painful an office, if it be discharged with wisdom and justice! But why should one take a pleasure in governing them whether they will or no! All a wise man can do, is to submit to govern a willing people whom the gods have committed to his care, or a people who entreat him to be as it were their father and their shepherd. But to govern a people against their will, is to make one's self very miserable for the sake of the false honour

of making them slaves. A conqueror is one whom the gods, incensed against mankind, have sent into the world in their wrath, to ravage kingdoms, to spread every where terror, misery and despair, and to make as many slaves as there are free men. Does not a man who seeks for glory, abundantly find it, in wisely governing those whom the gods have subjected to his power? Does he think that he cannot merit praise but by being violent, unjust, haughty, an usurper and tyrannical to all his neighbours? He should never think of war, but to defend his liberty. Happy he, who not being the slave of another, has not the mad ambition of making another his slave! The mighty conquerors, who are represented to us in such glorious colours, resemble overflowing rivers, which though they seem majestic, ravage all the fruitful fields which they ought only to water.

After Adoam had drawn this picture of Betica, Telemachus, who was charmed with it, asked him several curious questions. Pray do these people drink wine, said he? They are so far from drinking it, replied Adoam, that they never make any. Not that they want grapes: no country yields more delicious: but they content themselves with eating them like other fruits, and dread wine as the corrupter of mankind. It is a kind of poison, say they, which inspires madness; it does not indeed kill a man, but it degrades him into a brute. Men may preserve their health and strength without wine, and with it they run the risk of ruining both their health and their morals.

Telemachus then said, I should be glad to know their laws relating to marriage. A man, replied Adoam, can have but one wife, and he is obliged to keep her as long as she lives. The honour of the men in this country depends as much on their fidelity to their wives, as the honour of women in others on their fidelity to their husbands. Never were people so virtuous, nor so jealous of their chastity. The women are beautiful and engaging; but plain, modest and laborious. Their marriages are peaceful, fertile and unspotted. The husband and the wife seem to have but one soul in two different bodies, and they divide all their domestic cares between them. The husband manages all affairs abroad, and the wife confines herself to those of the house. She comforts her husband, she seems born only to please him; she wins his confidence; she charms him less by her beauty than her virtue, and the pleasure they take in each other's company lasts as long as they live. The sobriety of this people, their temperance and purity of manners procure them a long life, and exempt them from diseases. There are amongst them men of an hundred and of an hundred and twenty years old, who are still sprightly and vigorous.

I still want to know, added Telemachus, what they do to avoid wars with their neighbours. Nature, said Adoam, has separated them from other nations, on one hand by the sea, and on the other, towards the north, by high mountains. Besides, their neighbours respect them for their virtue. Other nations not



being able to agree together, have often made them the umpires of their differences, and pledged in their hands the lands and cities which were in dispute between them. As this wise people never committed any violence, no body is mistrustful of them. They smile, when they hear of kings who cannot settle the limits of their dominions among themselves. Are they afraid, say they, that the earth will not suffice mankind? There will always be more lands than they can cultivate. Whilst there are free and untill'd tracts, we would not defend even our own against neighbours who would seize upon them. There is no such thing in any of the inhabitants of Betica as pride, haughtiness, treachery, or a desire of extending their dominion. As their neighbours therefore have nothing to fear from such a people, nor any hopes of making themselves feared by them, they suffer them to be quiet. The Beticans would forsake their country, or chuse to die, rather than submit to servitude. It is therefore as difficult to subdue them, as they are incapable of desiring to subdue others. This is the cause of the profound peace between them and their neighbours.

Adoan concluded his account by relating in what manner the Phœnicians carried on their trade in Betica. These people, said he, were surpris'd when they saw that strangers came so far through the waves of the sea; they suffered us to build a city in the isle of Gades; they received us kindly among themselves. and gave us a part of all that they had, without

permitting us to pay for it. They offered likewise freely to give us all that remained of their wool, after they had made a provision for their own use : And indeed they sent us a rich present of it ; it is a pleasure to them to bestow their superfluity on strangers.

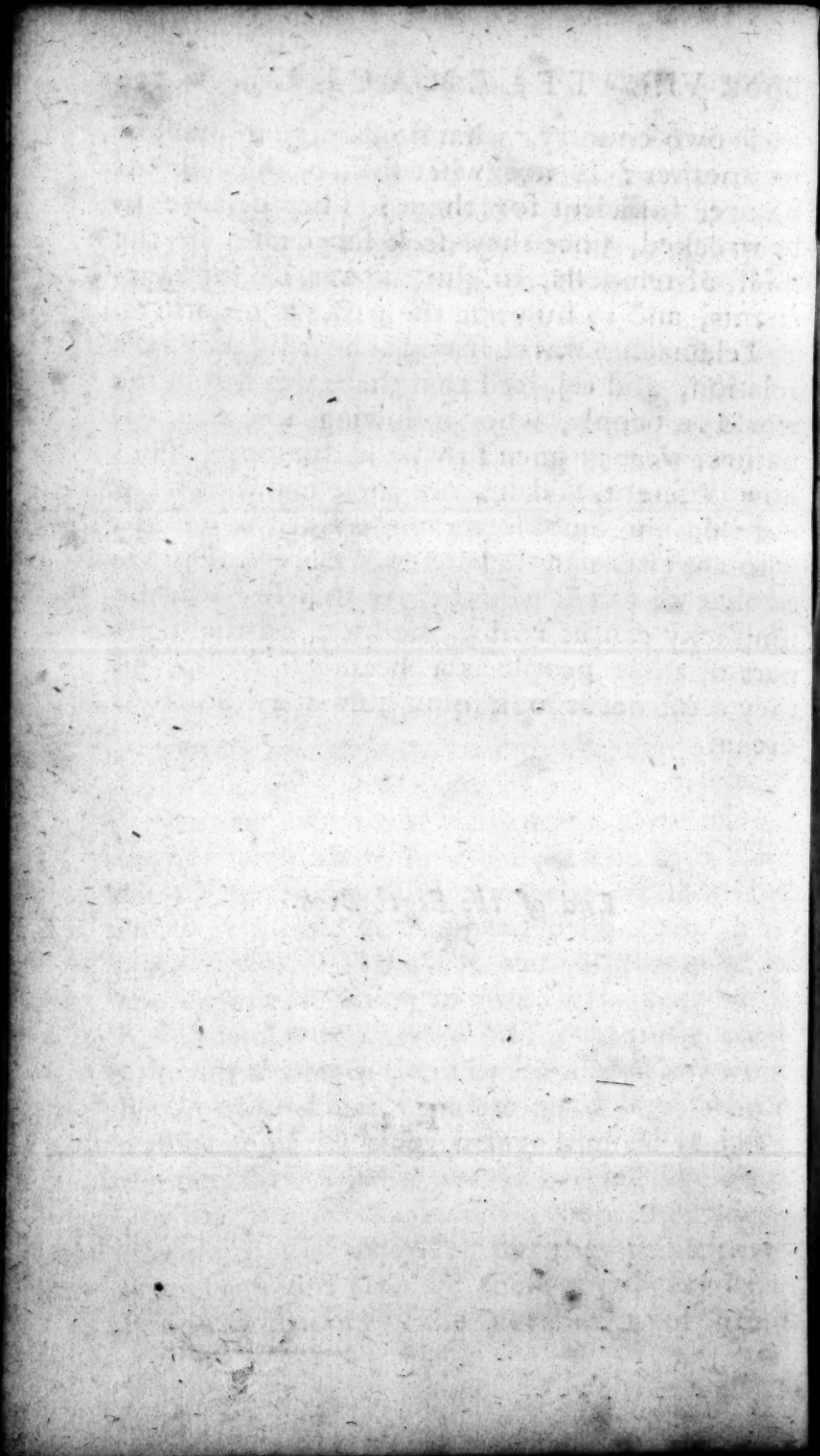
As for their mines, they abandoned them to us without any difficulty : they were useless to them. Men they thought, were not over-wise in seeking with so much labour in the bowels of the earth, for what cannot make them happy, nor satisfy any real want. Dig not, said they to us, so deep into the earth ; be contented with ploughing it, and it will yield you the substantial blessings of food ; you will reap fruits from it which are of greater worth than silver and gold, since men desire silver and gold only to purchase aliments which are the support of life.

We frequently offered to teach them navigation, and to carry their young men into Phœnicia ; but they would never consent that their children should be taught to live like us. They would learn, said they, to want all things which are become necessary to you ; nay, they would have them, for they would relinquish virtue in order to obtain them by fraud. They would become like a man that has good legs, who by a disguise of walking, brings himself at last to the necessity of being always carried like a person that is sick. As for navigation, they admire the industry of that art ; but they think that it is a pernicious art. If these men, say they, have a sufficiency of the necessities of life in

their own country, what do they go in quest of to another? Is not what suffices the calls of nature, sufficient for them? They deserve to be wrecked, since they seek for death in the midst of tempests, to glut the avarice of merchants, and to humour the passions of others.

Telemachus was charmed at hearing Adoam's relation, and rejoiced that there was still in the world a people, who following uncorrupted nature, were at once so wise and happy. Oh! how different, said he, are these manners from the vain and ambitious manners of the nations who are esteemed the wisest! We are so depraved that we can hardly believe that so natural a simplicity can be real. We look on the manners of these people as a beautiful fable, and they must needs look upon ours as a monstrous dream.

*End of the Eighth Book.*



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS,  
The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the NINTH.

The ARGUMENT.

*Venus, still incens'd against Telemachus, begs his destruction of Jupiter; but Destiny not permitting him to perish, the goddess to concert with Neptune the means to drive him from Ithaca, whither Adoam was carrying him. They employed a deceitful deity to impose upon the pilot Athamas, who thinking that he was arrived at Ithaca, enters full sail into the port of the Salentines. Idomeneus their new king receives Telemachus into his new city, where he was then preparing a sacrifice to Jupiter for the success of a war against the Mandurians. The priest consulting the entrails of the victims promises Idomeneus all he could hope for, and gives him to understand that he would owe his good fortune to his two new guests.*

WHILE Telemachus and Adoam were thus discoursing together, forgetful of sleep, and not perceiving that the night was already



in the middle of her course, an unfriendly and deceitful deity drove them from Ithaca, which their pilot Athamas sought for in vain. Neptune, though propitious to the Phœnicians, could no longer brook Telemachus's escape from the tempest, which had thrown him on the rocks of Calypso's island. Venus was still more provoked to see the youth triumphing after his victory over Love and all his charms. In a transport of grief she quitted Cythera, Paphos, Idalia, and all the honours which are paid her in the isle of Cyprus. She could no longer stay where Telemachus had despised her power. She ascends to bright Olympus, where the gods were assembled around the throne of Jupiter. From hence they behold the stars rolling beneath their feet, and view the ball of earth like a little lump of dirt. The immense seas seem to them but as drops of water, with which this clod is a little diluted. The greatest kingdoms are in their eyes but as a few grains of sand on the surface of this clod. Innumerable nations and the mightiest hosts art like ants quarreling with each other for a blade of grass on this mole-hill. The immortals laugh at the most serious affairs which disquiet feeble mortals, and look upon them only as the sports of children. What men stile greatness, glory, power, deep policy, seems to these supreme deities but misery and weakness.

It is in this abode, so high above the earth, that Jupiter has fixed his immoveable throne. His eyes pierce the deepest abyss, and enlighten all the secret recesses of the heart. His mild

and serene looks diffuse tranquility and joy throughout the universe. On the contrary, when he moves his head, he shakes the heavens and the earth. The gods themselves, dazzled with the rays of glory which surrounds him, tremble as they approach him.

All the celestial deities were at this instant around him. Venus presented herself in all her native charms. Her flowing robe was brighter than all the colours wherewith Iris decks herself amidst the dusky clouds, when she promises affrighted mortals, an end of storms, and proclaims the return of fair weather. It was bound with the famous girdle on which the Graces are represented. The goddess's tresses were tied negligently behind with a ribbon of gold. All the gods were surprised at her beauty, as if they had never seen her before, and their eyes were dazzled with it, as those of mortals are, when Phœbus, after a long night, enlightens them with his rays. They looked on each other with amazement, and their eyes continually returned to Venus. But they perceived that those of the goddess were bathed in tears, and that grief was painted on her face.

Mean while she moves towards the throne of Jupiter with a swift easy pace, like the rapid flight of a bird cleaving the immense spaces of air. He beheld her with complacency, gave her a gracious smile, and rose and embraced her. My dear daughter, said he, what grieves you? I cannot see your tears without concern; be not afraid to disclose your heart to me; you know my fondness and indulgence.

Venus replied with a sweet voice, interrupted by deep sighs, O father of gods and men can you who see all things, be ignorant of the cause of my grief? Menerva is not satisfied with erasing even the very foundation of the stately city of Troy which I protected, and with being revenged on Paris, who preferred my beauty to hers; she conducts through every land and sea the son of Ulysses, that cruel subverter of Troy. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva, which is the cause of her not appearing here in her place with the other deities. She hath led this rash boy to the island of Cyprus to affront me; he has despised my power; he has not so much as deigned to burn incense on my altars; he has expressed an abhorrence of the festivals which are celebrated in my honour; he has shut his heart against all my pleasures. In vain has Neptune, to punish him at my request, irritated the winds and the waves against him. Telemachus, thrown by a dreadful shipwreck on the island of Calypso, has triumphed over Love himself whom I sent into that island, to soften the heart of this young Greek. Neither the youth, nor the charms of Calypso and her nymphs, nor Cupid's burning shafts have been able to defeat the arts of Minerva. She has snatched him from that island; I am confounded; a boy is triumphant over me.

Jupiter, to comfort Venus, said, It is true, my daughter, that Minerva protects the heart of this young Greek against all the arrows of your son, and that she is preparing him a glory which no youth ever deserved. I am sorry that

he has despised your altars, but I cannot subject him to your power. I consent through my love of you, that he shall still wander by land and sea, and that he shall live far from his native country, exposed to all sorts of evils and dangers; but Destiny does not permit him to perish, nor his virtue to yield to the pleasures with which you soothe mankind. Be comforted therefore, my daughter, and content yourself with your dominion over so many other heroes and immortals.

As he spoke these words, he smiled on Venus with the utmost grace and majesty. Rays, as bright as the most piercing lightening, shot from his eyes. As he fondly kissed the goddess, he shed ambrosial odors which perfumed Olympus. Venus could not but be sensible to this salute of the greatest of the gods. Notwithstanding her tears and her grief, joy diffused itself over her face, and she let down her veil to hide the blush on her cheeks, and her confusion. All the assembly of the gods applauded the words of Jupiter: and Venus without losing a moment, went to find Neptune, to concert with him the means of revenging herself on Telemachus.

She related to Neptune, what Jupiter had said to her. I knew before, answered Neptune, the unalterable decree of destiny; but if we cannot destroy Telemachus in the billows, let us at least try all methods to make him miserable, and to retard his return to Ithaca. I cannot consent to wreck the Phœnician ship wherein he is embarked; I love the Phœnicians;

they are my people; no country cultivates my empire like them; to them it is owing that the sea is become the bond of the union of all the nations of the earth; they honour me by continual sacrifices on my altars; they are just, wise and industrious in trade, and every where diffuse riches and plenty. No, goddess, I cannot suffer one of their vessels to be wrecked; but I will cause the pilot to lose his way, and to steer far from Ithaca, whither he designs to go. Venus satisfied with this promise, smiled maliciously; and returned in her flying car to the blooming meadows of Idalia, where the graces, the sports and the smiles express their joy to see her again, dancing around her on the flowers which perfume this enchanting abode.

Neptune immediately dispatched a deceitful deity of the same nature as dreams, save only that dreams do not deceive but during the time of sleep, whereas this deity enchants the senses of those who are awake. This evil god surrounded by an innumerable croud of winged illusions, that hovered around him, came and shed a subtle and enchanted liquor on the eyes of the pilot Athamas, as he was attentively viewing the brightness of the moon, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, whose steep rocks he already discovered near him. The same instant the pilot's eyes no longer saw any thing that was real. A false heaven and a false earth was presented to him. The stars seemed as if they had changed their course, and were rolled back again. All Olympus appeared to move by new



laws, and the earth itself was changed. A false Ithaca perpetually presented itself to the pilot to amuse him, whilst he was steering from the true. The nearer he approached to this illusive image of the coast of the island, the farther this image retired; it perpetually fled before him, and he knew not what to think of its flight. Sometimes he fancied that he had already heard the noise usual in ports, and prepared according to the orders he had received, to land privately in a little island which is near the great one, to conceal Telemachus's return from Penelope's suitors, who had formed a conspiracy against him. Sometimes he was afraid of the rocks, with which this coast of the sea is bordered, and fancied that he heard the terrible roaring of the billows breaking against them. Then all of a sudden he observed that the land seemed still a great way off. The mountains appeared to his eyes at this distance but like little clouds, which sometimes darken the horizon at the setting of the sun. Thus was Athamas astonished, and the impression of the delusive deity which bewitched his eyes, sunk his spirits to a degree which he had never experienced before. He was even tempted to believe that he was not awake, but under the delusion of a dream. Mean-while Neptune commanded the east-wind to blow, to drive the ship on the coast of Hesperia. The wind obeyed with so much violence, that the bark quickly reached the shore which Neptune had appointed.

Already was Aurora ushering in the day, and the stars which dread and are jealous of

the rays of the sun, were going to hide their glimmering fire in the ocean, when the pilot cried out, I can at length no longer doubt it, we almost touch the island of Ithaca; rejoice, Telemachus; you in an hour will see Penelope again, and perhaps find Ulysses re-seated on his throne.

At these words. Telemachus, who was motionless in the arms of sleep, awakes, starts up, goes to the helm and embraces the pilot, and with eyes yet hardly open, surveys attentively the neighbouring coasts, and sighs when he finds not the shores of his native country. Alas! where are we, said he? This is not my dear Ithaca; you are mistaken, Athamas, and not well acquainted with a coast so remote from your own. No, no, replied Athamas, I cannot be mistaken when I view the shores of this island. How many times have I entered your port! I know even its smallest rocks; the coast of Tyre is hardly deeper imprinted on my memory. Observe yon jutting mountain; see that rock which rises like a tower; do you not hear the billows breaking those other rocks, which seem to menace the sea with their fall? But do you not take notice of the temple of Minerva which cleaves the clouds? Lo! there is the castle and house of your father Ulysses. O Athamas! you are mistaken, answered Telemachus; I see on the contrary an high but level coast; I perceive a city which is not Ithaca. Is it thus, ye gods! that you sport with mankind!

Whilst he was speaking these words, the eyes

of Athamas were all of a sudden restored ; the charm was broken ; he saw the coast such as it really was, and acknowledged his error. I own, Telemachus, cried he, that some malicious deity had enchanted my eyes : I thought that I beheld Ithaca, and a perfect image of it was presented to me ; but now it vanishes like a dream. I see another city which is undoubtedly Salentum, that Idomeneus, a fugitive from Crete, has lately founded in Hesperia. I perceive its rising and as yet unfinished walls ; I see a port that is not entirely fortified.

Whilst Athamas was observing the various buildings lately erected in this rising city, and Telemachus was deploring his fate ; the wind which Neptune caused to blow, drove them full sail into a road, where they were under shelter and very near the port.

Mentor who was neither ignorant of Neptune's revenge, nor of the cruel artifice of Venus, only smiled at the mistake of Athamas. When they were in this road, he said to Telemachus, Jupiter tries you, but does not will your destruction : On the contray he only tries you to open the path of glory to you. Remember the labours of Hercules, and let those of your father be before your eyes. Who knows not to suffer, has not a noble soul. You must by your patience and fortitude weary out the cruel fortune, that delights to persecute you. I am less apprehensive for you of the most dreadful frowns of Neptune, than I was of the flattering caresses of the goddess who detained you in her island. What do we wait for ? Let

us enter the port; these people are friends; we arrive among Greeks: Idomeneus, who has been ill used by fortune, will pity the unfortunate. Upon this they entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnician ship was admitted without any difficulty, because the Phœnicians are at peace, and trade with, all nations of the world.

Telemachus beheld this rising city with admiration. As a tender plant, which has been nourished by the sweet dews of the night, and feels in the morning the embellishing rays of the sun, thrives and opens its tender buds, and expands its verdant foliage, and discloses its odorous blossoms with a thousand new colours and displays every moment one views it a fresh lustre; so flourished Idomeneus's new city on the sea-shore: Each day, each hour, it rose with magnificence, and presented strangers, who were afar off on the sea, with new ornaments of architecture which reached even to the heavens. The whole coast rung with the clamours of the workmen, and the strokes of the hammers. Stones were suspended in the air by corded cranes; all the chiefs animated the people to labour, as soon as Aurora dawned; and king Idomeneus, giving orders every where himself, caused the works to advance with incredible speed.

The Phœnician ship was hardly arrived, but the Cretans gave Telemachus and Mentor all the marks of a sincere friendship, and made haste to inform Idomeneus of the arrival of the arrival of the son of Ulysses. The son of Ulyss-

ses, cried he ! of Ulysses that dear friend, that wise hero, by whom we at last subverted the city of Troy ! Conduct him hither, and let me convince him how much I loved his father. Telemachus was immediately presented to him, and claims the rites of hospitality, by telling him his name. Idomeneus answered with a courteous smiling countenance, Though I had not been told who you are, I think that I should have known you. Lo ! there is Ulysses himself. Lo ! his sparkling eyes, and steady looks. Lo his air at first cold and reserved, which concealed so much sprightliness and such numberless graces. I perceive even that delicate smile, that careless action, that sweetness, simplicity and insinuation of speech, which persuaded before one had time to suspect it. Yes, you are the son of Ulysses, but you shall be mine also. O my son ! my dear son ! what adventure brings you to this shore ? Is it to seek your father ? Alas ! I have no tidings of him. We have both been persecuted by fortune ; he has had the misfortune of not being able to find his country again, and I that of finding mine filled with the wrath of the gods against me. While Idomeneus was speaking these words, he looked stedfastly upon Mentor, as one whose face was not unknown to him, but whose name he could not recollect.

Telemachus answered with tears in his eyes. O king ! pardon a sorrow which I cannot conceal at a time when I ought only to express my joy and gratitude for your goodness. By your lamenting the lost Ulysses, you yourself teach



me to feel the misfortunes of not finding my father. I have been long seeking him in every sea ; but the angry gods permit me not to see him again, nor to learn if he be wrecked, nor to return to Ithaca, where Penelope is pining away with the desire of being delivered from her suitors. I thought I should have found you in the island of Crete ; I was there informed of your hard fate, and little imagined that I should ever have come near to Hesperia, where you have founded a new kingdom. But fortune, who sports with mankind, and continues me a vagrant in every land remote from Ithaca, has at length thrown me on your coasts. And of all the wrongs she has done me, this is that which I bear the most willingly. Though she drives me far from my native country, she at least gives me to know the most generous of princes.

At these words Idomeneus tenderly embraced Telemachus, and leading him to his palace, said, Pray, who is this wise senior who accompanies you ? I have methinks seen him before. It is Mentor, replied Telemachus, Mentor the friend of Ulysses, who entrusted him with the care of my infancy. What tongue can express my obligations to him !

Upon this Idomeneus advances and takes Mentor by the hand. We have, said he, seen one another before now. Do you remember the voyage you made to Crete, and the good counsels you gave me ? But the warmth of youth at that time, and an appetite for vain pleasures hurried me away ; it was necessary

for me to be instructed by my misfortunes, to learn what I was unwilling to believe. O wise old man, would to the gods, that I had followed your advice. But I observe with astonishment, that you are hardly at all altered in so many years; you have the same freshness of countenance, the same upright stature, the same vigour; your hair only is a little whitened.

O mighty king, answered Mentor, were I a flatterer, I should tell you also that you still retain the same flower of youth which bloomed on your face before the siege of Troy; but I had rather displease you than wound the truth. Besides, I see by your wise discourse that you do not love flattery, and that one runs no risk in speaking to you with sincerity. You are very much altered; I should hardly have known you again. I plainly perceive the cause; it is your having laid your afflictions to heart. But you have gained by your sufferings, since you have acquired wisdom. A man should not be much concerned at the wrinkles which overspread his face, when his heart is exercised and strengthened in virtue. And then you must know that kings always decay sooner than other men. In adversity, the troubles of the mind and the toils of the body make them grow old before their time; in prosperity, the pleasures of a luxurious life wear them away still faster than all the fatigues of war, for nothing is so unhealthful as immoderate pleasures. Hence it is that princes, both in peace and war, have always pains and pleasures, which bring on old age before its natural season. Whereas a life of sobriety,

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temperance and simplicity, free from disquietudes and passions, regular and laborious, preserves in the limbs of a wise man the sprightly vigour of youth, which without these precautions is always ready to take its flight on the wings of time.

Idomeneus, charmed with Mentor's discourse, would have heard him a long while, had he not been put in mind of a sacrifice which he was to offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor followed him, furrounded by a great croud of people, who gazed at the two strangers with great curiosity and eagerness. The Salentines said one to another, These two men are very different. The young one has something wonderfully lively and amiable; all the charms of youth and beauty are diffused over his face and body; but this beauty has nothing soft and effeminate; With this tender bloom of youth he appears vigorous, robust and hardened to labour. The other, though much older, has lost nothing of his strength. His mein at first sight seems less majestic, and his countenance less graceful; but when one views him near, one finds in his simplicity the marks of wisdom and virtue, with astonishing elevation of soul. When the gods descended to the earth to reveal themselves to mortals, they undoubtedly assumed such forms of strangers and travellers.

Mean time they arrive at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was descended from that god, had adorned with great magnificence. It was furrounded with a double row of green marble pillars. The chapters were silver. The



temple was all incrusted with marble with bas-reliefs, which represented Jupiter's transformation into a bull, the rape of Europa, and her passage to Crete through the waves, which seemed to reverence Jupiter, though he was in a borrowed shape. Afterwards were seen the birth and youthful age of Minos; and then that wise king, more advanced in years, giving laws to all his island to make it flourish for ever. Here also Telemachus observed the principal events of the siege of Troy, in which Idomeneus had acquired the glory of a great captain. Among the representations of the battles, he looked for his father; he found him seizing the horses of Rhesus, whom Diomed had just slain; afterwards disputing with Ajax for the arms of Achilles before an assembly of all the chiefs of the Grecian army; and lastly, issuing from the fatal horse to shed the blood of numberless Trojans.

Telemachus immediately knew him by these famous actions, of which he had often heard, and which Mentor had related to him. The tears flowed from his eyes, his colour changed, and his countenance was disordered. Idomeneus perceived it, though Telemachus turned aside, to conceal his grief. Be not ashamed, said Idomeneus, to let us see how much you are affected with the glory and misfortunes of your father.

Mean time the people assembled in crouds under the vast porticoes, formed by the double rows of pillars which environed the temple. There were two companies of boys and girls singing hymns in praise of the god who holds

the thunder in his hands. These children, who were selected for their extraordinary beauty, had long hair flowing over their shoulders; their heads were crowned with roses and perfumed, and they were all clad in white. Idomeneus offered a sacrifice of an hundred bulls to Jupiter, to render him propitious in a war which he had undertaken against his neighbours. The blood of the victims smoked on all sides, and streamed like rivers into the deep vases of gold and silver.

Old Theophanes, beloved of the gods, and the priest of the temple, kept his head during the sacrifice wrapped up in the lappet of his purple robe. He afterwards consulted the yet-panting entrails of the victims, and then ascending the sacred tripod, Ye gods! cried he, who are these two strangers whom heaven sends hither? But for them, the war we have undertaken would be fatal to us, and Salentum would fall into ruins before its foundations were well finished. I see a young hero whom wisdom leads by the hand; it is not permitted for a mortal mouth to utter more.

As he spoke these words, his looks were mild, and his eyes sparkled; he seemed to gaze on other objects than those which were present before him; his face flamed; he was disordered and beside himself; his hair stood upright, his mouth foamed, his arms were raised and motionless; his loudened voice was more than human; he was out of breath, and could not contain within him the divine spirit which possessed him.

O happy Idomeneus, cried he again ! What do I see ! What evils avoided ! What a sweet peace at home, but abroad what battles ! What victories ! O Telemachus ! thy toils surpass those of thy father ; the proud foe groans in the dust beneath thy sword ; the brazen gates, the inaccessible ramparts fall at thy feet. O mighty goddess, let his father — O young man ! thou at length again shalt see — At these words his speech dies in his mouth, and he remains, as it were in spite of himself, amazingly silent.

All the people are frozen with fear ; Idomeneus trembles, and dares not ask him to make an end of his speech. Telemachus himself is surprised, hardly understands what he hears, and can scarcely believe that he has heard those glorious predictions. Mentor was the only one whom the divine spirit did not terrify. You hear, said he to Idomeneus, the purpose of the gods ; against whatever nation you fight, the victory will be yours, and you will owe to the young son of your friend the success of your arms. Be not jealous of him, but make a right use of what the gods give you by him.

Idomeneus not being yet recovered from his surprise, sought for words in vain ; his tongue continued motionless. Telemachus coming sooner to himself, said to Mentor, The promise of so much glory affects me not ; but, pray, to what can these last words refer ? Thou again shalt see ? To my father, or to Ithaca only ? Why, alas ! did he not proceed ? He has left me more doubtful than I was. O Ulysses ! O my father ! is it you yourself whom

I am to see again? Can it be true? But I flatter myself; cruel oracle! thou delightest to sport with a miserable wretch; one word more, and I had been completely happy.

Mentor said to him, Revere what the gods reveal, and do not attempt to pry into things which they are pleased to hide: rash curiosity deserves to be put to confusion. It is through wisdom and goodness that the gods wrap up the fates of feeble mortals in an impenetrable night. It is useful to foresee what depends on us, that we may perform it well; but it is not less useful to be ignorant of what does not depend on our case, and of what the gods design to do with us.

Telemachus, touched with these words, contained himself, though not without great difficulty. Idomeneus, who was recovered from his surprise, began on his part to give thanks to almighty Jupiter for sending him the young Telemachus and the wise Mentor, to make him victorious over his enemies. After a sumptuous repast, which followed the sacrifice, he thus addressed the two strangers:

I confess that I was not sufficiently versed in the art of government at my return to Crete, after the siege of Troy. You know, my dear friends, the misfortunes which robbed me of my crown in that great island, as you say that you have been there since I departed from it, And yet am I happy, abundantly happy, if my most cruel disasters have instructed and made me wiser. I crossed the seas like a fugitive, pursued by the vengeance of gods and men. All

my former glory served but to make my fall the more ignominious and the more insupportable. I came to shelter my household-gods on this desert coast, where I found nothing but lands uncultivated and over-run with thorns and brambles, forests as old as the earth itself, and rocks which were almost inaccessible, and which served for a harbour to the savage beasts. And yet was I reduced to the necessity of being glad to possess, with the handful of soldiers and companions, who were so kind as to accompany me in my misfortunes, this savage land, and to make it my country; despairing of ever seeing that happy island again, where the gods gave me to be born and to reign. Alas! said I to myself, what I change! What a fearful example am I to princes! I should be shewn to all the rulers of the world as a lesson of instruction to them. They fancy that they have nothing to fear, because of their elevation above the rest of men: Alas! their very elevation is the cause of their having every thing to fear. I was formidable to my enemies, and beloved by my subjects; I commanded a powerful and warlike people: fame had sounded my renown in the most distant nations; I reigned in a fertile and delightful island; an hundred cities paid me an annual tribute of their riches; my subjects acknowledged that I was descended from Jupiter, who was born in their country, and they loved me as the grandson of the wise Minos, whose laws make them so powerful and happy. What was wanting to my felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with moderation? But my



pride, and the adulation I listened to, subverted my throne. Thus will all kings fall, who gave themselves up to their passions, and to the counsels of flatterers. I endeavoured all the day to wear a face of chearfulness, and hope to keep up the spirits of my companions. Let us build, said I to them a new city, which may make us amends for all our losses. We are surrounded by nations, who have set us a good example for such an enterprize. We see Tarentum rising near us, a new kingdom founded by Phalantus and his Lacedæmonians. Philoctetes gives the name of Petilia to a great city which he is building on the same coast. Matapontum is also a colony of the like kind. Shall we do less then all these strangers who are wandering as well as we? Fortune is not more rigorous to us.

While I endeavoured by these words to sweeten the toils of my companions, I concealed a deadly anguish in the bottom of my heart. It was some comfort to me when the day light forsook and night wrapped me in her shades, to be at liberty to bewail my wretched condition. Two floods of bitter tears would then stream from my eyes, and gentle slumber was a stranger to me. The next day I renewed my toils with fresh ardour. Lo the cause, Mentor, that you find me grown so old.

When Idomeneus had ended the relation of his miseries, he begged Telemachus and Mentor to assist him in the war wherein he was engaged, I will send you back, said he, to Ithaca as soon as the war is ended. Mean while I will

send ships to all the most distant shores, to learn news of Ulysses. On what part soever of the known world storms or the anger of some deity may have thrown him, I shall easily bring him from thence. The gods grant that he be still alive ! As for you, I will send you home with the best ships which were ever built in the island of Crete : they are built of timber felled on the true mount Ida, where Juptier was born. The sacred wood is unperishable in the waves, and the winds and the rocks dread and revere it ; nay, Neptune himself in his greatest rage is afraid to stir up the billows against it. Be assured therefore of returning happily and without any difficulty to Ithaca, and that no adverse deity will again be able to make you wander over so many seas. The passage is short and easy. Send away the Phœnician ship which brought you hither, and think only of acquiring the glory of establishing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, to make him amends for all his misfortunes. It is at this price O son of Ulysses, that you will be deemed worthy of your father. Though rigorous destiny should already have sent him down to Pluto's dreary realm, yet will all ravished Greece believe that it sees him again in you.

Here Telemachus interrupted Idomeneus. Let us send back the Phœnician ship, said he. Why do we delay to take arms and attack your enemies ! They are become ours. If we were victorious when we fought in Sicily for Acestes, a Trojan and an enemy to Greece, shall not we

be still more ardent and more favoured by the gods, when we fight for one of the Grecian heroes, who subverted the unrighteous city of Priam? The oracle we have just heard does not permit us to doubt it.

*End of the Ninth Book.*

T H E

A D V E N T U R E S

O F

T E L E M A C H U S,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TENTH.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Idomeneus informs Mentor of the grounds of the war against the Mandurians. He relates that those people had at first yielded to him the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his city; that they retired to the neighbouring mountains where some of their nation having been ill-treated by a party of his, they had deputed two old men to him, with whom he had settled articles of peace: and that, after an infraction of this treaty by some of his subjects who were ignorant of it, these people were preparing to make war against him. During this relation of Idomeneus, the Manduaians, who had immediately taken arms, appear at the gates of Solentum. Nestor, Philoetes and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus thought neuter, are against him in the army of the Manaurians. Mentor goes alone out of Salentum, to propose conditions of peace to the enemy.*

**M**ENTOR, looking with a mild and serene aspect on Telemachus, who was already filled with a noble ardour for battle, answered him thus. I am very glad, son of Ulysses, to see you in so laudable a passion for glory; but remember that your father did not obtain so much among the Greeks at the siege of Troy, but by showing himself to be the wisest and most moderate among them. Achilles, though invincible and invulnerable, tho' sure of spreading terror and death where-ever he fought, was not able to take the city of Troy; he fell himself beneath the walls of that city, which triumphed over the vanquisher of Hector. But Ulysses whose prudence governed his courage, carried fire and sword amongst the Trojans, and to him is owing the fall of those high and haughty towers, which threatned for ten years together, a confederacy of all Greece. As much as Minerva is superior to Mars, so much does a discrete and foreseeing valour surpass a hot and savage courage. Let us therefore begin by informing ourselves of the circumstances of this war. I shall not shun any dangers; but I think, Idomeneus, that you should first let us see if your war be just; then against whom you make it; and lastly, on what forces you build your hopes of an happy event.

Idomeneus replied, When we arrived on this coast, we found here a savage people, who wandered up and down the woods, and lived by hunting and on the fruits which the trees spontaneoussly produce. These people who are



called Mandurians, were affrighted at the sight of our ships and arms, and retired to the mountains; but as our soldiers were curious to see the country, and desirous to chace the stags, they met with these fugitive savages: Whereupon their chiefs bespoke them thus; We abandoned the pleasant sea shores, to yield them up to you, and have nothing left but almost inaccessible mountains; it is certainly reasonable that you should suffer us here to enjoy peace and liberty. We find you wandering, dispersed and weaker than we, and have it in our power to kill you, and to conceal even the very knowledge of your fate from your companions; but we would not dip our hands in the blood of those who are men as well as we. Retire, and remember that you owe your lives to our humanity; remember that it is from a people whom you stile rude and savage, that you receive this lesson of moderation and generosity.

Those of our men who were thus sent back by these barbarians, returned to the camp, and related what had befallen them. The soldiers were enraged at it; being ashamed that Cretans should owe their lives to a band of fugitives, who seemed to them more like bears than men. They went to hunt in greater numbers than before, and with all sorts of arms, and quickly met with the savages, and attacked them. The combat was bloody; the arrows flying from each party as hail falls in a field during a storm. The savages were forced to retire to their steep mountains, where our men did not dare to pursue them.

A little while after, these people sent to me two of their wisest old men, who came to sue for peace, and brought me presents of the skins of some wild beasts which they had killed, and of the fruits of their country. After they had presented them to me, they spoke thus :

O king, we hold, as thou seest, the sword in one hand, and the olive branch in the other : (and indeed they held them both in their hands) there is peace or war ; take thy choice ; we should chuse peace. It was for her sake that we were not ashamed to yield to thee the pleasant sea-coast, where the sun fertilizes the earth, and produces such a variety of delicious fruits ; peace is sweeter than fruits. It was for her that we retired to these lofty mountains, eternally covered with ice and snow, where we never see the flowers of the spring, nor the rich product of autumn. We abhor that brutality, which under the specious names of ambition and glory madly ravages whole provinces, and sheds the blood of men who are all brothers. If thou art affected by this false glory, we are far from envying thee ; we pity thee, and beseech the gods to preserve us from the like madness. If the sciences which the Greeks are so careful to learn, and the politeness they boast of, inspire them with this detestable injustice, we think ourselves very happy in not having those accomplishments ; we shall always glory in being ignorant and barbarous, but just, humane, faithful, disinterested, accustomed to live on a little, and to despise the false delicacy which makes men want a great deal. What we

esteem, is health, frugality, liberty, vigour of mind and body; it is the love of virtue, a reverence of the gods, benevolence to our neighbours, zeal for our friends, fidelity to all mankind, moderation in prosperity, fortitude in adversity, courage always to speak the truth boldly, an abhorrence of flattery. Such are the people whom we offer thee for neighbours and allies. If the angry gods blind thee so far as to make thee refuse peace, thou wilt find but too late, that the men who through moderation love peace, are the most formidable in war.

Whilst these old men were talking to me thus, I was unwearied with looking upon them. Their beards were long and uncouth, their hair shorter and hoary, their eye-brows bushy, their eyes lively, their looks and countenance resolute, their speech grave and full of authority, and their manners plain and ingenuous. The furs which served them for clothes, being tied in a knot on their shoulders. one saw more nervous arms, and larger muscles than those of our wrestlers. My answer to these two envoys was, that I desired peace. We with the utmost candour settled several articles between us; we called all the gods to witness them, and I sent these two men back with presents. But the gods who drove me from the kingdom of my ancestors, were not yet weary with persecuting me. Our hunters, who could not so soon be informed of the peace we had concluded, meeting the same day a large body of these barbarians, who accompanied their envoys in their return from our camp, attacked them with

fury, killed some of them, and pursued the rest to the woods. Thus is the war kindled again. These barbarians believe that they can no longer rely on our promises or oaths.

To strengthen themselves against us, they have called to their assistance the Locrians Apulians, Lucanians, Bruttians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum and Brundisium. The Lucanians come with chariots armed with sharp scythes. Among the Apulians every one is covered with the skin of a wild beast which he has killed; they carry clubs full of great knots, and beset with spikes of iron; they are almost all of a gigantic stature, and their bodies are rendered so robust by the hard exercise to which they accustom themselves, that their very sight is frightful. The Locrians, who came from Greece, still savour of their origin, and are more humane than the others; but they have joined to the exact discipline of the Grecian troops the strength of the barbarians, and an habit of living hard, which makes them invincible. They have light wicker shields covered with skins, and long swords. The Bruttians are as swift in the race as the hart and the deer; one would think that even the tenderest grass were not depressed under their feet; they hardly leave any footsteps in the sand. They rush suddenly on the foe, and then disappear with equal rapidity. The people of Crotona are expert archers: A common man among the Greeks could not bend such a bow as one usually sees amongst the Crotonians, and should they ever apply themselves to our games, they will cer-

tainly obtain the prizes. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of certain venemous herbs, said to be brought from the banks of Avernus, whose poison is mortal. As for those of Neritum, Messapia and Brundisium, they are endued only with strength of body and valour without art. The out-cries which they send even to the heavens, at the sight of the enemy, are terrible; they are pretty expert slingers, and darken the air with showers of hurled stones, but they fight without any order. This, Mentor, is what you desired to be informed of; you now know the rise of this war, and who are our enemies.

After this explanation, Telemachus, impatient to engage, thought nothing remained but to have recourse to arms. Mentor checked him again, and thus bespoke Idomeneus. Whence comes it that even the Locrians, a people of Greek extraction, joined themselves to Barbarians against Greeks? Whence comes it that so many colonies flourish on this coast of the sea, without having the same wars as you maintain? O Idomeneus, you say that the gods are not yet weary of persecuting you, and I say that they have not yet thoroughly instructed you. The many evils you have suffered have not yet taught you what ought to be done to prevent a war. What you yourself relate of the integrity of these Barbarians, suffices to show that you might have lived in peace with them; but haughtiness and pride draw on the most dangerous wars. You might have given them hostages, and taken some of them; it had been an



easy thing to have sent some of your chiefs with their ambassadors to conduct them back in safety. And since this renewal of the war, you should have pacified them again, by representing that your people had attacked them for want of knowing of the treaty which just been sworn to; you should have offered them any security they might have demanded, and should have decreed severe punishments against such of your subjects as should break the alliance. But what has happened since this beginning of the war?

I thought replied Idomeneus, that it would be mean in us to sue to these Barbarians, who had presently assembled all their fighting men, and had implored the assistance of all the neighbouring nations, to whom they rendered us suspected and odious. It seemed to me that our safest course was immediately to seize on certain defiles in the mountains, which were ill guarded. We seized them without any difficulty, and thereby put ourselves in a condition to harass the Barbarians. Here I have caused towers to be erected, from which our troops with their arrows oppress all our enemies who may attempt to come from the mountains into our country; and we can enter into theirs, and ravage, when ever we please, their principal settlements. By this means we are able with unequal forces to resist the innumerable multitude of enemies which surround us. In fine, a peace between them and us is become very difficult; for we cannot give up these towers to them, without exposing ourselves to their in-

curfions, and they look upon them as citadels, which we design to make use of to reduce them to slavery

Mentor answered Idomeneus thus. You are a wise king, and desire to be told the truth without any softenings. You are not like those other men, who are afraid to view it, and who for want of resolution and magnanimity to correct their errors, use their authority only to maintain those they have committed. Know therefore that this barbarous people gave you an admirable lesson, when they came to you to sue for peace. Was it through weakness that they sued for it? Did they want courage or forces to oppose you? You see that they did not, since they are so inured to the hardships of war, and supported by so many formidable neighbours. Why did you not imitate their moderation? Mistaken notions of shame and honour have plunged you into these evils. You were afraid of making your enemies too haughty, but you were not afraid of making them too powerful, by uniting so many nations against you by a haughty unjust conduct. Of what use are the towers you so much boast of, but to lay all your neighbours under a necessity of perishing, or of causing you to perish, to save themselves from approaching slavery. You erected these towers only for your own security, and it is by these very towers that you are brought into such imminent danger. The safest bulwark of a state is justice, moderation integrity, and the assurance your neighbours have of your being incapable of usurping their ter-

ritories. The strongest walls may fall by divers unforeseen accidents, and fortune is capricious and fickle in war ; but the love and confidence of your neighbours, when they have experienced your moderation, render your state invincible, and almost always prevent its being attacked : And though an unjust neighbour should attack it, all others being interested in its preservation, immediately take arms in its defence. This assistance of so many nations, who find their true interest in supporting yours, would have made you much more powerful than these towers, which render your evils incurable. Had you at first taken care to prevent the jealousy of all your neighbours, your rising city would have flourished in an happy peace, and you would have been the arbiter of all the nations of Hesperia. But let us confine ourselves at present to enquire how you may retrieve the past by the future. You began with telling me that there are several Greek colonies on this coast. Now they must be disposed to assist you ; they have not forgot either the great reputation of Minos the son of Jupiter, or your own labours at the siege of Troy, where you so often signalized yourself among the Grecian princes in the common quarrel of all Greece. Why do you not try to induce these colonies to espouse your cause ?

They are all resolved, replied Idomeneus, to remain neuter : Not but that they had some inclination to assist me ; but the too great lustre which this city had from its birth, has alarmed them. These Greeks, as well as the other na-

tions, were afraid that we had designs on their liberty. They fancied, that after subduing the Barbarians of the mountains, we should push our ambition further. In a word, they are all against us ; even they who do not openly engage in the war, wish to see us humbled ; jealousy leaves us not a single ally.

Strange misfortune, replied Mentor ! By endeavouring to appear too powerful, you ruin your power ; and while you are abroad the object of the fear and hatred of your neighbours, you exhaust yourself at home by the efforts which are necessary to support such a war. O unhappy, thrice unhappy Idomeneus, whom even his misfortunes have instructed but by halves ! Do you need a second fall, to learn to foresee the evils which threaten the greatest kings ? Come, leave this affair to me ; do you only give me a particular account of these Greek cities that refuse to enter into an alliance with you.

The chief, replied Idomeneus, is the city of Tarentum, founded three years since by Phalantus. He collected together a great number of young men, born of women who forgot their husbands during the Trojan war. When the husbands returned, their wives endeavoured to pacify them, and disowned their crimes. These numerous youths, who were born out of wedlock, and knew neither father nor mother, lived in a boundless licentiousness ; and the severity of the laws being a check upon their lives, they assembled under Phalantus, a bold, intrepid and ambitious chief, who had

won their hearts by his artifices. He came to this shore with these young Laconians, where they have made Tarentum a second Lacedæmon. On the other side, Philoctetes, who acquired such great renown at the siege of Troy by carrying the arrows of Hercules thither, has built in this neighbourhood the walls of Petila, less powerful indeed but more wisely governed than Tarentum. And lastly, we have hard by us the city of Metapontum, founded by the sage Nestor and his Pylians.

How, replied Mentor! Is Nestor in Hesperia, and have you not been able to engage him in your interest! Nestor! who has so often seen you combat against the Trojans, and whose friend you was! I lost his friendship, answered Idomeneus, by the artifice of these people, who have nothing of barbarous but the name; they have been artful enough to persuade him that I designed to make myself the tyrant of Hesperia. We will undeceive him, said Mentor. Telemachus visited him at Pylos before he came to settle his colony, and before we undertook our long voyages in quest of Ulysses. He cannot yet have forgot this hero, nor the marks of affection which he gave his son Telemachus. But the main thing is to cure him of his jealousy. It was by the umbrage given to all your neighbours, that this war was kindled and it is by removing these vain surmises that it may be extinguished. Once more, I say, leave the management of this affair to me.

At these words Idomeneus embracing Mentor, dissolved into tears, and was not able to



speak. At length he with difficulty uttered these words : O wise senior, sent by the gods to repair all my errors, I confess that I should have been provoked at any other who should have spoken so freely to me as you have done ; I confess that you alone could induce me to sue for peace. I was resolved to perish, or to conquer all my enemies ; but it is fit to be guided by your counsels rather than by my passion. O happy Telemachus ! you can never go astray, like me, since you have such a guide. You, Mentor, may do what you please ; the wisdom of the gods resides in you ; even Minerva herself could not give more salutary counsels. Go, promise, conclude, yield up all that I have ; Idomeneus will consent to all that you shall think proper to do.

While they were thus discoursing together, there was suddenly heard a confused noise of chariots, neighing horses, terrible outcries of men, and trumpets which filled the air with their martial clangors. The general cry is, Lo ! the enemy has made a long circuit to avoid the guarded defiles ! Lo ! they come to besiege Salentum. The old men and the women are in the utmost consternation. Alas ! said they, did we forsake our dear country, the fruitful Crete, and follow an unhappy prince through so many seas, to found a city which will be laid in ashes like Troy ? They saw from the tops of their new-erected walls, in the spacious plain below, the helmets, cuirasses and shields of the enemy glitter in the sun : their eyes were dazzled with them. They also beheld bristling pikes that

covered the earth, as it is covered by a plentiful harvest, which Ceres prepares in the fields of Enna in Sicily, during the heat of the summer, to reward the husbandman for all his toils. They already perceived the chariots armed with sharp scythes, and could easily distinguish each nation which was come to this war.

Mentor ascended an high tower to have a better view of them. Idomeneus and Telemachus followed him. He was hardly there but he perceived on one side Philoctetes, and on the other Nestor with his son Pisistratus. Nestor was easily known by his venerable old age. How, cried Mentor ! You imagined, Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Nestor would be satisfied with not assisting you : Lo ! they have taken arms against you. And if I am not mistaken, those other troops which march so slowly and in such good order, are Lacedæmonians commanded by Phalantus. All are against you : there is not a single neighbour on this coast, whom you have not made your enemy without designing it.

This said, Mentor descends in haste from the tower ; he goes to a gate in that part of the city towards which the enemy was advancing ; he orders it to be opened, and Idomeneus, surprised at the Majesty with which he does these things, does not dare even to ask him his design. Mentor makes a sign with his hand that no body should follow him, and goes to meet the enemy, who were surprised to see a single person presenting himself before them. He at

a distance shewed them an olive-branch as a sign of peace : and when he was near enough to be heard, he desired them to convene all their chiefs : The chiefs immediately assembled, and he bespoke them thus.

Generous assembly of so many nations which flourish in rich Hesperia, I know that you are not come hither but for the common cause of liberty. I commend your zeal ; but give me leave to represent to you an easy way to preserve the liberty and honour of all your people, without an effusion of human blood.

O Nestor ! O sage Nestor ! whom I see in this assembly, you are not ignorant how fatal war is even to those who undertake it justly, and under the protection of the gods. War is the greatest of evils with which the gods afflict mankind. You will never forget what the Greeks suffered for ten years together before unhappy Troy. What divisions among their chiefs ? What fickleness of fortune ! What havock of the Greeks by the hands of Héctor ! What distress occasioned by this war in all the most powerful cities, during the absence of their kings ! At their return, some were shipwrecked at the promontory of Caphareus, and others met a dreadful death even in the bosom of their wives. Ye gods ! it was therefore in your anger that you armed Greece for this celebrated expedition. O ye nations of Hesperia, may the gods never give you so fatal a victory ! Troy indeed lies in ashes ; but it had been better for the Greeks, were it still in all its glory, and the effeminate Paris in the enjoyment of his infat-

mous amour with Helena. O Philoctetes! so long miserable and deserted in the isle of Lemnos, are you not afraid of meeting the like calamities in a like war? I know the Laconians have likewise experienced the troubles occasioned by the long absence of the princes, captains and soldiers, who went against the Trojans. O ye Greeks, who are come into Hesperia, your coming hither was only a continuation of the calamities, which sprung from the Trojan war.

Having spoken thus, Mentor went towards the Pylians; and Nestor, who knew him again, advanced also to salute him. O Mentor, said he, it is with pleasure that I see you again. It is many years since I saw you first at Phocis; you were but fifteen, and yet I then foresaw that you would be as wise as you have since approved yourself to be. But what adventure has brought you to these parts? Pray, what is your expedient to put an end to this war? Idomeneus has constrained us to attack him. We desire nothing but peace; each of us had urgent reasons to wish for it; but it can no longer be safe with him. He has violated all his promises with regard to his nearest neighbours. Peace with him would not be a peace; it would only give him an opportunity to break our league, which is our only resource. He has discovered to all other nations his ambitious design of enslaving them, and has left us no means of defending our liberty, but by endeavouring to overturn his new kingdom. His treachery has reduced us to the necessity of destroying him, or

of receiving the yoke of bondage from him. If you can find any expedient whereby we may safely confide in him, and be assured of a good peace ; all the nations you see here will gladly lay down their arms, and we shall own with joy that you surpass us in wisdom.

Mentor replied, You know, sage Nestor, that Ulysses entrusted his own Telemachus, to my care. The youth, impatient to learn the fortunes of his father, visited you at Pylos, and you received him with all the kindness he could expect from a faithful friend of his father ; you even gave him your own son to conduct him on his way. He afterwards undertook long voyages by sea, and has been in Sicily, Egypt, the island of Cyprus, and that of Crete. The winds or rather the gods, have thrown him on this coast, as he was endeavouring to return to Ithaca. We arrive in a happy minute to prevent the horror of a cruel war. It is no longer Idomeneus, it is the son of the wise Ulysses, it is I who am answerable to you for every thing which shall be promised.

While Mentor was discoursing thus with Nestor in the midst of the confederate troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans in arms, were looking at him from the walls of Salentum ; carefully observing how all that Mentor said was received, and wishing that they could hear the wise conversation of these two seniors. Nestor had always been reputed the most experienced and the most eloquent of all the kings of Greece. During the siege of Troy, it was he that restrained the boiling wrath



of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the fierceness of Ajax, and the impetuous courage of Diomed. Soft persuasion flowed from his lips like a stream of honey; his voice alone was heard by all these heroes; all were silent as soon as he opened his mouth, and there was none but he who could appease the fierce dissensions of the camp. He began to feel the infirmities of chilly age; but his words were still full of strength and sweetness. He related things past to instruct the youth by his experiences, and his relations were graceful though a little tedious.

This senior, who was the admiration of all Greece, seemed to have lost all his eloquence and majesty, as soon as Mentor was seen in his company. He looked withered and broken with age; whereas time seemed to have respected the strength and vigour of Mentor's constitution. Mentor's words, though grave and plain, had a vivacity and authority which began to be wanting in the other. All that he said was concise, exact and nervous. He never said the same thing twice, nor ever related any thing but what was necessary to the decision of the affair in debate. If he was obliged to speak several times of the same thing, to inculcate it, or to persurde, he did it by new turns and lively comparisons. He had also I know not what of complaisance and sprightliness, when he would accommodate himself to the wants of others, and insinuate any truth into them. These two venerable men were an affecting sight to this assembly of so many nations, Whilst all

the allies, who were the enemies of Salentum, pressed one upon another to have a nearer view of them. and to hear their wise discourses; I-domeneus and all his people endeavoured by their greedy eager looks to discover the mean- of their gestures and of the air of their faces.

*End of the Tenth Book.*

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T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.  
B O O K the E L E V E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Telemachus, desirous of knowing what passes between Mentor and the allies, causes the gates of Salentum to be opened to him, and goes to Mentor. His presence helps to induce the allies to accept of the conditions of peace which Mentor proposed to them. Idomeneus, whom Mentor sends for from the city to the army, consents to all that had been agreed upon. Hostages are mutually given: A common sacrifice is offered between the city and the camp to confirm this alliance, and the kings enter as friends into Salentum.*

**A**ND now Telemachus being grown impatient, steals from the multitude that surrounds him, runs to the gate at which Mentor went out, and with authority commands it to be opened. Idomeneus, who thought him by his side, is presently surprised to see him run-

ning across the plain, and already near to Nestor. Nestor knows him again, and advances, though with slow and heavy steps, to meet him. Telemachus embraces and holds him locked in his arms without speaking. At length he cries, O my father, (I do not scruple to call you so) the misfortune of not finding my real father, and the benefits you have conferred upon me, give me a right to make use of so endearing a name. O my father, my dear father, do I see you again? O may I thus behold Ulysses! If any thing could make me amends for the loss of him, it would be the finding another Ulysses in you.

At these words Nestor could not retain his tears, and he felt a secret joy at seeing those which flowed with wonderful grace down the cheeks of Telemachus. The beauty, sweetness and noble confidence of this young stranger, who without any precaution passed through so many troops of enemies, surprised the allies. Is he not, said they, the son of the old man who is come to speak to Nestor? They without doubt have both the same wisdom, though their ages are very different. In one, she as yet but blooms; in the other, she bears an abundance of the ripest fruits.

Mentor, who was pleased to see the affection with which Nestor received Telemachus, made his advantage of this happy disposition. Lo the son of Ulysses, said he, so dear to all Greece, and so dear to you yourself, O sage Nestor! Lo! I deliver him up to you as an hostage, and as the most precious pledge which can be given



you of the sincerity of Idomeneus's promises. You will easily suppose that I should not be willing that the son's destruction should follow that of the father, nor that the unhappy Penelope should reproach Mentor with sacrificing her son to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. With this pledge, who is come voluntarily to offer himself, and whom the gods, who are lovers of peace, send to you, I begin, O assembly of so many nations, to make you propositions for establishing a solid and everlasting peace.

At the word peace, a confused noise was heard from rank to rank. All these different nations murmured with rage, thinking that it was all lost time while the combat was delayed, and that all these speeches were made only to blunt their fury, and to let their prey escape. The Mandurians in particular were enraged that Idomeneus should hope to deceive them again; they often attempted to interrupt Mentor thro' an apprehension that his wise discourses might draw off the allies, and began to be suspicious of all the Greeks in the assembly. Mentor perceiving this, immediately increased their jealousy in order to sow discord in the minds of all these nations.

I confess, said he, that the Mandurians have cause to complain, and to demand some reparation of the wrongs they have suffered; but it is not just on the other hand that the Greeks, who settle colonies on this coast, should be suspected and hated by the old inhabitants of the country. On the contrary, the Greeks ought

to be united together, in order to make themselves well treated by the other nations; their only business is to be moderate, and never to attempt to usurp the territories of their neighbours. I know that Idomeneus has had the misfortune to give you umbrage, but it is easy to cure you of all your suspicions. Telemachus and I offer ourselves as hostages who will be answerable to you for Idomeneus's sincerity; we will remain in your hands, 'till all the things which shall be promised you, be faithfully performed. What provokes you, ye Mandurians, cried he, is that the Cretan troops have seized on the defiles of your mountains by surprise, and are thereby able to enter, as often as they please, into the territories to which you retired, in order to leave to them the flat country on the sea shore. These defiles which the Cretans have fortified with high towers that are full of soldiers, are therefore the true grounds of the war. Pray tell me, is there any other?

Hereupon the chief of the Mandurians advanced and spoke thus: What have we not done to avoid this war? The gods are our witnesses that we did not renounce peace, 'till peace was irrecoverably banished from us by the restless ambition of the Cretans, and by their making it impossible for us to rely on their oaths. Infatuated nation! to reduce us against our will to the sad necessity of acting a desperate part against them, and of seeking our safety in their destruction! While they keep these defiles, we shall always think that they design to usurp our territories, and to reduce us to slavery. Were

it true that they only designed to live in peace with their neighbours. they would be contented with what we readily gave up to them, and not persist in preserving the keys of a country, on whose liberty they had no ambitious designs. But you know them not, O wise senior; it is our great misfortune to know them. Forbear, O beloved of the gods, to retard a just and necessary war, without which Hesperia could never hope for a lasting peace. Ungrateful, false and cruel nation, whom the angry gods sent amongst us to trouble our repose, and to chastise us for our crimes! But having punished us, ye gods! you will revenge us: you will not be less righteous with regard to our enemies than to us.

At these words the whole assembly was greatly agitated, and Mars and Bellona seemed to go from rank to rank, re-kindling in their hearts the rage of war, which Mentor endeavoured to extinguish. He thus resumed his discourse.

Had I nothing but promises to offer you, you might refuse to rely upon them; but I offer you an undoubted and present security. If you are not satisfied with having Telemachus and me for hostages, you shall have twelve of the most eminent and valiant Cretans. But it is reasonable that you also should give hostages on your part: for Idomeneus who sincerely desires peace, desires it without fear or cowardice; he desires it, as you yourselves say that you desired it, through wisdom and moderation; but not through the love of an effeminate life, or a want of resolution at the prospect of the dan-

gers with which war threatens mankind. He is ready to die or to conquer, but he prefers peace to the most shining victory ; he would be ashamed to be afraid of being vanquished, but he is afraid to be unjust, and is not ashamed to rectify what he has done amiss. With sword in hand he offers peace, and does not desire imperiously to prescribe the conditions of it ; for he values not a forced peace. He wishes for a peace with which all parties may be satisfied, which may put an end to all jealousies, allay all animosities, and remove all diffidence. In a word, Idomeneus entertains such sentiments as I am sure you desire he should. Nothing remains but to convince you of this, which will be no difficult matter, if you will hear me with a calm and unprejudiced mind.

Hear then ye valiant people, and you, ye sage and well-united chiefs, hear what I offer you on the part of Idomeneus. As it is not just that he should have it in his power to enter into the dominions of his neighbours, nor that they should have it in their power to enter into his ; he consents that the defiles which he has fortified with high towers, shall be guarded by neutral troops. You, Nestor, and you, Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth ; but on this occasion you have declared against Idomeneus : you cannot therefore be suspected of being too favourable to his interests. What animates you, is the common cause of the peace and liberty of Hesperia ; be then the trustees and guardians of these passes which are the cause of the war. It is not less your interest to hinder the ancient

inhabitants of Hesperia from destroying Salentum, a new colony like those which you have founded, than to hinder Idomeneus from usurping the territories of his neighbours. Hold the balance between them, and instead of carrying fire and sword among a people whom you ought to love, reserve to yourselves the glory of being their judges and mediators. You will tell me that you should think these conditions admirable, if you could be assured that Idomeneus would faithfully perform them: I am going to satisfy you as to that.

The hostages I have mentioned will be a mutual security, until all the passes are pledged into your hands. When the safety of all Hesperia, when that of Salentum itself and of Idomeneus, is in your power, will you not be satisfied? Whom afterwards can you mistrust, except you mistrust yourselves? You are afraid to confide in Idomeneus, and Idomeneus is so far from designing to deceive you, that he desires to confide in you. Yes, to you will he entrust the repose, the lives and liberties of himself and all his subjects. If it be true that you only wished for a good peace, lo! she offers herself to you, and leaves you no pretence to draw back. Once again, imagine not that fear reduces Idomeneus to make you these offers; it is wisdom and justice which engage him to take this step, without being in any pain whether you impute to weakness what he does out of a regard to virtue. At first he committed some errors and he glories in acknowledging them by these proposals, wherein he prevents



you. It is weakness, it is vanity, it is gross ignorance of our own interest, to hope to conceal our faults, by endeavouring to maintain them with pride and haughtiness. Who owns his errors to his enemy, and offers to make satisfaction for them, thereby shows that he is become incapable of committing them, and that his adversary has every thing to apprehend from so wise and resolute a conduct, unless he concludes a peace. Take care lest you in your turn give him cause to lay the blame upon you. If you reject peace and justice which court you now, peace and justice will be revenged. Idomeneus, who had reason to fear that he should find the gods incensed against him, will now have them on his side against you. Telemachus and I will fight in his just cause. I call all the Gods of heaven and hell to be witnesses of the equitable proposals I make you.

This said, Mentor lifted up his arm to shew these numerous nations the olive-branch which he held in his hand as a sign of peace. The chiefs, who viewed him near, were surprised and dazzled at the divine fire which darted from his eyes. He appeared with a certain majesty and authority superior to every thing that is seen in the greatest of mortals. The enchantment of his sweet and powerful words ravished their hearts; they were like those spells, which in the profound silence of the night, suddenly arrest the moon and the stars in the midst of Olympus, calm the enraged sea, silence the winds and the waves, and suspend the course of the most rapid rivers.

Mentor was in the midst of these furious nations, like Bacchus when he was surrounded by tygers, which forgetting their fierceness, and drawn by the force of his enchanting voice, came to lick his feet, and to fawn upon him. At first there was a profound silence through all the army. The commanders looked on one another, unable to withstand this man, or to conceive who he was. All the troops were motionless and fastened their eyes upon him, not daring to speak lest he should have something more to say, and they should prevent his being heard. Though they could think of nothing to add to what he had said, they wished that he had spoken longer. All that he had uttered was as it were engraved on every heart. As he spoke he commanded at once the esteem and assent of his hearers; every one was eager and waiting as it were to catch the least syllable that issued from his mouth.

At length after a pretty long silence, there was heard a hollow noise that spread itself by degrees; it was no longer the confused clamour of people raging with indignation, but on the contrary a gentle friendly murmur. There was already seen in every face I know not what of serenity and mildness. The Mandurians, who were so much irritated, felt that their arms were dropping out of their hands. The fierce Phalantus and his Lacedæmonians were surprised to find their hearts so softened. The rest began to long for the happy peace which had been displayed before them. Philoctetes, having a quicker sense than others by the experience of his own misfortunes, could

not suppress his tears. Nestor, who was so much transported with Mentor's discourse as not to be able to speak, tenderly embraced him and all the people at once, as though it had been an appointed signal, immediately cried out, O wise old man, you disarm us ! peace ! peace !

Nestor presently attempted to speak ; but all the impatient soldiers fearing that he was going to start some difficulty or other, cried out once again, Peace ! peace ! peace ? Nor could they be silenced until all the chiefs of the army joined their cry of peace, peace.

Nestor seeing that he had not the liberty to make a speech in form, contented himself with saying, You see Mentor, the force of the words of a man of probity. When wisdom and virtue speak, they calm all the passions. Our just resentments are changed into friendship and desires of a lasting peace ; we accept of the peace you offer us. At the same time all the commanders held up their hands as a sign of consent.

Mentor runs to the gates of Salentum to order it to be opened, and to let Idomeneus know that he might come out of the city without using any precautions. Nestor in the mean time embraced Telemachus, saying, Amiable son of the wisest of all the Greeks, may you be as wise and more happy than he. Have you discovered nothing of his fortunes ! The remembrance of your father, whom you resemble, has been a means of stilling our indignation. Phalantus, though obdurate and savage, though he never saw Ulysses, was moved by his misfortunes and

by those of his son. They were pressing Telemachus to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus and a train of all the Cretan youth.

At the sight of Idomeneus, the allies felt that their resentment was kindled; but the words of Mentor extinguished the fire when it was just ready break out. Why do we delay, said he, to conclude this holy alliance. of which the gods will be both witnesses and defenders! May they avenge it, if ever any impious wretch should dare to violate it, and may all the terrible evils of war, instead of crushing the faithful and innocent people, fall on the perjured and execrable head of the ambitious men who shall trample under foot the sacred rights of this alliance! May he be detested by gods and men! May he never enjoy the fruits of his perfidy! May the infernal furies, in the most hideous forms, provoke his rage and despair! May he drop down dead without hopes of sepulture! May his body become a prey to dogs and vultures, and may he in hell, in the deep gulph of Tartarus be for ever more cruelly tormented than Tantalus, Ixion and the Danaids! Or rather, may this peace be as unshaken as the rocks of Atlas which support the heavens! May all these nations revere, and enjoy its fruits from generation to generation! May the names of those who swear to it, be mentioned with love and veneration by our latest posterity! May this peace, founded on justice and integrity, be the model of every peace which shall hereafter be made in all the countries of the

world; and may all nations that desire to make themselves happy by uniting together, imitate the nations of Hesperia!

This said, Idomeneus and the other kings swore to the peace on the conditions that had been agreed upon. Twelve hostages were given on each side. Telemachus insists on being one of the number of those given by Idomeneus, but Mentor is not permitted to be one, because the allies desire that he may remain with Idomeneus, in order to be answerable for his conduct and for that of his counsellors, until the entire execution of the things which were promised. An hundred heifers as white as snow were sacrificed between the city and the army, and as many bulls of the same colour, whose horns were gilt and adorned with garlands. The neighbouring mountains rung with the frightful bellowings of the victims, which fell beneath the sacred knife. The smoking blood streamed every where. Exquisite wine was poured forth in abundance for the libations. The Haruspices consulted the yet-panting entrails, and the priests burnt incense on the altar, which formed a thick cloud, and perfumed the whole contry with its odours.

Mean while the soldiers on both sides, ceasing to view each other with hostile eyes, began to discourse together of their adventures; they had already refreshed themselves after their toils, and had a foretaste of the sweets of peace. Several who had been with Idomeneus at the siege of Troy, knowing those of Nestor again who had fought in the same war, tenderly em-



braced each other, and mutually related what had befallen them, since they had destroyed the haughty city, which was the ornament of all Asia. They were already laid down on the grass, were crowned with flowers, and drank the wine together which was brought in large vessels from the city, to celebrate so happy a day.

Of a sudden Mentor said, O princes, O assembled captains, you shall henceforth be but one people under different names and different chiefs: So the righteous gods, who love mankind whom they made, are pleased to be the bond of their perfect union. All the human kind is but one family, dispersed over the face of the whole earth; all men are brothers, and ought to love each other as such. Curse on those impious wretches who seek a cruel glory in the blood of their brothers, which is their own blood! War indeed is sometimes necessary; but it is the shame of the human race that it is unavoidable on some occasions. Say not, princes, that it is desirable in order to acquire glory: true glory is not to be found beyond the limits of humanity. Who prefers his own glory to the feelings of humanity, is a monster of pride, and not a man: he will not even obtain more than a false glory; for true glory is found only in moderation and goodness. Men may flatter him to gratify his foolish vanity; but they will always say of him in private, when they speak sincerely, He merited glory so much the less, as his passion for it was unreasonable. Mankind ought not to esteem him, since he so little esteemed mankind, and was prodigal of

their blood through a brutal vanity. Happy the prince who loves his people, and is loved by them; who confides in his neighbours, and is confided in by them; who instead of making war against them, prevents their having wars with each other, and causes all foreign nations to envy the happiness of his subjects in having him for their king! Be mindful therefore to assemble together from time to time, O ye who govern the most powerful cities of Hesperia; let there be a general meeting every three years of all the kings here present to renew this alliance by a fresh oath, to confirm your plighted friendship, and to consult about your common interests. While you continue united, you will enjoy, in this fine country, peace, glory and abundance: abroad you will always be invincible. Nothing but discord, which came from hell to plague mankind, can disturb the felicity which the gods are preparing for you.

Nestor replied, You see by the readiness with which we make peace, how far we are from desiring to make war through vain-glory, or an unreasonable lust of aggrandizing ourselves at the expence of our neighbours. But what can we do when we border on a violent prince, who knows no law but his interest, and who loses no opportunity of invading the territories of other states? Think not that I speak of Idomeneus; no, I no longer entertain such a thought of him; it is Adrastus king of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to fear. He despises the gods, and imagines that

all men who are born into the world, are born only to promote his glory by their servitude. He will have no subject, of whom he may be the king and the father; he will have slaves and adorers. He causes divine honours to be paid him. Hitherto blind fortune has favoured his most unjust enterprizes. We made haste to attack Salentum, to get rid of the weakest of our enemies, who had only begun to establish himself on this coast, in order to turn our arms afterwards against this more powerful foe. He has already taken several cities from our allies. The Crotonians have lost two battles against him. He makes use of all sorts of means to gratify his ambition: Force and fraud, all is equal to him, provided he crushes his enemies. He has amassed great treasures; his troops are disciplined and inured to war; his captains are experienced; he is well served; he continually has his eyes himself on all who act under him; he punishes the least faults severely, and recompenses the services which are done him. His own valour supports and animates that of all his troops. He would be a most accomplished prince, if justice and integrity were the rules of his conduct; but he fears neither the gods nor the reproaches of his conscience; he even reckons reputation as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain phantom, which restrains only weak minds; he deems nothing a real and solid good, but the possession of great riches, the being dreaded, and the trampling all mankind under foot. His army will soon appear upon our territories; and if the union of so many nati-

ons does not put us in a condition to oppose him, all hopes of liberty will be taken from us. It is Idomeneus's interest as well as ours, to resist this neighbour, who can suffer nothing in his neighbourhood to be free. Were we vanquished, Salentum would be threatened with the same fate. Let us all therefore make haste to prevent him. While Nestor was speaking thus, they advanced towards the city; for Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal commanders to go and pass the night there.

*End of the Eleventh Book.*

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,  
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the T W E L F T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Nestor, in the name of the allies, asks assistance of Idomeneus against the Dæunians their enemies. Mentor, who is desirous to regulate the polity of the city of Salentum, and to inure the people to agriculture, orders matters so that they are satisfied with having Telemachus at the head of an hundred noble Cretans. After his departure, Mentor makes an exact survey of the city and the port, informs himself of every thing, and causes Idomeneus to make new regulations with regard to trade and government, to divide the people into seven classes, whose rank and birth he distinguishes by a diversity of habits, and to suppress luxury and useless arts in order to imploy the artificers in agriculture, which he renders honourable.*

**T**HE whole army of the allies had now erected their tents, and the plain was covered with rich pavilions of all sorts of colours,



in which the weary Hesperians were waiting for sleep. When the kings with their retinue were come into the city, they seemed surpris'd that so many magnificent edifices had been rais'd in so short a time, and the incumbrance of so considerable a war had not hindered this infant city from rising and being embellish'd at once.

They admir'd the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who had founded so fine a kingdom; and every one concluded that peace being made with him, the allies would be very powerful, if he would enter into their league against the Daunians. This was propos'd to Idomeneus; he could not reject so reasonable a proposition, and promis'd a supply of troops. But as Mentor was not ignorant of any thing which is necessary to make a state flourish, he knew that the forces of Idomeneus could not be so considerable as they seem'd to be; he took him aside, and address'd him thus.

You see that our cares have not been useless to you. Salentum is preserv'd from the evils which threaten'd her: it will be your own fault if you do not raise her glory to the heavens, and equal the wisdom of your grandfather Minos in the government of your people. I continue to speak to you freely, supposing that you desire it, and that you abhor all flattery. While the kings were extolling your magnificence, I was thinking within myself of the rashness of your conduct. At the word rashness, Idomeneus's countenance chang'd, his eyes were disorder'd, he reddened and could hardly help interrupting Mentor, to express

his resentment. Mentor said to him with a modest and respectful, but free and undaunted voice. I plainly see that the word rashness offends you. It would have been wrong in any body but me to have used it; for kings ought to be treated with respect, and their delicacy tenderly handled, even when we reprove them. Truth of itself shocks them enough without the addition of harsh terms; but I imagined that you could bear me to speak to you without any softenings, in order to show you your error. My design was to accustom you to hear things called by their name, and to perceive that when others give you advice about your conduct, they never dare to speak all that they think. It is necessary, if you would not be deceived, always to understand more than they say concerning things which are not to your advantage. For my part, I will soften my words according to your necessities; but it is useful to you, that a man of no interest or consequence should talk a rough language to you in private. No body else will ever presume to do it: you will see the truth by halves, and under fair disguises.

At these words, Idomeneus, who had already recovered his temper, seemed ashamed of his delicacy. You see said he to Mentor, the effects of an habit of being flattered. To you I owe the safety of my new kingdom, and there is no truth which I shall not think myself happy in hearing from your mouth; but pity a prince who has been poisoned by flattery, and has not been able, even in his misfortunes,

to find men generous enough to tell him the truth : No, I have never met with one who loved me enough to displease me, by telling me the whole truth.

As he spoke these words, the tears came into his eyes, and he tenderly embraced Mentor : upon which that wise old man said, It is with pain that I force myself to say some harsh things to you ; but can I betray you by hiding the truth from you ? Put yourself in my place. If you have hitherto been deceived, it was because you were willing to be so ; it was because you were afraid of counsellors who were too sincere. Have you sought for men who were the most disinterested and the most likely to contradict you ? Have you been careful to chuse such as were the least assiduous to please you, the least selfish in their conduct, and the best qualified to censure your unreasonable passions and opinions ? When you have met with flatterers, have you banished them from your presence ? Were you mistrustful of them ? Did you repose no confidence in them ? No, no, you have not done what they do who love truth, and deserve to know it. Let us see if you will now have the courage to be humbled by the truth which condemns you.

I was saying then, that what draws so much applause upon you, deserves to be censured. While you had so many enemies abroad, who threatened your not yet well-established kingdom, you attended to nothing in your new city but the erecting of magnificent buildings. It was that as you yourself have owed to me,

which cost you so many restless nights. You have exhausted your riches; you have not turned your thoughts to the increase of your people, nor to the cultivation of the fertile lands of this coast. Are not these two things, a multitude of good subjects, and well-cultivated lands to maintain them, to be looked upon as the two essential bases of your power? A long peace was necessary at first, to favour the multiplication of your people. You should have applied your thoughts only to agriculture, and to the enacting of the wisest laws. Vain ambition has pushed you to the very brink of the precipice. By endeavouring to appear great, you have well nigh ruined your true greatness. Make haste to retrieve these errors; put a stop to all your magnificent buildings; renounce this pomp, which would ruin your new city; let your people breathe in peace, and bend all your thoughts to make them abound, in order to facilitate marriages. Know that you are not a king but in proportion to the subjects which you have to govern; and your power is to be measured, not by the extent of the territories you possess, but by the number of men who inhabit them, and are jealous to obey you. Possess a fertile though small tract of land; stock it with multitudes of labourious and well-disciplined inhabitants, and behave so as to win their affection; and you are more powerful, more happy and more glorious, than all the conquerors who ravage so many kingdoms.

What shall I do then with regard to these kings, replied Idomeneus? Shall I confess my

weakness to them? It is true that I have neglected agriculture, and even trade which is so easy to me on this coast; I have thought only of erecting a magnificent city. Must I therefore, my dear Mentor, disgrace myself in an assembly of so many princes, and discover my imprudence! If I must, I will; I will do it without any hesitation, whatever pain it may cost me; for you have taught me that a true king, who is born for his people, and owes himself entirely to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his kingdom to his own reputation.

This sentiment is worthy of the father of his people, replied Mentor; it is by this goodness, and not by the magnificence of your city, that I perceived in you the soul of a true king. But your honour must be saved even for the interest of your kingdom. Leave this matter to me; I will go and inform these kings that you are engaged to establish Ulysses, if he be still living, or at least his son, in the regal sway of Ithaca, and that you are resolved to expel from it by force all Penelope's suitors. They will easily conceive that this war will require a great number of troops, and will therefore consent to your furnishing them only with a small supply at first against the Daunians.

At these words Idomeneus looked like a man eased of an heavy burden. You, my dear friend, said he to Mentor, save my honour and the reputation of this rising city. by concealing my weakness from all my neighbours; but what probability would there be in saying, that I will send troops to Ithaca to establish Ulysses there,



or at least his son Telemachus, since Telemachus himself is engaged to go to the war against the Daunians? Be not uneasy replied Mentor: I will say nothing but the truth. The ships which you will send to establish your trade, shall go to the coast of Epirus, and do two things at once; they shall invite back to your coast the foreign merchants whom too high duties keep from Salentum, and endeavour to learn news of Ulysses. If he be still living, he cannot be far from the seas which divide Greece from Italy, and it is confidently reported that he has been seen among the Phœnicians. And though there were no hopes of seeing him again, your vessels will do a signal piece of service to his son, by spreading in Ithaca and all the neighbouring countries the terror of the name of the young Telemachus, who is thought to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's wooers will be surprised to hear that he is ready to return with the succours of a powerful ally; the Ithacans will not dare to shake off the yoke; Penelope will be comforted, and persevere in refusing to make choice of a new husband. Thus will you serve Telemachus, while he supplies your place among the confederates of this coast of Italy against the Daunians.

Hereupon Idomeneus cried out, Happy the prince who is supported by wise counsels! A prudent and faithful friend is of more worth to a king than victorious armies! But doubly happy the king who is sensible of his happiness, and knows how to make his advantage of it by a right use of wise counsels! For it often happens that

he removes from his confidence men of wisdom and integrity who awe him by their virtue, in order to listen to flatterers whose treachery he does not apprehend. I myself have fallen into this error, and I will tell you all the evils which were brought upon me by a false friend who flattered my passions, in hopes that I in my turn would flatter his.

Mentor easily convinced the confederate kings, that Idomeneus ought to charge himself with Telemachus's affairs, whilst he went with them. They were satisfied with having the young son of Ulysses in their army, with an hundred Cretan youths, who were ordered by Idomeneus to accompany him, and were the flower of the young nobility whom the king had brought from Crete. Mentor had advised him to send them to this war. It is necessary, said he, to take care in times of peace to multiply the people; but lest the whole nation should grow effeminate and ignorant of military affairs, the young nobility must be sent to foreign wars: they will suffice to keep up in the whole nation an emulation of glory, a love of arms, a contempt of fatigues and of death itself, and a knowledge of the art of war.

The confederate kings departed from Salentum well satisfied with Idomeneus, charmed with the wisdom of Mentor, and overjoyed at taking Telemachus with them. But Telemachus could not moderate his grief when he was to part with his friend. Whilst the allies were taking there leave, and swearing to Idomeneus that they would maintain an eternal league with him;

Mentor held Telemachus fast in his arms, and felt himself bedewed with his tears. I feel no joy, said Telemachus, in going to acquire glory; I am sensible of nothing but the grief of our parting. Methinks I see that fatal time again, when the Egyptians snatched me out of your arms and sent me far from you, without leaving me any hopes of seeing you again.

Mentor made a kind reply to these words, in order to comfort him. This said he, is a very different separation; it is voluntary, it will be short; you are going in pursuit of victory. You must love me my son, with a less tender and more manly affection. Accustom yourself to my absence; you will not always have me with you. It must be wisdom and virtue, rather than Mentor's presence which suggest to you what you ought to do.

As she spoke these words, the goddess, concealed under the form of Mentor, covered Telemachus with her Ægis, and infused into him a spirit of wisdom and foresight, intrepid valour and gentle moderation, which are so seldom found together. Go, said Mentor, into the midst of the greatest dangers, as often as your going into them will be useful. A prince dishonours himself more by shunning dangers in battles, than by never going to the war. The courage of him who commands others, must not be doubtful. If the preservation of a chief or king be necessary to a people, it is still more necessary to them that his reputation, as to valour, be unquestionable. Remember that he who commands, ought to be a pattern to all o-

thers; his example ought to animate the whole army. Fear not, therefore, O Telemachus, any kind of danger, but perish in battle rather than raise a doubt of your courage. Flatterers, who will be the most eager to hinder you from exposing yourself to danger when it is necessary, will be the first to accuse you of cowardice in private, if they find you easily withheld on these occasions; but then do not go in quest of needless dangers. Valour cannot be a virtue, unless it be governed by prudence; it is otherwise a senseless contempt of life, and a brutal ardor; rash valour is never safe. Who is not master of himself in dangers, is rather fiery than brave; he must be beside himself in order to be raised above fear, because he cannot get the better of it by the natural temper of his heart. In this condition, if he does not run away, he is at least confounded; he loses that freedom of mind which is necessary to give proper orders, to improve opportunities, to rout the enemy, and to serve his country. If he has all the heat of a soldier, he has not the discretion of a commander: nay, he has not the real courage of a common soldier; for the soldier is to preserve in battle that presence of mind and temper which are necessary to obey. Who rashly exposes himself, disturbs the order and discipline of the troops, sets an example of temerity, and often exposes the whole army to great disasters. They who prefer vain ambition to the safety of the common cause, deserve to be punished, and not to be rewarded.

Take heed therefore, my dear son, of pur-

suing glory with too much eagerness. The true way to find it is calmly to wait for a favourable opportunity : virtue attracts so much the more reverence, as she appears the more plain, the more modest, the more averse to all ostentation. As the necessity of exposing ourselves to danger encreases, we need fresh supplies of forecast and courage, which continually become greater. For what remains, remember that you must not draw upon yourself the envy of any man. On your part, be not jealous of the success of others : praise them for all that merits praise, but praise them judiciously ; relate the good with pleasure, conceal the ill, and do not even think of it without pain. Be not peremptory before old commanders, who have the experience which you want ; hear them with deference, ask their advice, desire the most able of them to instruct you, and be not ashamed to attribute all your best actions to their instructions. Never listen to discourses which may be designed to excite your diffidence or jealousy of the other commanders. converse with them with confidence and frankness. If you think they have been wanting in respect to you, unbosom yourself to them, and lay all your reasons before them. If they are capable of perceiving the generosity of such a conduct, you will charm and draw from them every thing which you have any grounds to expect : if on the contrary, they are not reasonable enough to come into your opinion, your own experience will teach you what injuries may be expected from them ; you will take your measures



so as not be again exposed to the danger of having any more disputes with them as long as the war lasts, and will have nothing to reproach yourself withal. But above all, take care not to impart to certain flatterers, who are sowers of dissention, the grounds of the uneasiness which you may think you have against the chiefs of the army you are in. I will stay here, continued Mentor, to assist Idomeneus in the necessity he is under of toiling for the welfare of his people, and to cause him to put the finishing stroke to his reparation of the errors, which ill counsels and flatterers have induced him to commit in the establishment of his new kingdom.

Hereupon Telemachus could not forbear discovering to Mentor some surprise and even some contempt of Idomeneus's conduct; but Mentor rebuked him for it in a severe tone. Are you surprised, said he, that the worthiest men are but men, and betray some remains of the weaknesses of humanity among the innumerable snares and difficulties which are inseparable from royalty? Idomeneus indeed has been bred up in notions of pomp and haughtiness; but what philosopher could have defended himself against flattery, had he been in his place? It is true, that he suffered himself to be too much biassed by those in whom he confided; but the wisest princes are often deceived, whatever precautions they take to prevent it. A king cannot do without ministers to lighten his burden and to confide in, since he cannot do all things himself. Besides, a king is much less acquaint-

ed than private men with those who are about him; they are always masked in his presence; and practise all kind of artifices to deceive him. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will experience this but too much! We find in mankind neither the virtues nor talents which we look for in them. In vain do we study and sound them, for we are daily mistaken in them. Nay, we can never make the best of men, such as we want to make them for the public good. They have their prejudices, their inconsistencies, their jealousies; they are rarely to be persuaded or corrected.

The more people a prince has to govern, the more ministers he will want, in order to do by them what he cannot do himself; and the more men he is obliged to trust with authority, the more liable he is to be deceived in the choice of them. The man who to-day unmercifully censures kings, would to-morrow govern worse than they, and commit the same faults with others infinitely greater, were he entrusted with the same power. A private condition, when it is attended with a little wit and a fluency of speech, hides all natural defects, brightens dazzling talents, and makes a man seem worthy of all the posts to which he is not advanced; but authority brings all qualifications to a severe test, and discovers great imperfections. Greatness is like certain glasses which magnify all objects; all defects seem to grow bigger in those elevated stations, where the minutest things have important consequences, and the slightest oversights violent effects. The whole world is

hourly employed in observing a single man, and in judging him with the utmost rigour. They who judge him, have no experience of his condition; they are not sensible of the difficulties of it, and require him to be so perfect, that they will not permit him to be a man. And yet a king however good and wise he may be, is still a man; his genius has bounds, and his virtue also; he has humours, passions, habits, of which he is not the absolute master. He is beset with artful and interested persons; he finds not the assistance he seeks for, and falls daily into mistakes, sometimes through his own passions, and sometimes through those of his ministers. Hardly has he repaired one fault, but he relapses into another. Such is the condition of the wisest and most virtuous princes.

The longest and best reigns are too short and imperfect to rectify in the end, the mistakes which have been inadvertently committed in their beginnings. All these miseries are inherent in a crown. Human weakness sinks under so heavy a burden; we should pity and excuse kings. How are they to be pitied in having so many men to govern, whose wants are infinite, and who give so much trouble to those who endeavour to govern them well. To speak freely, men are very much to be pitied in that they are to be governed by a king who is but a man like them; for it would require gods to reform men. But kings are not less to be pitied, since being but men, that is, weak and imperfect, they are to govern this innumerable multitude of corrupt and deceitful men.

Telemachus replied with some warmth, Idomeneus by his own fault lost the kingdom of his ancestors in Crete, and but for your counsels he would have lost a second at Salentum. I own, answered Mentor, that he has been guilty of great faults; but look in Greece, and in all the other best governed countries, for a prince who has committed inexcusable ones. The greatest men have in their temper and in turn of their mind, certain defects which give them a wrong bias, and the most praise worthy are they who have the courage to acknowledge and correct their errors. Do not think that Ulysses, the great Ulysses your father, who is the pattern of all the kings of Greece, has not likewise his weaknesses and failings? Had not Minerva conducted him step by step, how often would he have sunk under his dangers and difficulties, when fortune made him her sport? How often has Minerva restrained him or set him right, that she might continually lead him to glory by the path of virtue? Do not even expect, when you see him reigning in all his glory in Ithaca, to find him without imperfections; you will undoubtedly see some in him. Greece, Asia, and the islands of every sea have admired him notwithstanding these failings; a thousand admirable qualities cause them to be forgotten. You will be very happy in having an opportunity to admire him also, and continually to study him as a pattern.

Accustom yourself, Telemachus, not to expect from the greatest men more than humanity is capable to perform. Inexperienced youth:

gives a loose to presumptions censures, which gives it a disguise to all the examples which it ought to follow, and brings it into an incurable state of indocility. You ought not only to love, respect and imitate you father, though he be not perfect, but you ought also to have an high esteem for Idomeneus. Notwithstanding all that I have found amiss in him he is naturally sincere, upright, equitable, liberal, beneficent; his valour is perfect; he detests fraud when he perceives it, and follows the real disposition of his heart. All his external qualifications are great and adequate to his station. His ingenuity in owning his mistakes, his good nature, his patience in suffering me to say the harshest things to him, his resolution to do himself the violence of a public reparation of his errors, and thereby to place himself above the censures of men, discover a truly great soul. Good luck, or the advice of others, may preserve a man of a very mean capacity from some particular faults; but an extraordinary virtue only can engage a king, so long seduced by flattery, to rectify his errors: it is much more glorious thus to rise again, than never to have fallen. Idomeneus has committed the faults which almost all princes commit, but no prince does what he has done to correct himself. For my part, I could not help admiring him, at the same time that he permitted me to contradict him. Do you admire him also, my dear Telemachus; it is less for his reputation than your benefit, that I give you this advice.

By this discourse Mentor made Telemachus



sensible, what danger there is of being unjust, when we suffer ourselves to pass severe censures on others, especially on those who are charged with the cares and intricacies of government. He afterwards said to him, It is time for you to depart ; farewell. I will wait for you here, my dear Telemachus ! Remember that they who fear the gods, have nothing to fear from men. You will be in the greatest dangers, but know that Minerva will never forsake you.

At these words Telemachus thought that he felt the presence of the goddess, and he would certainly have known that it was Minerva who was speaking in order to fill him with confidence, if the goddess had not recalled the idea of Mentor by saying : Forget not, my son, all the pains which I have taken in your infancy, to make you as wise and valiant as your father. Do nothing which is unworthy of his great example, and the virtuous maxims which I have endeavoured to instil into you.

The sun was rising, and gilt the tops of the mountains, when the kings went out of Salentum and rejoined their troops, which had encamped about the city, and now began to march under their commanders. On all sides were seen the heads of bristling pikes ; the flashing of the shields dazzled the eye, and a cloud of dust ascended to the heavens. Idomeneus and Mentor conducted the confederate princes from the city to the plain. At length they parted, having interchanged the marks of a true friendship ; and the allies no longer doubted that the peace would be lasting, now they know the

good disposition of Idomeneus's heart, which had been represented to them very different from what it was, because a judgement had been formed of him not from his natural temper, but from the flattering and unjust counsels to which he had given himself up.

After the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. Let us see, said Mentor, how many men you have both in the city and in the country; let us number them and examine how many husbandmen you have amongst them. Let us see how much corn, wine, oil, and other useful things your lands produce in the less fruitful years. By this means we shall know whether the country produces wherewithal to subsist all its inhabitants, and whether it yields a surplus besides to carry on a profitable trade which foreign nations. Let us enquire likewise into the number of your ships and seamen; it is by them that an estimate must be made of your power. He visited the port, went on board every particular ship, and informed himself to what country every vessel traded; what merchandize it carried out, what it took in return, and what was the expence of its voyage; what were the loans of merchants to each other; what companies they formed among themselves, to know if they were equitable and faithfully managed; and lastly what were the hazards of shipwreck and other mischances of trade, in order to prevent the ruin of merchants, who through a greediness of gain often undertake things which are above their abilities.

He appointed severe punishments for all bankruptcies, because those who are not fraudulent are almost always caused by rash undertakings. At the same time he laid down rules to make it easy to prevent them. He appointed magistrates to whom the merchants gave an account of their effects, profits, expences and enterprizes. They were never permitted to risk the goods of others, nor could they risk more than a moiety even of their own. Again, what they could not undertake singly, they undertook in companies; and the laws of these companies were inviolable, by the severe punishments appointed for those who should not observe them. Moreover, trade was entirely free, and so far from being cramped by taxes, that rewards were promised to all merchants who could draw the commerce of any new nation to Salentum.

People therefore quickly flocking hither from all parts, the trade of this city resembled the flowing and ebbing of the sea, and riches poured into it, as the waves roll one upon another. Every thing here was imported and exported free of all duties. All that came in was useful; all that went out, left behind it other riches in its room. Strict justice presided in the port in the midst of so many nations. Frankness, integrity, condour, from the top of these lofty towers seemed to invite hither the merchants of the remotest countries. Every one of these merchants, whether he came from the eastern shore, where the sun daily springs from the bosom of the deep, or from the vast ocean,

where, tired with his course he extinguishes his flames, lived in the same peace and safety at Saleutum as in his own country.

As for the inside of the city, Mentor visited all the magazines, all the tradesmens shops, and all public places. He prohibited all foreign commodities which might introduce pomp and luxury. He regulated the apparel, food, furniture, dimensions and ornaments of the houses for all the different conditions. He banished all ornaments of gold and silver, and said to Idomeneus; I know but one way to make your subjects frugal in their expences, which is to set them an example of it yourself. It is necessary for you to have a certain majesty in your appearance; but your authority will be sufficiently denoted by your guards, and the attendance of your principal officers. Be satisfied therefore with a purple robe of superfine wool; let the officers of state next to you be clad in the same wool, and all the difference consist in the colour, and a small embroidery of gold on the border of your own robe. Different colours will serve to distinguish the different conditions, without you having any need of gold, silver or other precious stones. Regulate the conditions by their birth. Place in the first rank those of the most antient and noble descent. Such as have the merit and authority of places, will be well satisfied to come next to these antient and illustrious families, who have been long in the possession of the first honours. Men who are not so nobly born, will readily give place to them, provided you accustom them not to forget their

former conditions in a too high and a too high and a too sudden elevation, and praise the moderation of those who are humble and modest in prosperity. The distinction which excites the least envy, is that which proceeds from a long series of ancestors.

As for virtue, it will be sufficiently excited, and men will be eager enough to serve the state, provided you bestow crowns and statues on illustrious actions, and make them the source of nobility to the children of those who perform them.

Persons of the first rank after you may be clad in white, with a gold fringe at the bottom of their garments. They may wear a gold ring on their finger, and a gold medal with your effigy on their neck. Those of the second rank may be clad in blue, and have a silver fringe and the ring, but no medal. The third in green, without the ring and fringe, but with the medal. The fourth in yellow. The fifth in a pale red or rose-colour. The sixth in a changeable white and red. The seventh, which will consist of the lowest of the people, in a mixture of white and yellow.

Let these be the habits of the seven different degrees of freemen; the slaves may be clothed in a dark grey. Thus without any expence will every one be distinguished according to his rank, and all arts which only serve to cherish pride and vanity, will be banished from Salentum. All the artists who may be employed in these pernicious arts, will be useful in the necessary arts which are few in number, or in



trade, or agriculture. No change must ever be suffered either in the sort of the cloth or fashion of the cloaths ; for it is unworthy of men, destined to a serious and noble life, to amuse themselves with contriving affected attire, or to suffer their wives, in whom these amusements would be less scandalous, ever to be guilty of this extravagance.

Mentor like a skilful gardener, who lops off the useless branches of fruit-trees, did thus endeavour to suppress pomp and vanity which corrupted their manners ; he brought every thing back to a noble and frugal simplicity. He likewise regulated the food of the citizens and slaves. What a shame, said he, that men of the highest rank should make their greatness consist in ragoes, whereby they enervate their minds, and continually ruin the health of their bodies ! They ought to make their happiness consist in their temperance, in their power to do good to others. and in the reputation which their good actions will procure them. Temperance renders the plainest food very agreeable ; it is that which bestows the most vigorous health, and the purest and most lasting pleasures. Your repasts therefore must be confined to the best meats, but drest without any sauces : the art of irritating mens appetites beyond their real wants, is an art of poisoning them.

Idomeneus was very sensible that he had been wrong in suffering the inhabitants of his new city to soften and corrupt their manners, by violating all the laws of Minos concerning sobriety but the wise Mentor let him know that the laws

themselves though they were revived, would be useless, if the example of the king did not give them a sanction which they could not derive from any thing else. Whereupon Idomeneus regulated his table; admitting to it nothing but excellent bread, a little wine of the growth of the country, which is strong and pleasant, and such plain food as he used to eat with the other Greeks at the siege of Troy. No body presumed to complain of a law which the king imposed upon himself, and so every one retrenched the superfluities and delicacies in which they began to plunge themselves at their repasts.

Mentor afterwards suppressed soft and effeminate music which corrupted all the youth. Nor did he with less severity condemn the Bacchanalian music, which is little less inebriating than wine, and is productive of riots, debauchery, and lewdness. He confined all music to the festivals in the temples, there to celebrate the praises of the gods, and of heroes who had left examples of the most extraordinary virtues. Nor did he but for the temples allow of the grand ornaments of architecture, such as columns, pediments, porticoes. He drew plain and beautiful plans for building a house, that was pleasant and commodious for a numerous family, on a small spot of ground; always taking care that the situation of it was healthful, that the apartments were independent on each other, that its œconomy and neatness might be easily preserved, and that it might be repaired at a small expence. He ordered that every house which was at all considerable, should have an

half and a little peristyle, with small rooms for all persons that were free ; but he prohibited under severe penalties superfluous and magnificent apartments. These different models of houses, according to the largeness of each family, served to embellish one part of the city at a small expence, and to make it regular ; whereas the other already finished according to the caprice and vanity of private persons, was disposed, notwithstanding its magnificence in a less agreeable and less commodious manner. This new city was built in a very short time ; because the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished good architects, and a very great number of masons were sent for from Epirus, and several other countries, on condition that after they had finished their works, they should settle about Salentum, should take lands to clear there, and help to people the country.

Painting and sculpture appeared to Mentor to be arts which it was not right to lay aside ; but he ordered that very few should be permitted to apply themselves to these arts at Salentum. He founded a school, wherein presided masters of an exquisite taste who examined the young students. There must, said he, be nothing low, or lifeless in arts which are not absolutely necessary, and of consequence none ought to be admitted to study them but youths who have a promising genius, and who bid fair to arrive at perfection. Others who are born for less noble arts, may be usefully employed in the ordinary services of the republic. Sculptors and painters should never be made use of

but to preserve the memory of great men and great actions ; and it is in public edifices and places of burial that the representations ought to be preserved of what persons of extraordinary virtue have performed for the service of their country. However Mentor's moderation and frugality did not hinder him from authorizing all those large structures which are destined for horse and chariot-races, wrestling, combats of the *cæstus*, and all other exercises which improve the body, and render it more active and vigorous.

He suppress'd a prodigious number of tradesmen who sold wrought stuffs of remote countries embroideries of an excessive price, gold and silver vases embossed with figures of gods, men and animals ; and liquors and perfumes. He ordered also that the furniture of every house should be plain, and made so as to last a long while. So that the Salentines, who used to complain loudly, of their poverty, began to be sensible what a superfluity of riches they had. But they were false riches which made them poor, and they became really rich, in proportion to their resolution to strip themselves of them. It is enriching ourselves, said they, to despise such riches as drain the state, and to lessen our wants by reducing them to the real necessities of nature.

Mentor made haste to visit the arsenals and all the magazines, to see if the arms, and all the other things which are necessary to war, were in a good condition. For one must, said he, be always ready to make war, in order ne-

ver to be reduced to the misfortune of making it. He found that several things were wanting every where. Whereupon he assembled artificers to work in iron, steel and brass. Burning forges were seen to rise, and whirlwinds of smoke and flames, like the fiery eruptions of mount Etna. The hammer rung on the anvil that groaned beneath its reiterated strokes, which the neighbouring mountains and seashores resounded. One would have thought one's self in that island, where Vulcan, animating the Cyclops, forges thunder-bolts for the father of the gods; and one saw all the preparations of war made by a wise foresight during a profound peace.

Mentor afterwards went out of the city with Idomeneus, and found a great extent of fertile lands which remained uncultivated. Others were only half manured through the negligence or poverty of the husbandmen, who wanting hands and cattle, wanted resolution and the means of bringing agriculture to its perfection. Mentor seeing this desolate country, said to the king, The soil here is ready to enrich the inhabitants, but the inhabitants are not sufficient for the soil. Let us therefore take all the superfluous artificers in the city, whose trades would only corrupt good manners, and employ them to cultivate these plains and hills. It is indeed a misfortune that these men, who have been trained up to professions which require a sedentary life, are not inured to labour; but here is a way to remedy this. Those uncultivated lands must be divided amongst



them, and their neighbours called to assist them, and to do the hardest of the work under them. And those people will do this, provided rewards are promised them in proportion to the produce of the lands they clear. They may afterwards possess a part of them, and so be incorporated with your own subjects, who are not numerous enough. If they are laborious and obedient to the laws, they will prove as good subjects as any you have, and increase your power. Your city artificers, being transplanted into the country, will train up their children to the toils and hardships of a country life. Besides, all the masons of foreign countries, who are at work in building your city, are engaged to clear part of your lands, and to become husbandmen; incorporate them with your own people as soon as they have finished their works in the city. These workmen will be overjoyed to pass their lives under a government which is now become so mild. As they are robust and laborious, their example will be a spur to the industry of the tradesmen, who will be transplanted from the city to the country, and with whom they will be intermixt. In process of time the whole country will be peopled with families that are vigorous, and addicted to agriculture.

For what remains, be not in pain with regard to the multiplication of these people; they will soon become innumerable, provided you facilitate marriages. Now the way to facilitate them is very plain. Almost all men have an inclination to marry, and nothing but poverty

hinders them from it. If you do not load them with taxes, they will easily live with their wives and children; for the earth is not ungrateful; she always maintains with her fruits those who carefully cultivate her, and refuses them to none but such as are afraid to bestow their labour upon her. The more children husbandmen have, the richer they are, if the prince does not impoverish them; for their children from their tenderest youth begin to assist them. The youngest tend the sheep in the pastures; others who are more advanced in years, look after the herds, and the oldest go to plough with their fathers. Meantime the mother with the rest of the family prepares a plain repast for her husband and her children against they return, fatigued with the toils of the day; she milks her cows and her sheep, which pour whole rivers into her pail; she makes a good fire, about which the harmless peaceful family divert themselves with singing every evening till the time of soft repose; she prepares cheeses, chesnuts, and preserved fruits as fresh as if they were just gathered.

The shepherd returns with his pipe, and sings to the assembled family the new songs which he has learnt in the neighbouring hamlets. The husbandman comes in with his plough, and his weary oxen advance, hanging down their heads with a slow and tardy pace notwithstanding the goad which urges them on. All the evils of labour end with the day. The poppies, which sleep by the command of the gods shed over the earth, soothe all gloomy cares by their

charms, and hold all nature in a sweet enchantment; every one sleeps without anticipating the cares of the morrow. Happy these unambitious, mistrustless, artless people, provided the gods give them a good king who does not disturb their innocent joys! But how horribly inhuman, to ravish from them, through motives of pride and ambition, the sweet fruits of the earth, for which they are indebted only to the bounty of nature, and the sweat of their brows! Nature alone out of her own fruitful bosom would draw all that is necessary for an infinite number of temperate and laborious men; but the pride and luxury of particular persons reduce multitudes of others to a frightful state of indigence.

What shall I do, said Idomeneus, if these people whom I shall disperse over a fertile country, neglect to cultivate it? Do, replied Mentor, quite the contrary of what is commonly done. Rapacious and unthinking princes make it their study to load those of their subjects with taxes, who are most diligent and industrious to improve their estates, because they hope to be paid by them with the greatest ease; and they at the same time lay lighter burdens on those whom their own idleness renders them more indigent. Invert this evil method, which oppresses the good, rewards vice, and introduces a supineness as fatal to the king himself as to the whole state. Lay taxes, mulcts, and even other severe penalties, if necessary, on those who neglect their estates, just as you would punish soldiers who should forsake their post

in war. On the contrary, grant favours and exemptions to growing families, and increase them in proportion to their diligence in cultivating their lands. Their families will quickly multiply, and they will all spirit up each other to labour, which will even become honourable. The profession of a husbandman, being no longer born down by the numerous pressures, will be no longer despised. The plough will be again esteemed and held by victorious hands which have saved their country. It will not be less glorious for a man to cultivate the patrimony of his ancestors during an happy peace, than to have bravely defended it in the troubles of war. The whole country will bloom again. Ceres will wear her crown of gold ears; Bacchus, pressing the grapes beneath his feet, will cause rivers of wine, sweeter than nectar, to stream down the sides of the mountains; the hollow valleys will echo with the concerts of swains, who beside transparent brooks, will unite their pipes and their voices, while their skipping flocks, fearless of wolves, crop the flowery herbage.

Will you not be exceedingly happy, Idomeneus, in being the source of so many blessings, and in causing so many people to live under the shelter of your name in such a delightful tranquillity? Is not this glory more affecting than that of ravaging the earth, and spreading every where, almost as much at home, even in the midst of victories, as amongst vanquished foreigners, slaughter, confusion, dejection, horror, consternation, cruel famine, and despair?

Happy the king, who is so beloved of the gods, and has a soul great enough to attempt thus to become the delight of the people, and to present to all ages so charming a prospect in his reign ! The whole earth, instead of fighting against his power, would throw itself at his feet, and beseech him to reign over it.

Idomeneus answered, But when the people shall thus live in peace and plenty, pleasures will corrupt them, and they will turn against me the very arms with which I had furnished them. Be not afraid, said Mentor, of this inconvenience, it is only a pretence which is constantly alleged, to flatter prodigal princes who are desirous to load their people with taxes, and it may be easily remedied. The laws which we have just established relating to agriculture, will render the life of your subjects laborious ; and they will have necessaries only in the midst of their abundance, because we suppress all such arts as furnish superfluities : Nay, this very abundance will be lessened by facilitating marriages and by the great increase of families. Every family being numerous and having but little land, will be obliged to cultivate it with incessant labour. It is luxury and idleness which make people insolent and rebellious. They will have bread indeed and enough of it, but they will have nothing but the bread and the fruits which their own lands produce and they earn with the sweat of their brows.

To keep your people in this moderation, you must forthwith settle the extent of ground which each family shall possess. You know



that we have divided all your subjects into seven classes, according to their different conditions. Now no family in any class must be allowed to possess more land than is absolutely necessary to maintain the persons of whom it is composed. This rule being inviolable, the nobles will not be able to make purchases from the poor: all will have lands; but each will have but very little, and be thereby excited to cultivate it well. If in length of time lands should be wanting at home, you may settle colonies abroad, which would extend the limits of this state.

I think also that you ought to take care not to let wine become too common in your kingdom. If too many vines have been planted, they must be plucked up. Wine is the source of the greatest evils among the people: it is the cause of diseases, quarrels, seditions, idleness, an aversion to labour, and family disorders. Let wine therefore be preserved as as a kind of cordial, or very choice liquor that is used only in sacrifices and on very extraordinary festivals: but expect not to make so important a rule observed, unless you yourself set an example of it. Moreover, you must cause the laws of Minos relating to the education of children, to be inviolably observed. Public schools must be established, in which they must be taught to fear the gods, to love their country, to reverence the laws, and to prefer honour to pleasures and to life itself.

Magistrates must be appointed to have an eye upon families and the manners of private persons. Have an eye upon them yourself, for

you are not the king, that is the shepherd of your people but to watch over your flock both night and day. Thereby you will prevent an infinite number of disorders and crimes. Those which you cannot prevent, punish immediately with severity. It is clemency to make examples at first which may stop the tide of iniquity. By a little blood shed in due time, a great deal is afterwards saved, and it makes a prince feared without being often severe. But how detestable a maxim is it for him to think to find his safety only in the oppression of his people? Not to instruct them, not to guide them to virtue, not to make himself beloved by them, to terrify them into despair, to lay them under the dreadful necessity either not to breathe with freedom, or to shake of the yoke of his tyrannical sway; is this, I say, the way to reign easy? Is this the path which leads to glory?

Remember that the countries in which the power of the sovereign is most absolute, are those where the sovereigns are least powerful. They seize, they ruin every thing, they alone possess the whole state; but then the whole state languishes. The fields are untilled and almost desert, the cities dwindle away daily, the springs of trade are dried up, and the king, who cannot be a king by himself, and who is great but by means of his people, wastes away gradually by the insensible wasting away of his subjects from whence he derives his riches and power. His kingdom is drained of money and men, and this last loss is the greatest and the most irreparable. His absolute power

makes as many slaves as he has subjects : They flatter him, they seem to adore him, they tremble at the least glance of his eyes : But when the least revolution happens, this monstrous power which was carried to too violent an excess, cannot continue. It has no resource in the hearts of his people ; it has wearied out and provoked the whole body politic ; it constrains all the members of that body to pant after a change. At the first blow that is given it, the idol is thrown down, dashed in pieces, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, suspicion ; in short, all the passions unite against so odious a power. The king who in his vain prosperity did not find a single man bold enough to tell him the truth, will not find in his misfortunes a single man who deigns to excuse him, or to defend him against his enemies.

After this discourse, Idomeneus at Mentor's persuasion made haste to distribute the waste lands, to stock them with all the useless artificers, and execute every thing that hath been resolved upon ; reserving only for the masons the lands which he had allotted for them, and which they could not cultivate until they had finished their works in the city.

*End of the Twelfth Book.*





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